UVIC - McPHERSON
3 2775 90296256 1

NOTES FROM A DIARY

1881-1886

49. A Levite
134. Eden
248. Lynedoch.

NOTES FROM A DIARY

Notes from a Diary

Kept chiefly in Southern India

1881-1886

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1899

DA565
G78A3
v.3
pt.2

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/notesfromdiaryke0000sirm

1885

January

2. We are passing the Christmas holidays at Guindy, and I strolled, with the Chief Secretary, through the garden in the moonlight (which, for the last week, has been divinely beautiful), to verify a passage in a letter received yesterday from Mrs. Boyle, in which she speaks "of the wondrous subtle scent of the moon-flower,"—*Calonyction Roxburghii*. The notes of the band, which was playing one of our selections of Scotch airs (that which begins with "The lowlands of Holland"), growing ever clearer and clearer as we returned along the terrace, close to which the black buck[1] had congregated in large numbers.

To see a huge *Adansonia*, reported to be 54 feet

[1] *Antilope bezoartica*.

round,—larger (that is, as I gather from Drury's *Useful Plants of India*) than any Adanson ever saw, but a pigmy compared to one described in 1454 by Antonio Calamosto, a Venetian, which was 112 feet round, and grew at the mouth of the Senegal.

8. European Mail arrives.

Sir F. Pollock tells me that Gladstone, being recently at Seacox Heath, with Goschen, said he should much like to know what General Gordon thought of the book of Genesis. "Just at present," remarked some one, "it would be more interesting to know his views on *Exodus!*"

11. Walking in the Park this morning with Captain Agnew and Mr. Hollingsworth, I saw, for the first time, the so-called blue jay (who is, indeed, no jay) performing those remarkable feats of tumbling in the air, which have given him his name of the Indian roller.

14. I am having some of Shelley's marvellous letters read to me in a pretty edition published by C. K. Paul. In a letter to my old acquaintance Mr. Peacock, dated 23rd March 1819, he says: "The more I see of the interior of St. Peter's, the less impression, as a whole, does it produce on me. I

cannot even think it lofty;" while on the Pantheon his verdict is: "The effect is totally the reverse of St Peter's. Though not a fourth part of the size, it is, as it were, the visible image of the universe in the perfection of its proportions, as when you regard the unmeasured dome of heaven, the idea of magnitude is swallowed up and lost."

It was only a day or two ago that I observed in Mr. Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, under date of 27th April 1837, that to Wordsworth "the Pantheon seemed hardly worth notice compared with St. Peter's."

16. Lubbock writes, with reference to an entry in these Notes, under date of 17th September last year: "The horrid Heloderm was mine. A friend sent it to me from New Mexico without a word of warning, and, at that time, we did not know there was any poisonous lizard!"

17. Parade on the Island of a little more than 2000 men—always a pretty sight. The last I attended was, I think, on 18th December 1883. To-day I rode Renown and my wife Ruby, Sir Frederick his little white Arab.[1] The South Wales Borderers were

[1] Later so famous in London.—1898.

amongst those on the ground, and the "March of the Men of Harlech" was characteristic of this occasion. On the last, the "Garb of old Gaul" had, if my memory serves me aright, the honours of the day.

18. Mr. Eliot told me that he was taken recently at Chidambaram quite into the "Holy of Holies,"—a thing rarely done in this Presidency.

His companion was smoking, when the attendant priest said: "The God receives Englishmen, but he does not like tobacco: you must put out your cheroot."

20. —— told me that a gentleman here, of the Salvationist persuasion, said the other day to a respectable elderly lady: "Ah, I have been a great reprobate, but now I am saved!"

"I," was the answer, "have never been a great reprobate; I suppose that is the reason why I am *not* saved!"

A friend writes from Stockholm:—

"With regard to Scandinavian politics, so far as my country[1] is concerned, we are in the midst of a calm after the fierce struggle which had been going on for so many years. The settlement brought about last summer has

[1] Norway.

given us a new departure which, there is every reason to believe, will mark out a future of solid progress in all that constitutes national prosperity. The unwavering tenacity of purpose, the indomitable courage and, at the same time, moderation by which the Norwegian representatives achieved the victory, has proved an aptitude for constitutional self-government, of which, I believe, there are but few instances in history. With regard to the King, no doubt he had been misguided by a narrow-minded and overbearing bureaucracy ; but in freeing himself from the entanglement into which he had thus been led, he has acquired for himself an honourable place in the annals of the country, and an imperishable title to gratitude. No doubt, the party, the complete overthrow of which ended the conflict between the crown and the people (the party, 'more royalistic than the King himself'), is still sighing for ancient régime, but their chances to rally from their crushing defeat, I think, are exceedingly poor. The ministerial change was followed by a comprehensive measure for the extension of the suffrage, which will further strengthen the Liberal party and fortify the present administration."

28. I am sending to Lubbock to-day, in answer to some questions of his, a letter from Mr. Davison to Major Awdry, of which the following is a copy :—

"The southern chestnut woodpecker, *Micropternus*

gularis, always, as far as I have observed, uses an ants' nest to nest in ; and Mr. Gammie, the Superintendent of the Government Cinchona Estates at Mongphoo near Darjeeling, has noticed the same thing with regard to the allied northern species *Micropternus phaeoceps*, and the peculiarity probably extends also to the allied species found in Burmah, Siam, etc.

"Mr. Gammie thinks that when an ants' nest has been taken possession of by the bird, that the ants desert the nest. This is a point on which I cannot speak with certainty. Mr. Gammie has taken nests of the northern species in which, although the bird had laid, the ants remained, and he has taken other nests where not a single ant remained ; but there is nothing to show that these nests were not deserted before the bird took possession. I myself have taken nests of the southern form in which, though the eggs were partially incubated, the ants remained, showing that some considerable time must have elapsed since the bird took possession. This is a point that I hope to be able to elucidate within the next few months when the birds will be breeding.

"When *Micropternus* is breeding, the feathers of the head, tail, and primaries of the wings get covered with a viscid matter, having a strong resinous smell, and this substance is usually rather thickly studded with dead ants (vide *Stray Feathers*, vol. vi. page 145).

"Two species of kingfishers also to my knowledge nidificate in ants' nests, viz., *Halcyon occipitalis*, confined to

the Nicobar Islands, and *Halcyon chloris*, which ranges from India as far south as Sumatra.

"At Mergui in South Tenasserim I found a nest of *H. chloris* in a hornets' nest, and although I saw the birds repeatedly enter the hole they had made in the hornets' nest, the hornets did not seem to mind it; but they resented in a very decided manner my attempting to interfere with the nest.

"I am sorry I cannot give His Excellency more certain information as regards the desertion or otherwise of the ants from their nest after the birds have taken possession of it; but I hope to be able to finally settle the question shortly."

29. In a report made last April to the Collector of Ganjam by Mr. Mounsey, I found the following, which well illustrates some of the difficulties to be met with in civilising our wild northern tribes:—

"At the present moment almost all traffic up the Kalingia Ghât is stopped by a man-eating cheetah, which has taken more than threequarters of the live-stock of one village and some five or six men. You have now sanctioned provisionally a special reward of 100 rupees for this animal, so I hope it will soon be destroyed. The number of wild-beast skins brought for reward is now very large compared to what it was. Giving the full amount sanctioned has induced the Khonds to take the

risk (to them) of killing any of their ancestors who may have taken the form of cheetahs, and traps are made for them all over the Chinna Kimedi and Bodogodo Maliahs; this is quite a new thing."

All through the month of January the sunsets and after-glows have been of the most extraordinary beauty. I have never seen anything equal to them in Egypt or elsewhere.

The rising of the moon over the sea, the flood of silver light upon it, upon the great reach of the Cooum, and upon the pond where the lotus grows, have, as seen from the verandah where we dine, been, for the last few evenings, lovely beyond description.

European Mail arrives.

John Warren writes:—

"Many thanks for the copies of the astoundingly early Jewish and Syro-Christian deeds. They smell of a vast antiquity. On their first perusal, they suggested a grotesque resemblance to a more recent muniment in my own possession, which will require a few explanatory lines. A certain Thomas Lister Parker, my father's guardian, and who survived in knee-breeches long enough to give me candy-sugar as a child, was Grand Trumpeter of all England, and, as such, had the right to license all the acrobats and mountebanks at country fairs. This may

seem to you incredible, but I have a regular signed and printed official deed of license, dated circa 1820, from this excellent gentleman to a mountebank within named, permitting him to beat drums, blow horns, dance on ropes, and to commit other absurdities. I picked up this document in the catalogue of a dealer in old deeds and charters, because I remembered the Grand Trumpeter himself, and it is now a joy and a possession to me for ever."

And again:

"A day or two back writes Newbould to announce the demise of a certain botanist, who was a man of singular proclivities, and who, by his unaided efforts, nearly (some say quite) spoilt a volume of topographical botany. He lived, moreover, in a district of whose flora I had special charge, and no *Rubus* was half the thorn in my flesh that he was. His original and amiable leading idea was this. When he wanted to find a rare plant in any given spot, where it had as yet been fruitlessly searched for, he recorded it there boldly as found, and so saved himself much trouble, though he gave more to other people. Perhaps in the Elysian plains the wish to find a plant and its actual occurrence may prove synonymous. But, in the present imperfection of earthly affairs, he gave (while he was spared) Watson and myself a world of perplexity."

February

2. In looking through the *Ternstroemiaceae* at the Museum before breakfast, I observed, in Bentley and Trimen's beautifully-illustrated book upon medicinal plants, that the Camellia takes its name from Camel or Camelli, a Jesuit, who lived in the Philippines, and was an excellent botanist. His collections were sent to Holland in 1700, and are now in the British Museum.

I further learned that Linnæus thought the name Teh "barbarum nomen," but Latinised it as Thea, which was sufficiently near Dea, and worthy, in his opinion, of so divine a drink.

M. de Faucigny was talking to me at breakfast of a Madame Stackelberg: "Elle était," he said, "petite-fille de Carrier, mais elle avait pris un autre nom et s'appelait Mlle Tamisier." "Ma foi," I replied, "s'il était tout-à-fait nécessaire qu'elle prît le nom d'une rivière, elle aurait dû s'appeler Mlle Loirier."

He then went on to say that this lady was "très méchante," and had very bad teeth. She said something bitter of a Madame ——, who, on hearing it

remarked: "Est-ce que des *dents cariées* peuvent mordre autant?"

4. The Duke Paul Friedrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duchess and Don Carlos landed from the *Tibre* this afternoon, and remained to dine with us. The first-named is an elder brother of Duke John, who was here two years ago; the Duchess was a Windischgrätz, Princesse Marie Gabrielle, belonging to the second branch and daughter of Prince Hugo, who himself married a daughter of a previous Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, so that husband and wife are cousins.

My wife took the Duchess for a drive, while my companions were Don Carlos and the Duke. The former has, for the last year, lost the use of his voice, so that he could speak only in a whisper, but was in the best of spirits, as I had been able to send to him, when he entered the harbour, a telegram which I received last night from his wife at Viareggio, giving a good account of his daughter who had been very ill.

The Duke said that the uniform of my Body-guard is precisely the same as that of his own regiment,—bating the head-dress.

He is travelling *incognito*, or is by way of doing so, on account of his companion, who, of course, can only be received as Don Carlos de Borbon.

She talked to me a good deal about her grand-uncle, and in speaking of him said: "Un grand Seigneur peut être fier; il ne peut pas être hautain." She told me that he had never acknowledged the legality of the mediatisation of the family, but had always insisted on his Secretary writing *Wir* instead of *Ich*, and paying the fine of a hundred gulden whenever he did so. I told her the answer made by Morier to Prince Windischgrätz when the news of the death of the Emperor Nicholas came to Vienna.[1] This amused her much, and my telling it gave her an opportunity of repudiating the well-known story invented by the Marshal's enemies that he had said: "Der Mensch hört mit dem Baron auf."

She said that she had been considered to be like both the Empress Catherine and Queen Louise, and accounted for her strength by saying that for generations none of them had ever been allowed to feel tired.

[1] See these Notes for 5th May 1879.

As a curious illustration of the laws which govern the marriages of the members of mediatised houses, she told me that her brother, if he married into some of the greatest European families which she mentioned, would *ipso facto* forfeit his *Majorat* and his *Familienschmuck!*

8. This evening I embarked on board the *May Frere* and left Madras, accompanied by my wife, Major Moore, Captains Agnew and Lawford for Pondichéry.

The engineer, an Italian of the name of Balbi, told me that he had an aunt still living at eighty-seven, who was in the convent with Allegra, Byron's daughter. It is of his interview with Allegra at this convent that Shelley wrote in 1821 : —

"I asked her what I should say from her to her mamma, and she said :

"'Che mi manda un bacio e un bel vestituro.' 'E come vuoi il vestituro sia fatto?' 'Tutto di seta e d' oro,' was her reply. Her predominant foible seems the love of distinction and vanity, and this is a plant which produces good or evil, according to the gardener's skill. I then asked her what I should say to papa? 'Che venga farmi un visitino e che porta seco la *mammina*.' Before I went away, she made me run all over the convent like

a mad thing. The nuns, who were half in bed, were ordered to hide themselves, and, on returning, Allegra began ringing the bell, which calls the nuns to assemble. The tocsin of the convent sounded, and it required all the efforts of the Prioress to prevent the spouses of God from rendering themselves, dressed or undressed, to the accustomed signal. Nobody scolded her for these *scappature*, so I suppose she is well treated, so far as temper is concerned."

12. The chief incidents of our stay at Pondichéry will be found in an official paper, but I may note here:—

(1) That we were received with great kindness and courtesy by Monsieur and Madame Richaud. Both of them belong to Provence, and come from a little town on the littoral at the mouth of the Étang de Berre.

(2) That I saw here, for the first time, the French Colonial Administrator, an altogether new type of man to me.

(3) That on our drive to the great tank just over the British frontier, I saw the groundnut, *Arachis hypogaea*, in cultivation. It grows in the very poorest soil, and is of real importance in the South Arcot District.

(4) That I had in Pondichéry, for the first time, occasion to make speeches in French.

(5) That the Bishop (see these Notes for the end of 1881) was away in Rome, but I saw some of his principal clergy and the Préfet Apostolique, who has the spiritual charge of the white population of the place, as Dr. Laouenan has of the Catholic natives.

(6) That I had a great deal of political talk with M. Richaud, which will find its natural place in letters to Lord Kimberley or the Viceroy.

13. To-day M. and Mme. Robert de Bonnières, whom we met at Pondichéry, came to spend with us the time that the *Tibre* remained in harbour on its way to Calcutta. He is the author or a novel published recently in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and she is connected with the family of M. Cochin, the friend of Montalembert.

European Mail arrives.

Mrs Craven writes :—

"I received a few days ago your letter, written on Christmas Eve, and the most valuable and welcome little Calendar. It never could have reached me at a moment

when it was more opportune, for you will be surprised to hear (or perhaps you will not be surprised) that on these my crowning days of sorrow I have been reading over my own *Récit*. As Alexandrine said: 'Je revis ma vie,' and, oh! no words can describe what I feel while I do so. Eugénie was mistaken when she wrote: 'Si vraiment nous devons vivre jusqu'à soixante ans, que deviendront alors dans nos souvenirs ces deux courtes années si lointaines?' I, who have now lived far beyond the limit, which, to her young imagination, appeared to be the extreme limit of life, know well how impossible it is for those recollections ever to fade. Indeed, they seem to me far more vivid now, when for me life is closing, than they ever were before. And yet around me everything is so utterly changed that it is as if twenty generations had passed since then, not bringing to the present one the faintest tradition of all those home events of my youth. Think, then, of what I must think of these kind distant known and unknown friends, who still treasure them. Mrs. Awdry's Calendar is precious to me."

The Calendar alluded to was constructed by the lady above mentioned, and given to me in manuscript last year before she went to England. In the early winter I had some copies of it printed and sent them, as in duty bound, to the writer of the above extract as well as to other friends.

15. Mrs. Awdry asked me to-day what name she should take for the Fancy Ball of to-morrow. My wife intending to go as Anne d'Autriche, I said "Madame de Motteville."

I went presently upstairs to my rooms, and taking down the *Causeries du Lundi* to refresh my memory, found (vol. v. p. 347) the following sentence which might have been written expressly for Mrs. Awdry: "Une personne qui n'a eu en rien le génie de l'intrigue et de l'action, mais d'un bon sens égal, doux et fin, d'un jugement calme et sûr, la sage, la sincère et l'honnête femme (à la Cour) Madame de Motteville."

In the early afternoon the Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg, this time without Don Carlos, returned from Ceylon. I went with them at half-past six to Vespers and Benediction, where we knelt within the railing on the left, looking from the altar. Lawford and Agnew, who were in attendance, were just outside and the Bishop opposite.

16. My wife gave a Fancy Ball in the Banqueting Hall. She went as Anne d'Autriche; I as the Duke of Buckingham, who was Ambassador at her Court; Moore, Cavendish, and Bagot (who begins to get about a little since he broke his collar-bone) as Les

trois Mousquetaires ; Mrs. Awdry as Madame de Motteville ; her husband as my Secretary ; Evelyn as a gentleman and Agnew as a pikeman of the same period ; Lawford as an English Officer of the last century ; Colonel Herbert as Clive—an admirable copy of the portrait (said to be the best of him existing) in the monsoon dining-room at Government House ; Miss Martin as Julie d'Angennes ; John Lubbock in a very becoming dress arranged by Colonel Herbert ; Miss Gordon, grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott's Secretary, who was staying with us, as the Cloud with the Silver Lining. The Duchess wore a lovely dress, with a train which almost vied with the great snake of the Ocean who, in the Scandinavian mythology, surrounded the world.

18. To-day I paid my final visit for some time to the Museum.

Since I came down to Madras in October, I have missed very few mornings, spending generally about an hour there, driving thereafter, not unfrequently, to a point in the Government House grounds and walking home, so as to be indoors by half-past eight. I have ridden hardly at all in the morning, but almost always in the afternoon—first along the newly-created

Rotten Row of the Marina, and then round the Island.

20. Mr. Webster, of Edgehill, has sent me a lovely little Elzevir of 1646, bound in red morocco by Roger Payne, and bought at the great Syston sale, where such enormous prices were recently obtained. It is the *Voyage du Duc de Rohan fait en l'an* 1600.

This was the Duc de Rohan who became so famous later in life as a Huguenot leader—the brother of Soubise—and of whom some one said: "Into whatever part of Europe he went, he found himself related to the reigning family." Sainte-Beuve, in a very admirable page, classes him not with Condé, Villars, Luxembourg, or other warriors on whom, as on Timoleon, fortune smiled like a woman, but with Coligny or William the Silent.

What a happy criticism of Crabb Robinson on Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, is that which I found while putting some papers in order to-day. "It is a book to make a man wish to live if life were a thing he had not already experienced."

22. I went round this morning to look at a large collection of plants which Dr. King has sent from the

Calcutta Botanical Gardens,—a great addition to our Guindy treasures.

March

1. Looked again at our new collection of plants; this time with Mr. Lawson who joined us yesterday.

Pollock writes:—

"We spent last Saturday and Sunday at Cambridge, chiefly to see my brother Richard's son, who is doing well at King's. After dinner I remembered it was Saturday night, when the Essence of all wisdom is to be found assembled. I only knew of one man in whose rooms I might find it, and he keeps in King's,—an undergraduate in his third year,—so to his rooms I went—knocked—*come in*. I entered and said only: 'Is it here?' The reply was yes; and for the next two hours I was absorbed in the infinite and incomprehensible (see Athanasian Creed). It ended in a vote annihilating the so-called science of Political Economy, and I returned to the outer world. Probably you are the only person among Her Majesty's millions of subjects in India who could understand this,[1] but I think you will—Κόγξ ὄμπαξ.

"Is it not curious that this should have gone on for

[1] No! My wife, when I read the passage, said immediately "The Cambridge apostles?"

sixty years, and that the same would have happened to any old member presenting himself as I did?"

Dyer writes:—

"I often think, and have no doubt often said, that we at Kew feel individually the weight of the Empire as a whole, more even than they do in Downing Street.

"All yesterday I was taken up with the Colonial Secretary from Fiji; the day before we had Sir Hugh Low, the Resident in Perak; the day before a man going to Honduras; and so it goes on—life insensibly meanwhile slipping away."

And again:

"When we know all the plants of India, or know them approximately, we must find out all the accumulated experience of the natives has discovered as to their usefulness. The programme is:—

"(i) A scientific Botanical Survey;

"(ii) An economic Botanical Survey."

Later, he says:

"The Tinnevelly seeds have poured in. I cannot say I am quite sure that we have got as many parcels as you mention, but we have had a prodigious quantity. We have selected from them for the Museum, some go to morrow to Brazil, Dominica, Madeira, and elsewhere."

He then passes on to speak of the Flemingia dye; Lawson having lately discovered that the Wars or Waras of the region between Harar and the sea is identical with a plant growing on the Nílgiris, and sent to me some beautifully dyed pieces of stuff. I cannot quite find a name for the colour; the satin comes out looking like old gold.

In the same letter he tells me that they have received at Kew fine specimens of the square bamboo, which has hitherto been supposed to be a myth.

To a meeting in Pacheappa's Hall, where my wife presided and delivered a speech about the foundation of an hospital for women, who are at once too poor to have the attendance of female doctors at their own houses, and too highly placed socially to be able to go to an hospital managed by men.

7. The Guindy gardens were lit up after dinner, and my wife received such of the society as desired to take leave of her before she left for the Hills.

A petition was sent to me a day or two ago, in which occurred the following passage:—

"I think that it is the influence of Kali, the Hindu Satan, that makes the benevolent Government withhold the mercy sought.

"Under the peculiar circumstances set forth in my memorials, I respectfully solicit the mercy of His Excellency to accede to any one of the three prayers, viz., (1) to appoint me as a Sub-Registrar to any one of the four new sub-districts ; (2) or to ask the Registrar-General, as he has once registered my name (*vide* enclosure A) to select me for a Sub-Registrarship, and to approve his nomination ; (3) or, finally, to permit me and every member of my family to commit suicide rather than suffer the horrors of starvation.

"For this act of kindness (the greatest worldly joy, as George Herbert says), I shall, as in duty bound, ever pray for your Honour's long life and prosperity"!

8. My wife brought with her, last November, from Sir Arthur Gordon, four privately printed volumes of Lord Aberdeen's correspondence with his political friends—not a book but the materials for a most valuable one.

They have not told me much I did not know or suspect, but they have filled up many holes and chinks in my information. Lord Aberdeen's memory will profit very greatly by the publication of them—a calm, just, and wise man !

9. My wife, accompanied by Captain Bagot, Hampden, etc., leaves us for Ootacamund.

I received, a week or two ago, a letter from an Italian gentleman, who, having settled some years ago in Coorg, and finding his coffee estate far from profitable, wishes me to do something for his nephew.

In it occurred this curious passage :—

"I have the honour, though being one of the Neapolitan nobility, to be originally of distant French descent, as one of my ancestors accompanied Charles I. of Anjou in his conquest of the Neapolitan kingdom, and he bestowed on him, as reward for his services as an Ambassador to Sicily, the title of Marquis. When my King, Francis II. of Bourbon, unfortunately lost his kingdom, faithful to the principle I was told from the infancy : 'Un Dieu, et un Roi ! un Roi, et une Loi !' I remained a true Legitimist, and shared voluntarily my king's altered fortune."

13. After Council on the 10th, I returned to Guindy, and, late in the evening, embarked on the Buckingham Canal for the Seven Pagodas, close to which we found, on the morning of the 11th, our tents pitched.

After the heat of the day was over, I inspected the temples and other objects of interest, together with the recent encroachments which have given us some trouble.

It is a pretty spot, thanks largely to a grove of palmyra trees with a thick undergrowth of the *Phoenix farinifera.*

The buildings, excavations, and sculptures would be more interesting than they are, were it not for the thick darkness made only the more visible by rays of light from opposite quarters, which, as in the case of so many Indian antiquities, cross and perplex the vision.

What are these things? Who made them? Why did they make them?

I consult Fergusson in the copy, which was given me on 27th July 1875 by Mr. Murray, of *The Handbooks*, to be a guide for my first Indian journey, and I find the following, as to which I can only say, "It may be so":—

"On the Coromandel coast, some way south of Madras, and near the village of Sadras, is a spot well known to Indian antiquaries by the name of Maha-Balipooram, or, more properly, Mahavellipore, familiar to English readers from the use Southey makes of it and its traditions in his *Curse of Kehama*.[1] Near this spot runs a long low ridge

[1] I had not with me, when I visited the Seven Pagodas, Southey's *Curse of Kehama*; but I glanced this morning at the portion of the poem

of granite hills, the highest part rising, perhaps, 100 feet from the level of the plain. In these hills some half-dozen caves have been excavated, and several others commenced : some as excavations, others as monoliths. Between the hills and the seashore seven masses of granite protrude from the sands, which have been carved by the Hindus, probably about 1300 A.D. The three principal of these are represented in the annexed wood-cut (No. 1006). It is evident that the object on the right imitates a Buddhist monastery of five storeys. The lower storey is wholly occupied by a great square hall ; the three next possess central halls, diminishing in size according to their position, and surrounded by cells on the outside ; the upper one is crowned by a dome, or rather a dome-formed termination. Altogether the building seems to represent, with great exactness, all that we know and read of Buddhist monasteries. Nor is this a mere accidental coincidence. The time at which it was executed was very little removed from that of Buddhism in this part of India. Its being cut in the rock is obviously a peculiarity of that religion. There is little or none of the extravagance of later Hindu styles in the sculptures. We must remember, too, that

---

which refers to that place. Nothing more in disaccord with all the ideas which it calls up could well be penned ; yet the two lines :—

> "Thou hast been called, O sleep, the friend of woe!
> But 'tis the happy who have called thee so ;"

redeem many pages of mingled tedium and extravagance.

15th April 1885.

neither the Jains nor the Hindus introduced anything like a new style of architecture. They adapted the Buddhist style to their own purposes, and there seems little doubt that this is a very close copy of a five-storeyed Buddhist monastery, used as a temple."

Early on the morning of the 12th we proceeded by the canal to Sadras, walked over the old fort and the picturesque ruins of the house of the long-vanished Dutch Governor.

On a pond near this there grew most lovely blue water-lilies. I observed, too, for the first time in India, the precise effect described in the lines of Tennyson :—

> "A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
> And waves of shadow went over the wheat."

Only in this case the crop that bent under the breath of the breeze from the Bay of Bengal was not wheat but rice.

From Sadras we returned to our camp at the Seven Pagodas, and, gliding calmly through the night on our homeward way, were next morning at Guindy.

Kinglake, in a letter just received about my St. Andrew's Day speech, tells me that he is of Scotch descent, his ancestral name having been Kinloch.

John Warren writes :—

"Baker has just sent me a nice little memoir on the Fathers of Yorkshire Botany, being an address he has given, as President, to the Yorkshire Naturalist Union at Barnsley. Jonson, the great Yorkshire botanist, who fell at Basing House at the head of his regiment as Lieutenant-Colonel in 1644, commands one's warm respect. His account of a trip to Kent in 1629 and of another to Hampstead Heath in 1632 are the first accounts of botanical excursions ever published in England."

14. I opened my *Geflügelte Worte* at a marked passage, and observed that while the phrase "Si vis pacem para bellum" is in all men's mouths, no one knows its origin. There are phrases very like it in Cornelius Nepos, Dion Chrysostom, Vegetius, and others; but the exact words cannot be found. Vegetius perhaps comes nearest when he says, "Qui desiderat pacem praeparet bellum."

15. Mr. Eliot writes from Delhi, sending me, amongst other things, a story which, as he says, was quite new to him, and which is certainly quite new to me: "The —— some years ago published a notice of the death of a Mr. Stokes, and, thanks to a printer's blunder, put at the end: *Fiends are requested to accept the intimation.*"

He tells me much, too, of Raja Siva Prasad,[1] to whom I had introduced him.

Speaking of this gentleman's private chapel, he says that "it showed what an oriental ritual may become when an effort is made to conduct it decently and in order, with the curious result that the fittings and ceremonies minutely resembled those of the Roman Catholic Church—more, so I should think, than the Thibetan services."

Mr. Michie Smith, who is staying here, brought down to breakfast some photographs of lightning taken by himself. It was curiously unlike the lightning of pictures and the forked lightning we seem to see.

20. European Mail arrives.

My sister, writing on 23rd February, says :—

"All the snowdrops were rushing their spears up through the grass, and the bees were happy in the aconites, three days ago, when down came the snow, in the night, and it lies now a foot deep over the pretty creatures.

"I have never seen such exquisite beauty of snow. The air is warmer than it is in winter ; the sun strikes differently on the snow from what it does in December or

[1] See my *Notes of an Indian Journey* : London, 1876.

January. Consequently, the light is warmer, and of another kind. The sky is of a perfect blue, and thousands of birds are twittering. The whole takes the character of a *white* instead of a green early summer vegetation, and is most extraordinary and most beautiful.

"And one knows that winter is over in point of fact, and that, in a fortnight, there will be plenty of flowers in my garden oasis."

22. I have heard much, since I arrived in Madras, of mango showers at this season when that fruit should be ripening, but never saw one till this morning, when it rained heavily, for some twenty minutes, while we sat in the garden house, where the Eucharis lilies grow, enjoying the unwonted freshness. We have not seen a drop of rain since the deluge of the north-east monsoon ceased a day or two before Christmas.

23. This afternoon a furious thunderstorm burst over Guindy, accompanied by wind of cyclonic violence. I have seen nothing quite like it since a "Gewitter" I encountered at Carlsbad on 18th July 1847. In Central Europe, however, within my limited experience, a thunderstorm has always brought bad weather in its train, whereas to-day, after

a few minutes, when heaven and earth seemed coming together, two beautiful rainbows spanned the sky; and when we rode a little later, there was no trace of what had occurred, save a few large pools of water and many broken branches of trees.

April

1. European Mail arrives.

Madame Renan writes:—

"L'histoire du peuple d'Israël dort d'un sommeil profond pour ne se réveiller qu'en Bretagne. L'hiver n'est pas la saison du travail à Paris; la vie mondaine y cause trop de dérangements. Le vendredi, nous réunissons quelques amis comme jadis chez Mme Mohl (vous souvenez vous qu'elle disait toujours qu'elle voudrait mourir un samedi, pour avoir eu encore un vendredi)."

Spencer Walpole writes from Milan:—

"I was much obliged to you for the authority for your excellent saying that burning the candle at both ends is the best way to make the two ends meet. I quoted it, some weeks ago, in my Tynwald Court in a financial speech which I had to make, and I never saw that audience laugh so long or so heartily. So you see you did me a very good turn."

I had written to tell him that this good thing was Lady Marion Alford's.

5. I read to-day two pamphlets, which Asa Gray has lately sent me, on the *Characteristics of the North American Flora* and on the late Mr. Bentham.

From the first, which is full of interesting matter, I take the two following extracts :—

"According to tradition, the wayside plantain was called by the American Indian 'White man's foot,' from its springing up wherever that foot had been planted. But there is some reason for suspecting that the Indian's ancestors brought it to this continent. Moreover, there is another reason for surmising that this long-accepted tradition is fictitious. For there was already in the country a native plantain so like *Plantago major* that the botanists have only of late distinguished it. (I acknowledge my share in the oversight.) Possibly, although the botanists were at fault, the aborigines may have known the difference. The cows are said to know it. For a brother botanist of long experience tells me that, where the two grow together, cows freely feed upon the undoubtedly native species, and leave the naturalised one untouched."

. . . . . .

"Almost every year gives new examples of the immigration of campestrine western plants into the Eastern States. They are well up to the spirit of the age ; they travel by

railway. The seeds are transported, some in the coats of cattle and sheep on the way to market, others in the food which supports them on the journey, and many in a way which you might not suspect, until you consider that these great roads run east and west, that the prevalent winds are from the west, that a freight-train left unguarded was not long ago blown on for more than one hundred miles before it could be stopped, not altogether on down grades, and that the bared and mostly unkempt borders of these railways form capital seed-beds and nursery grounds for such plants."

6. Some time ago M. —— sent me a novel.

In reply to some remarks of mine about it, I have received a letter from him, in which the following passage occurs :—

"Tout ce que vous m'en dites est très frappant. Seulement nous ne faisons plus que de l'analyse dans les romans, sans nous préoccuper de la moralité et des conclusions. J'ai essayé ainsi de représenter la vie telle qu'elle est, en laissant au lecteur le soin de conclure lui-même et selon ses idées. Je crois ainsi me rapprocher plus de la vérité, en ne l'imposant pas. Car les vérités sont changeantes et il n'y a que des vérités particulières selon la tournure d'âme de chacun et son tempérament."

I should think that I deserved the reproach *ne sutor*

supra crepidam,[1] if I were to controvert these views. I merely note, as a matter of fact, that analyses of life, in themselves, have not the faintest interest for me. I read novels as I go into society—other than mere duty society—either to meet agreeable people I have known before, or to enlarge my acquaintance amongst agreeable people.

The garden at Guindy has another most beautiful and, as far as I am concerned, new sight to replace that of the 29th ultimo, which has entirely vanished, hardly one flower being left on the shrub mentioned under that date. A tall *Parkia glandulosa* is garlanded with long festoons of the bright yellow *Bignonia gracilis*, which wave hither and thither in the soft southern breeze.

Dr. Bidie has procured for me in the bazaar some of the true frankincense or *Olibanum* derived from *Boswellia Carterii*, the *Luban* of Arabia and Somaliland — quite a different tree from the *Boswellia thurifera* of South India.

9. English Mail arrives. I had a note by it from John Hamilton, M.P.,[2] for Lanarkshire, which reminds me that I do not think I ever wrote down a happy

[1] See Note of 17th May. [2] Lord Hamilton of Dalziel.

saying of his in 1858. We were at a ball together, at which, by some strange accident, the band did not turn up. "This," he remarked to me, "is a muffled drum."

10. Evelyn and young Lubbock returned yesterday from a tour in Northern India, bringing with them one of "the three Studds" well-known in the cricket-field. They all went off to-day in the *Mirzapore* for England, while, an hour or two after, we ourselves left Guindy.

Our life there has been very much that of last year. The moonlit or starlit evenings on the terrace, the rides in the Park, the swimming bath, and the flowers have been among its greatest charms. The *Beaumontia* suffered cruelly from the floods of December, and has not been at its best. The *Victoria Regia* has done little for us. *Thunbergia grandiflora* has been, as usual, quite constant, and *Spathodea campanulata* no less so, while several other plants, whose names I have mentioned in recent entries, have been important to us in our last few weeks.

Captain Agnew, who has been with us as extra Aide-de-Camp since the Queen's birthday of 1883, leaves to-day to join the Transport Service.

To-day we reached Ootacamund, where we found my wife, children, and Captain Bagot.

15. While engaged on looking through a file of papers on agricultural subjects, I came across the following :—

> "Extract from a letter, dated 13th August 1881, from the Superintendent of Government Farms, to the Secretary to the Board of Revenue, Madras.

"I fear, however, that it would be impracticable to prepare a simple Agricultural Primer of the nature suggested in the latter part of paragraph eight of the Director's letter before noticed ; to 'note the faulty practices or habits,' 'in the manners or customs of the people,' without the writer exposing himself to the charge of attacking the religious teachings and practices of the people ; for agricultural and religious teachings and practices are so intimately mixed up that it would be impossible to show the faults of the one without, at the same time, showing the defects of the other. Let me illustrate my meaning. When I was on tour in Bombay, I met at Ahmedabad, as at other important places, a large gathering of landowners and others, with whom I held consultations regarding the condition and prospects of agriculture where these men resided. Amongst other questions that cropped up, we held some discussion on the merits of the indigo crop. I had seen no crop of the kind in the locality, and,

being of the opinion that the soil and climate were well suited for it, I advocated its culture; but I found my suggestions were unpopular. On pressing for a reason why, I was reluctantly informed that the people present, though nearly all English-speaking and well-educated men, were opposed to indigo culture, because, in the processes of extracting the dye, the heat generated by the fermentation proves destructive to the life of infusoria in the water placed in the vats. Here then is an instance in which religious prejudices stand in the way of agricultural improvement. Another instance: this occurred in the Kaity Valley some years ago. I was pointing out to a number of Badagas the mistake they were under in not getting their land ploughed then, early in the season, while the weather was so favourable; but they informed me they could not begin the ploughing, because the 'Kurumber priest' had not appeared in the valley to perform the necessary preliminary ceremony. Here was a case in which the seed-time was being lost, and the future crop jeopardised, because of a religious custom. Another instance: For a long time I could not understand why Brahmins declined holding the English plough, who made no objection to guide a native plough. The reason of this I have since found to be that the English plough, from the breadth and sharpness of its share, proves very destructive to worms, etc., in the soil."

Mrs. Boyle, writing, by a recent Mail, of the great

white Aroid (*Richardia ethiopica*), so abundant at Ootacamund, says :—

"One could study them for ever ; but how impossible to give the perfect grace that nature moulds with such lavish ease.

"Grace is forgotten or not understood in these days, and I question if women are right to carry bouquets of Arum lily, which I see is the fashion. If you are an angel from heaven, you may have one in your hand, or such as Lady Waterford, of whom it was said she always came into a room as if she should have a lily in her hand, but anything less beautiful should leave them alone."

16. English Mail arrives.

Mrs. Bishop, after mentioning that Mrs. Craven had received and had been much interested by my letter relating to some of my experiences on 10th February at Pondichéry, goes on to tell me that our friend had sent her some cards with copies of Ary Scheffer's well-known picture of St. Augustine and St. Monica at Ostia. She explained her reasons for choosing them, by mentioning that St. Augustine was her husband's patron saint ; and adding that in that conversation at Ostia are expressed, in other words, all the thoughts contained in that chapter[1] of the

[1] Book iii. chapter 48.

Imitation, "which was our last spiritual reading together in this world."

Here are the words from the *Confessions* :—

"It came to pass, Thyself, as I believe, by Thy secret ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone, leaning on a certain window which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay at Ostia ; where, removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey, for the voyage. We were discoursing then together, alone, very sweetly ; and 'forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth into those things which are before,' we were inquiring between ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, 'which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man.' . . . And when our discourse was brought to that point that the very highest delight of the earthly senses was, in respect of the sweetness of that life not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention, we, raising up ourselves with a more glowing affection towards the 'Selfsame,' did by degrees pass through all things bodily, even the very heavens, whence sun and moon and stars shine upon the earth ; yea, we were soaring higher yet by inward musing, and discourse, and admiring of Thy works. . . . We were saying then : 'If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed, hushed the images of earth and waters and air and heaven ; yea,

the very soul hushed to herself, and by not thinking on self surmounting self; hushed all dreams and imaginary revelations, and tongues, and signs, since all these say, *We made not ourselves, but He made us that abideth for ever.* If then having uttered this, they too should be hushed, and He alone speak, not by them but by Himself, that we may hear His word, not through any tongue of flesh, nor angel's voice, nor sound of thunder, nor in the dark riddle of a similitude; but might hear Him whom, in these things, we love; might hear His very self without these (as we two now strained ourselves, and in swift thought touched on that eternal Wisdom which abideth over all), could this be continued on, and other discordant visions withdrawn—this one ravish, and absorb and wrap up its beholder amid these inward joys, so that life might for ever be like that one moment of understanding which now we sigh for, were not this to *enter into the Master's joy?*"

It is to a conversation a few days later that Mat Arnold's exquisite sonnet refers :—

"Oh could thy grave at home, at Carthage be!
Care not for that but lay me where I fall!
Everywhere heard will be the judgment-call;
But at God's altar, oh! remember me."

23. One of the few well-ascertained facts in the life of Sankara, better known as Sankaracharya, "perhaps," says Professor Monier Williams, "one of the greatest religious leaders India has ever produced,"

is that he founded the Sringeri monastery in the eighth century.

I take (from a letter addressed by the Dewan of Mysore to the Resident of that State, asking him to move us to give the representative of this eminent personage certain facilities) the following list of his proposed retinue and travelling requisites in this year, 1885:—

4 Elephants.
2 Camels.
4 Palanquins.
25 Horses.
100 Cows and bullocks.
20 Muskets.
20 Swords.
25 Spears.
12 Umbrellas.
200 Brahmins.
200 Sudras.
25 Carts and coaches.
20 Silledars of the Mysore horse.
8 Sepoys of the Mysore Infantry.

European Mail arrives.

My sister, writing of the attachment of a German Prince for one of his friends, says it reminds her of nothing but the passion which Oscar, a great Newfoundland at Eden, "conceived for the white kitten. Oscar was not content if the kitten did not sleep between his paws."

My eldest son writes confirming a telegram which I had received at Guindy, telling me that he had got

into the Diplomatic Service. He adds that he was second in the examination by one mark, the first man getting 2071, while he had 2070.

John Warren writes :—

"As for botany, the palms are out as they should be, this being Palm Sunday, and I may run down to the willow beds near Thames Ditton next week, if I can get time, to see *Salix triandra* and *Salix rubra* in catkin, which I have not done for many years. These creatures, coming out absolutely by themselves when there is nothing else to go for, are, by town dwellers, nearly always overlooked. There will be, however, the *Adoxa* out likewise, first almost of British plants. How poor this *menu* must sound to your Indian Bill of Fare. The true Lotus and deep crimson Nymphaea !

"All the ladies now are walking about London with bunches of daffodils in their hands, and often pin a second bunch under their chins. Artificial flowers are wholly at a discount, and that industry nearly, I believe, ruined."

30. European Mail arrives.

My sister writes : "Curiously enough I showed the grandson of Carl August, the intimate *Lebensfreund* of Goethe's grandsons, one of Goethe's greatest poems, which was entirely new to him."[1]

[1] "Vermächtniss."

Of her garden on the 31st March, the first day she had been out from the end of October, she says :—

"I really found my garden looking like *Ein Lächeln Gottes*. All the grass one *Gewimmel* of late snowdrops, the first Lausanne-bred primrose tufts, fiery crocus and purple crocus in glorious profusion and splendour, *Scilla sibirica*, *Chionodoxa*, and the tufts of the *Erica alpina*, brilliantly pink.

"The whole hillside one burst of colour.

"This garden in as far as it can be caught sight of from without is a delight to the German mind, every human being who passes is smiling."

May

3. Miss Moxon was reading to me to-day the description given by the Marquis de Dangeau of the mistake which was made when the Dauphiness was lying in state. "C'est que pendant ce temps-là les dames qui n'ont pas droit d'être assises devant elle pendant sa vie, n'ont pas laissé d'être assises devant son corps à visage découvert."

I was reminded of a story which was told me by Arthur Russell of the horror expressed by the old members of the House, after the revolutionary election

of 1832, when some of the new arrivals walked about with their hats on, during the temporary absence of the Speaker. "Good God," they exclaimed, "the mace is on the table!"

4. In the *Nineteenth Century* for March appeared an article by Acton about George Eliot, in the last paragraph of which he says: "Her teaching was the highest within the resources to which Atheism is restricted, as the teaching of the *Fioretti* is the highest within the Christian limits."

This judgment sent me to the *Fioretti*, and I have read the first fifty, one or sometimes two at a time, finding nothing that has pleased me quite as much as my old friend the incomparable Wolf of Gubbio; but great as is the charm of the book, Acton's saying seems to me to require a commentary.

5. Of course, a very large portion of my correspondence in the last few weeks, both with England and with other parts of India, has related to the state of affairs on the Afghan frontier; but it has all been of a very confidential character, and I can make no further allusion to it in these pages.

In an interesting letter received lately from Sir Arthur Gordon, he asks me whether, putting aside

his father, I do not think that Sir James Graham is the most fully self-painted of those whose letters appear in the selections above alluded to, and whether I do not think that the picture is a pleasant one "in some ways very unlike the popular idea of the man."

The answer must be in the affirmative; but the tone of the letters during the later years of Sir James Graham's life are curiously in unison with my last recollection of him, as, rising from the Privy Councillors' bench just above the gangway, on the Ministerial side, he spoke of "his shattered nerves and broken spirit."

Exactly three years and a half have passed this morning since I took my seat as Governor.

My verdict on the year that has gone by and my wishes with regard to the future are similar to those which I recorded on 5th May 1884.

7. European Mail arrives.

Arthur Russell writes, under date of 17th April :—

"Last night I experienced a real miracle. In the night I heard celestial music and angels singing the Russian National Anthem. When I was quite awake, I found that a music-box, bought at Toeplitz thirty years ago, and which had been quiescent for several years—for

the key is lost—had started quite spontaneously, and was playing the Russian Hymn and played it several times. This was at half-past three A.M., for I lit my candle.

"The rationalising sceptic would say that a change of temperature had started the spring; there is no other hypothesis he could submit, if you decline the supernatural interpretation.

"But what happened at St. Petersburg or at Penjdeh at 3.30 this morning? That remains to be seen."

8. —— read me a letter from an American in Paris, in which the writer used the expression "'*les comédiens ordinaires du bon Dieu*' on the banks of the Seine."

Mrs. Awdry read to me the words written forty-three years ago this day:—

"Ma mère s'attristait l'autre jour de voir le beau temps revenir. Moi, toujours par une grâce de Dieu! cela me faisait un effet tout contraire; je pensais qu'Eugénie aussi venait de renaître. Mais quelle différence! Ces feuilles et ces fleurs se faneront dans peu et mourront, au lieu qu'elle, belle et immortelle fleur du ciel, elle en a fini de tout ce qui passe et meurt."

The writer, who died in girlhood, had certainly never heard of Moschus; yet how curiously do her words answer, across the ages, his exquisite lament,

which I took down and re-read, translating it to my companion :—

αἳ αἳ ταὶ μαλάχαι μὲν ἐπὰν κατὰ κᾶπον ὄλωνται,
ἢ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα, τό τ' εὐθαλὲς οὖλον ἄνηθον,
ὕστερον αὖ ζώοντι καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φύοντι·
ἄμμες δ', οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
ὁππότε πρᾶτα θάνωμες, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλᾳ
εὕδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.

11. A lady here having recently spoken to me of her desire that her son should turn out an enthusiastic soldier, I sent her to-day the following passage in which the Prince de Ligne addresses aspirants to the profession of arms :—

"Fussiez-vous du sang des héros, fussiez-vous du sang des Dieux s'il y en avait ; si la gloire ne *vous délire* pas continuellement, ne vous rangez pas sous ses étendards. Ne dîtes point que vous avez du goût pour notre état : embrassez-en un autre, si cette expression froide vous suffit. Prenez-y garde, vous faites votre service sans reproche peut-être ; vous savez même quelque chose des principes : vous êtes des artisans ; vous irez à un certain point, mais vous n'êtes point des artistes. Aimez ce métier au-dessus des autres à la passion ; oui, passion est le mot. Si vous ne rêvez pas militaire, si vous ne dévorez pas les livres et les plans de la guerre, si vous ne baisez pas les pas des

vieux soldats, si vous ne pleurez pas au récit de leurs combats, si vous n'êtes pas mort presque du désir d'en voir, et de honte de n'en avoir pas vu quoique ce ne soit pas de votre faute, quittez vite un habit que vous déshonorez. Si l'exercice même d'un seul bataillon ne vous transporte pas, si vous ne sentez pas la volonté de vous trouver partout, si vous y êtes distrait, si vous ne tremblez pas que la pluie n'empêche votre régiment de manœuvrer, donnez-y votre place à un jeune homme tel que je le veux : c'est celui qui sera fou de l'art des *Maurices*, et qui sera persuadé qu'il faut faire trois fois plus que son devoir pour le faire passablement. Malheur aux gens tièdes ! "

14. I wrote to-day to Captain Chamberlain, suggesting to him, with reference to the second of the stories told in these pages, under date of 8th May 1883, an admirable epitaph for the Major Dyer therein mentioned—an epitaph, too, precisely in his own manner !

"Ci-gît un très grand personnage
Qui fut d'un illustre lignage,
Qui posséda mille vertus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fut toujours fort sage.
Je n'en dirai pas davantage,
C'est trop mentir pour cent écus."

I found it in vol. iii. of *Menagiana*, the Amsterdam edition of 1762, page 227.

Sainte-Beuve, speaking of Cowper's lines to Mrs. Unwin says :—

"En lisant ces vers à Marie, qui tournent sensiblement à la litanie pieuse, on ne peut s'empêcher de penser à cette autre Marie par excellence, la Vierge, celle dont il est dit dans la *Divine Comédie* de Dante, par la bouche de Béatrix : 'Il est au ciel une noble Dame qui se plaint si fort de ces obstacles contre lesquels je t'envoie, qu'elle fléchit là-haut, le jugement rigoureux.' C'est la confiance en cette Marie toute clémente et si puissante auprès de son Fils qui a manqué à Cowper. Cette dévotion de plus, si son cœur l'avait pu admettre, l'aurait secouru et peut-être préservé."

That seems to me perfectly true. The *Memorare* added to his other prayers might have just made all the difference between sanity and madness.

Clara mentions that Mr. J. R. Byrne had told her that he once heard a boy reply to the question : "Why did the priest and Levite pass by on the other side ?" "Because they knew that he had been robbed already."

17. Under date of 5th April in these Notes I had written *ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Mr. Keys corrected this in the margin by substituting *supra* for *ultra*, and sent me up the passage from Pliny, in which the words first appear.

Apelles, it seems, was in the habit of showing his pictures to the passers-by and listening unseen to their criticisms. A shoemaker was heard by him to remark that he had put on a pair of sandals one buckle too few. The painter recognised the justice of the observation and rectified his mistake; but, when the shoemaker subsequently found fault with the leg, he said:—

"Ne sutor supra crepidam!"

Here is the original:—

"[Apelles] perfecta opera proponebat in pergula transeuntibus, atque post ipsam tabulam latens vitia quae notarentur auscultabat, vulgum diligentiorem judicem quam se praeferens. Feruntque a sutore reprehensum, quod in crepidis una pauciores intus fecisset ansas: eodem postero die, superbo emendatione pristinae admonitionis *cavillante circa crus*, indignatum prospexisse, denuntiantem, '*ne supra crepidam* judicaret,' quod et ipsum in proverbium venit." [Plin. *Nat. Hist.* xxxv. 36.]

On referring to my *Geflügelte Worte*, I see that the mistake I made is a common one even in Germany, where *Schuster bleib' bei deinem Leisten*—Shoemaker stick to thy last!—has, as with us, passed into common speech.

18. My excellent Private Secretary, Major Awdry, died to-day in consequence of injuries received by a fall from his horse in hunting on the morning of the 15th.

19. A lady mentioned, at dinner, that Swinburne had asked her what were the two finest lines in the language.

He answered his own question by quoting from Sordello (page 454 of the three-volume edition of Browning's works, London, 1863) :—

> "As the king-bird with ages on his plumes
> Travels to die in his ancestral glooms."

She also called my attention to the picturesque colour of the passage (pages 266-267) in which the vault in the Castle of Goito is described.

There are several lines even in that passage which disprove the truth of the saying that there are in the whole poem only two intelligible lines—the first and the last—both of them untrue :—

> "Who will, may hear Sordello's story told :"

and

> "Who would, has heard Sordello's story told."

20. Major Awdry's funeral—a military one.

My two Civil colleagues, Sir Frederick Roberts, and I walked at the head of the procession.

He is laid on the high ground of St. Thomas's Cemetery, overlooking a pretty reach of the lake.

Faber's lines kept chiming through my thoughts :—

"The river is green and runneth slow,
We cannot tell what it saith ;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death."

21. The European Mail of this morning brought from Madame Renan M. de Lesseps's *Discours* at the Académie Française and her husband's reply, which is full of memorable words, as for example :—

"Vous avez horreur de la rhétorique, et vous avez bien raison. C'est, avec la *poétique*, la seule erreur des Grecs. Après avoir fait des chefs-d'œuvres, ils crurent pouvoir donner des règles pour en faire : erreur profonde ! Il n'y a pas d'art de parler, pas plus qu'il n'y a d'art d'écrire. Bien parler, c'est bien penser tout haut. Le succès oratoire ou littéraire n'a jamais qu'une cause, l'absolue sincérité."

Again :

"On a dit, non sans quelque raison, que, si l'astronomie physique disposait de moyens assez puissants, on pourrait

juger du degré plus ou moins avancé de la civilisation des mondes habités à ce critérium que leurs isthmes seraient coupés, ou ne le seraient pas. Une planète n'est, en effet, mûre pour le progrès que quand toutes ces parties habitées sont arrivées à d'intimes rapports qui les constituent en organisme vivant ; si bien qu'aucune partie ne peut jouir souffrir, agir, sans que les autres ne sentent et ne réagissent. Nous assistons à cette heure solennelle pour la Terre."

The truth of the last sentence was brought specially home to me by the fact that I telegraphed after dinner on the 18th to announce poor Awdry's death to his brother in London, asking him to communicate with the family, and that, by breakfast-time yesterday, Mrs. Awdry had received a telegram on the subject from Lady Hobart now in Florence.

These words, too, are very admirable, and come home to me no less than those just cited: "En fait vous avez été roi ; vous avez eu les avantages de la souveraineté ; vous avez appris ce qu'elle apprend, l'indulgence, la pitié, le pardon, le dédain."

M. de Lesseps himself was occasionally very happy in his wisely brief address, as where he quoted the Arabic proverb: "Les chiens aboient, la caravane passe—J'ai passé."

27. There is a general collapse in the planting

interest here. Bagot was talking the other day about three young men who are keeping their heads above water. "How is that?" I said. "Oh!" was the reply, "when they want money, they get it from their father." "And the estate," I rejoined; "does it return *him* anything?" "Well," said Bagot, "the return he gets is that *they return to him periodically!*"

I met Captain Chamberlain this evening riding a Kattiawar pony, which had the long dark dorsal stripe, from mane to tail, of its neighbour, the Ghor-khur (*Equus onager*) of Cutch, Jesulmere, etc., a species closely allied to, if not identical with, the *ghour* (*Equus hemippus*) or wild ass of Assyria.

Captain Chamberlain mentioned that he had known a Kattiawar horse, bearing a messenger sent for a doctor, go eighty miles to the nearest station and fifty miles back at a great pace, covering the last thirty miles more leisurely, and proceeding next day on the march as if nothing had happened.

31. When Lady Roberts dined here a week or two ago, she told me that she had heard from the Captain of the ship who last brought her out to India the following story:—

"He had once, he said, on board a clergyman, who

was very much horrified by the language used by the sailors, and at length declared that he must really speak to them. The Captain tried to soothe the reverend gentleman by assuring him that their curses and mutual abuse meant very little ; that, if real danger arose, they would soon begin to say their prayers and show themselves in a much more amiable light.

"Soon after this conversation very heavy weather came on. When the gale was at its height, the clergyman's wife, who was in a state of great alarm, sent him on deck to ascertain what was the real condition of affairs. He returned radiant to assure the lady that everything was going on extremely well, and that she might be quite easy in her mind, for the sailors were using more fearful language than even they had ever been heard to do before."

I wonder if this really happened within the knowledge of the Captain who told the story, or whether it is only a modern rendering of a page in *Menagiana* filtered through many generations and many memories.

Here is the anecdote, as given by Ménage, which I promised at the time to send to Lady Roberts, but came upon again only yesterday. It is in volume ii. page 267, of the edition I have cited before :—

"Un Jésuite, qui passoit de France en Amérique, fut fort recommandé au capitaine du vaisseau où il s'embarqua. Le capitaine, qui vit venir du gros temps, lui dit : 'Mon Père, vous n'avez pas le pied marin, le roulis du vaisseau seroit dangereux pour vous, mettez-vous à fond de cale ; tandis que vous entendrez les matelots jurer et tempêter, ce sera signe qu'il y aura encore bonne espérance : mais si vous les entendez une fois s'embrasser et se réconcilier, alors recommandez-vous à Dieu. Le Jésuite envoyait de temps en temps son compagnon à l'escoutille voir ce qui se passoit. Helas ! mon Père, lui disoit-il, tout est perdu, les matelots jurent comme des possédés, leurs blasphèmes seuls sont capables de faire abymer le vaisseau. 'Dieu soit loué, répondit le Père ; Allez, allez, tout ira bien.'"

In volume i. page 142, of *Menagiana* occurs the following story : "Madame de B—— ne trouvant plus de messes un Dimanche aux Quinze-vingts à une heure, dit à son laquais, 'Allez donc me faire écrire.'"

Some thirty years ago I remember being told in London that the Lady Jersey of that period had gone with Lady Clementina Villiers to a chapel in Mayfair, and, finding it full, had said to her daughter as she turned away, "Never mind, my dear, we've done the civil thing."

I dare say the same anecdote will, *mutatis mutandis*, be fitted on to other great ladies in the next and succeeding centuries.

The delightful story of Henri IV., Sully, and the fever who went down the backstairs all dressed in green, which is told by Ménage, has been shown by M. Fournier[1] to be in one form as old as Plutarch and to have been told before Henri IV. was born in *Hilarii Cortesii Volantillæ*, Paris, 1533.

M. Fournier continues :—

"Oh! le vraisemblable, le vraisemblable! C'est la mort du vrai en histoire; c'est l'espoir des mauvais historiens, et c'est la terreur des bons. Il ne faut pour la vérité ni deux poids ni deux mesures. Elle est nue, qu'importe! faites-la voir telle qu'elle est. Sa parole est franche jusqu'à la brutalité; qu'importe encore! laissez-lui sa brutale parole, et faites tout pour qu'elle parvienne à tous. L'idéal, dont elle s'est trop parée, est un voile charmant sans doute; enlevez-le lui pourtant et rendez-le, si c'est possible, à la poésie, qui de nos jours, s'en est trop passée!"

Hayward used to say, "The first merit of an anecdote is that it be true." I entirely agree with

[1] *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*, 3rd edition, p. 37 : Paris, 1867.

him, and the reader of these pages may at least be confident that the stories they contain are narrated as they were narrated by those to whom they are attributed. I guarantee their authenticity; I do *not* guarantee the accuracy of those who told them.

June

2. The *Memoirs* of the late Rector of Lincoln were read to me during the first day or two I spent here. They are admirably written, and contain the history of the mental development of a remarkable mind. At the same time, perhaps just because I have lived through a good many of the changes in opinion at Oxford and elsewhere, of which he has so much to say, there is quite curiously little in the book that has for me any particular interest. I have glanced through it again to-day, and note here the very few passages I have marked.

At page 332 is the following:—

"For myself I can truly say that daily converse with the poetry and literature of all times, ancient and modern, has been to me its own sufficient reward; the classics have lost for me nothing of their charm; on this very day

—New Year's Eve, 1884—I can read Sophocles with greater delight than I ever did."

Page 309 is characteristic of the man as I knew him :—

"I was also still, at least as late as 1857, very far from having formed the pure and unselfish conception of the life of the true student, which dawned upon me afterwards, and which Goethe, it seems, possessed at thirty. My ideal at this time was polluted and disfigured by literary ambition. I wanted to be doing more of this sort—to be before the world, in fact, as a writer. I shared the vulgar fallacy that a literary life meant a life devoted to the making of books, and that not to be always coming before the public was to be idle. It cost me years more of extrication of thought before I rose to the conception that the highest life is the art to live, and that both men, women, and books are equally essential ingredients of such a life."

At page 186 the writer says : "I wrote two *Lives of the Saints* in Newman's Series, upon which I spent an amount of research of which no English historian at that time had set the example."

This fact was entirely new to me. The *Lives* were, it appears, those of St. Waltheof and St. Edmund.

3. Dined with Sir F. Roberts to meet the Nizam.

A high official repeated to me a happily invented story told against his department. A woman was brought before a magistrate in Vizagapatam for being illegally in possession of salt, and fined four rupees. After the case had been tried, it occurred to some one to taste the salt, whereupon the culprit burst into tears and exclaimed: "They not only fine me four rupees, but they eat the ashes of my husband!"

It is the same district which has the honour of having produced the story, true I believe, of the Dewan of Vizianagram, who, when some English sportsmen had complained of want of game, addressed his subordinate in the words: "How, Amildar! No tigers for gentlemen! What administration is this?"

It was in the district immediately to the north—in Ganjam—that the judge lived whose method of deciding cases was beautifully simple. He used, when the time to give his judgment came, to count the flies on the punkah. If the number was even, he gave it for the plaintiff; if odd, for the defendant. The name of this worthy is habitually cited when the anecdote is told in this Presidency.

6. The European Mail arrives.

Pollock writes that the ceremony of the dedication of S. T. Coleridge's bust in Westminster Abbey last week was extremely interesting, and that Lowell was never better.

I should think not, for his speech, which has come by this mail, was certainly wonderfully happy. Amongst other things he spoke of his "memory" as "gradually becoming one of her own reminiscences;" said that the greatest charm of Coleridge's poetry was the perpetual presence of imagination, as constant a quality with him as fancy with Calderon; held that Coleridge's *Wallenstein* was the most original translation in our language, unless some of the late Mr. FitzGerald's be reckoned such; remarked that there are pages in Coleridge's prose in which he seems to be talking to himself, and not to us "as I have heard a guide do in the tortuous caverns of the Catacombs, when he was doubtful if he had not lost his way," but added that, when his genius runs freely and full in his prose, the style, as he said of Pascal, is "a garment of light."

7. A Catholic priest who dined here told me that he had been asked by a Savoyard ecclesiastic in this country why, in the English marriage service,

the bride and bridegroom promised "se prendre par le gosier." This was his translation of "plight thee my troth."

8. Mrs. Awdry left us *en route* for England—a sad break-up!

9. The official dinner in honour of the Queen's birthday, which was postponed on account of poor Awdry's death, took place this evening. The Nizam with Salar Jung and some other of his principal people were present.

Before the party broke up a telegram came to say that the Gladstone Government had been defeated on the second reading of the Budget Bill by 264 to 252.

10. Mr. Eliot pointed out to me last autumn Villon's poem, *Ballade des dames du temps jadis*, which he tells me is a great favourite with his Oxford contemporaries. I came this morning upon a passage in Sainte-Beuve, in which he mentions that the beautiful refrain,

"Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?"

is an echo of a question asked and re-asked from the fifth century downwards. He refers in a note

to *Les Poëtes Chrétiens depuis le IV^e^ siècle jusqu'au XV^e^*, par M. Felix Clement, and to the article on Tyro Prosper. Long ages afterwards St. Bernard put it in this form :—

> "Quo Caesar abiit, celsus imperio,
> Vel Dives splendidus, totus in prandio,
> Dic, ubi Tullius clarus eloquio,
> Vel Aristoteles summus ingenio ?"

But the honour of clothing the idea in perfect form must remain to the graceless scamp of the days of Louis XI.

13. Lady Blennerhassett writes from Munich, as once before on the "Cinque Maggio," not a little amused at the interest her English friends have been taking in the *Fioretti* since Acton's article appeared. She recommends Ozanam, *Les Poëtes Franciscains au XIII^e^ siècle*, which I have ordered.

She uses incidentally a capital phrase, which is new to me—"to see *la fourmi noire qui dans la nuit noire marche sur la pierre noire.*"

14. Racine's epigram on Chapelain was read to me :—

> "Froid, sec, dur, rude auteur, digne objet de satire,
> De ne savoir pas lire, oses tu me blâmer ?

Hélas pour mes péchés, je n'ai su que trop lire,
Depuis que tu fais imprimer ! "

How much neater was the saying attributed to Sir Frankland Lewis about his son, whose excellent, but very serious, books did not suit his taste: "I wish to God that George couldn't write, or that I couldn't read ! "

18. European Mail arrives.

Rutson writes :—

"Did you know that the soil in the Fen country (at least the part I visited) is so rich that the vegetation is delightful to see ? Large orchards ; large gooseberry gardens (whose green is no contemptible colour in spring) ; splendid pastures adorned with noble thorn-trees ; fields deep with vast stretches of young corn and mustard plants ; sheets of cowslips along the banks of the water-courses ; broad canals straight as a line as far as the eye can see ; splendid cattle ; large Lincoln sheep ; and young dray-horses beginning in these quiet pastures the lives that are to be spent and ended in Manchester or Hull or London."

Mrs. Sydney Buxton sends me the following :—

"Two Americans dined at an hotel, and when the bill was brought they thought it exorbitant. One swore very much on the occasion. His friend reprimanded him.

He swore again and said he could not express himself too strongly against such rascality. 'If he has done wrong,' his friend said, 'God Almighty will punish him.' 'Oh! that He's done already,' replied the other, 'for I have got his silver spoons in my pocket.'"

Lady Temple writing of her sister's Russian house, quotes the pretty lines:—

> "My love dwelt in a northern land;
> A gray tower in a forest green
> Was her's, and far on either hand
> The long wash of the waves was seen,
> And leagues on leagues of yellow sand
> And woven forest boughs between."

Macaulay, in the preface to the authorised edition of his speeches, is particularly indignant with a piratical individual who, in publishing some of these speeches, makes him speak of the "Pandects" of the Benares. I had *La Chaumière Indienne* read to me to-day in the pretty copy bound by Birdsall of Northampton, and found, much to my amusement, that Bernardin de St. Pierre throughout uses the word *Pandects* for Pundits. With him Rajputs become *Reispoutes;* Sanskrit becomes *Hanscrit;* his hero, a Paria, marries a Brahman widow; and so forth and so forth.

His botany is equally brilliant, for in a garden, under the thick shade of a banyan, grow "pêle-mêle" the mangosteen, the orange, the cocoa-palm, the leechee, the durian, the mango, the jack, and the banana. The betel twines round the areca-palm, and the pepper (*mirabile dictu!*) wreathes itself round the sugar-cane.

I asked Lady Henley to send me this book with a view to reading it last year in Malabar amidst the vegetation which I conceived it to describe. It did not arrive in time, but I certainly did not lose, by the want of it, any valuable impressions.

The scene is laid near the temple of "Jagernat," the description of which would make Mr. Hunter's hair stand on end.

25. Mrs. Greg, writing from the Hôtel de Chaumont, near Neufchâtel says :—

"I like this country. The long sweeping lines of the Jura are so pleasant and soothing after the stern and uncompromising prependiculars of the Alps; and in the distance far beyond the lakes of Neufchâtel and Morat, we see, when it is clear, the great range of snow-peaks from the Sentis round to Mont Blanc; so that we are sufficiently reminded of the existence of something higher and grander."

30. An article which was read to me to-day reminded me that I used, in the election of 1880, the admirable words said to have been addressed by the Dorking carrier to Mrs. Drummond about the causes of the political crash of 1874: "The parsons and the publicans have let in the sinners." It is not however in these Notes, and is far too good to lose. Strange, if so admirable a political epigram should have been made in conversation with the widow of the man who originated the famous expression, "Property has its duties as well as its rights!"

As I write, it occurs to me that I never put down the remark made in a speech by Mr. Morton,[1] who had been his tutor, when Lord Macduff came of age: "The real sick man of Europe is Privilege." That is a winged word, which, so far as I know, never flew much beyond the neighbourhood in which it was spoken, on the remote shores of the Moray Firth, but which well deserves to fly farther.

A Mahomedan nobleman from Delhi, who came to see me to-day, told me that he was going to travel for thirty-six months; after visiting London, he proposed to see "America Presidency, Germany Presidency, etc."

[1] Now, 1898, M.P. for Deptford.

—— mentioned the other night that Colonel Davies had been attacked, on one occasion, by a herd of wild elephants—a very rare occurrence. When the leader had got within about twenty-five yards, he shot him dead ; the rest swerved and went off in another direction. Colonel Davies, turning to his companion, said quietly, "That almost degenerated into a charge"!

July

Far the greatest literary pleasure I have recently had has been derived from Mr. Pater's book, *Marius the Epicurean*, which was given me a few weeks ago.

It is full of pictures, many of which mingle in my mind with very cherished associations belonging to the places in which the scenes of this strangely beautiful book are laid.

The central thought of the whole seems to me to be, "How is Cyrenaicism to be reconciled with the old morality in its best form ; how is the teaching of the last chapter of the *Studies in the Renaissance* to be fitted into life ?"

The following sentences supply a short answer to that question :—

"Cyrenaic or Epicurean doctrine then—the Cyrenaicism with which Marius had come to Rome, or our own new Cyrenaicism of the nineteenth century—does but need its proper complement. Refer it, as a part to the whole, to that larger, well-adjusted system of the old morality, through which the better portion of mankind strive in common, towards the realisation of a better world than the present—give it a *modus vivendi*, as lawyers say, with that common every-day morality, the power of which is continuous in human affairs—excise its antinomian usurpations; and the heresy becomes a counsel of perfection."

That is what I have always thought, and this work shows how deeply its author felt that his marvellous presentment of the Cyrenaic theory of life in the chapter to which I have alluded did not say his last word.

Guided by the same feeling, I placed long ago the most striking part of that chapter in one of my note-books side by side with a passage in the *Récit*, describing the scene of the 13th July 1847—the most perfect presentment, with which I am acquainted, of the Christian view of life.

2. I left at York House Longfellow's *Poems on Places*—a happy conception badly realised—but borrowed it the other day for the purpose of having a

copy made for Clara of "Shirley Chase," the only thing which appeared to me at once new and valuable in the two volumes. How striking are the following lines :—

"Moonlight pours through the painted oriels,
Firelight flickers on pictured walls ;
Full of solemn and sad memorials
Is the room where that mingled glimmer falls.
There is the banner of Arthur Shirley,
Who died for Charles on a misty wold ;
There is his portrait—an infant curly—
Whose corse in an unknown grave lies cold.

"Hot and sudden swooped Rupert's horse
Down on the villainous Roundhead churls,
But they left young Arthur a mangled corse,
With the red mire clotting his chesnut curls :
Only son of an ancient race
As any that dwells in England's realm—
Ah, a shadow sleeps on Sir Everard's face
When he thinks of his soldier's snow-plumed helm."

I re-read in Sainte-Beuve's paper on St. François de Sales a happy phrase of the good bishop's about a place for which I have a kindness : "Mon petit Annecy, où j'ai appris à me plaire, puisque c'est la

barque dans laquelle il faut que je vogue pour passer de cette vie à l'autre."

On the same page is told an anecdote which must have suggested a famous phrase of Schiller's. Henry IV., it appears, said to one of his officers, who evidently preferred St. François even to the King, "Je désire faire le troisième en cette amitié."

4. Mr. Rees, writing from Teheran, mentions that, on his way to Shiraz, he dined one night at a lonely station with a telegraph clerk, who was writing a vocabulary to assist Persians in learning English. Descriptions of the animals were here and there necessary, and a bat he described as "a featherless bird given to grazing at night."

At Ispahan he visited the Zil-i-Sultan, Shadow of the King, Prince-Governor of more than half of Persia. The first words of the great man were, "Are you a soldier?" "No." "A pity." (Aside, but aloud to the crowd, "A good youth." I tried to look my best, and he made other loud asides.) Why did I travel? "To see Persia and learn Persian." "Just like these English. Why do they learn so much? I know nothing. The people here know nothing. It is better so." (A bow.) "I know

nothing myself, but I can govern provinces." "Your Royal Highness knows everything." "What do you think of the prospects of war?" "I believe there will be none." "It is certain there will be none." "I have not heard that." "And if there should be war, what then?" "Please God (Inshallah) the English will always be victorious." "When they fight the Russians, I hope they will."

Long years ago—perhaps in 1855, when we were travelling in Ireland—George Boyle quoted to me a translation or paraphrase of some lines of Goethe's from which I have often drawn comfort in public as in private life. They ran as follows. I have never seen them in print:—

"But on the ice-covered heights of Armenia,
And in the dark forests of far Abyssinia,
Still spake the oracle, just as before.
Child of the world, leave fools to their foolishness!
Things to their natures and mules to their mulishness,
Berries were bitter in forests of yore!"

This morning, for the first time, I lit on the original:—

"Und auf den Höhen der indischen Lüfte
Und in den Tiefen ägyptischer Grüfte

Hab' ich das heilige Wort nur gehört :
Thöricht, auf Bessrung der Thoren zu harren ;
Kinder der Klugheit, O habet die Narren
Eben zum Narren auch wie sich's gehört ! "

5. Mr. Davison breakfasted here and brought with him two specimens of the very curious *Draco volans*, mentioned in these Notes under date of 17th September 1884. The beautiful colours of the wings are lost in dried specimens.

6. The European Mail of 12th June arrives—four days late.

My sister writes that July and August are the season of heat and the time of which a witty German said : "In Weimar im Hochsommer da sitzen die Hunde auf den Strassen und *heulen* vor Langeweile ! "

The dogs in Aix la Chapelle are, if Heine may be believed, even more "ennuyés" :—

"Zu Aachen langweilen sich auf der Strass
Die Hunde sie flehn unterthänig :
Gieb uns einen Fusstritt, O Fremdling, das wird
Vielleicht uns zerstreuen ein wenig ! "

Captain W. Eastwick, speaking of an evening at Victor Hugo's in 1879, says, amongst many other interesting things : "There was a discussion on

Lesseps' scheme for cutting the Isthmus of Panama. Louis Blanc told the story, as related to him by Lesseps, that a millionaire French Deputy had come to him and asked for shares in his railroad in Sweden. "It is not a railroad in Sweden; it is a canal in Egypt." "Well, then, I will take shares in your canal in Sweden." "It is not in Sweden, but in Egypt." "But I don't care what it is or where it is; I only take shares to spite Palmerston."[1]

Rev. J. G. Lonsdale, who was one of the Resident Fellows when I was at Balliol, and to whom I recently wrote to thank him for some papers he had sent me about the eccentric but worthy Dr. Dawson Turner, who died this spring, remarks, speaking of his fund of anecdotes:—

"I heard one a few days ago he would have enjoyed, so I was quite sorry I could not send it to him in the other world. 'Explain Lupercalia.' Answer. 'Lupercalia was the she-wolf that nursed Romeo and Juliet!'"

Mrs. Boyle writes that she has had in her garden this spring *Amaryllis formosissima* in great abundance, "splendid with an inner sheen like old red enamel;

[1] Lesseps probably said, "Ce n'est pas en Suède mais à Suez;" but I do not think myself entitled to alter the text of my correspondent's version.

the top petal always curls back to show this sheen. And your moonflowers are well up; soon next full moon I think— they will give me the exquisite delight of the first moonflower for twenty years. And I wonder if you would tell me what the blue flower of the Nílgiris is; blue is so rare in garden-flowers, and runs wild all over wild nature."

8. Captain Lawford made us laugh this morning by a happily-imagined exhortation of a commander which he had somewhere heard: "You will advance, you will expend your ammunition, you will then retire, but, as I am rather lame, I am going now!"

9. Mrs. Godfrey Clerk mentioned at dinner to-day that during the battle of Meeanee Sir John Pennefather, who had been waiting by his horse till the order came for him to go into action, suddenly received it. He mounted and, turning to his troopers, said, "God forgive me, my boys, for having told your mothers I'd take care o' ye"!

11. Mrs. Logan asked at dinner to-day, "When is a Scotchman like a donkey?" "When he stands on his 'banks and braes.'" She told also a good story of an American who saw a crocodile for the first time, and remarked, "Well, he is not exactly handsome,

but there's a great deal of openness about him when he smiles."

She mentioned, too, that, at a séance of spiritualists, a lady, who had suffered many things during her youth from the learning of English grammar, had asked to speak with the soul of Lindley Murray. She was told after a while that it was in attendance. "Are you the soul of Lindley Murray?" she asked tremblingly. "Yes, I are," was the reply.

She said, too, that on another such occasion a widow, who had not been a very loving wife, expressed a wish to communicate with the soul of her deceased husband. It arrived, and she inquired, "Are you happy?" "Happier than I ever was upon earth," it answered. "You are in heaven I suppose?" "Quite the contrary!"

She related likewise that a man at New York went to hear a celebrated preacher, who took for his text, "Now Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." He was struck with the sermon and went to hear the same orator again in the afternoon and evening in distant parts of the city, hearing on each occasion the same discourse.

The next morning he encountered the preacher on

a river-steamer and was asked by him for whom a funeral bell was tolling? "Well," he said, "I guess it's for Peter's wife's mother; at least she was mortal bad all yesterday!"

17. European Mail arrives.

Lubbock writes of the recent crisis: "Gibson said rather a good thing of the situation as it was; that *we* were in a state of 'suspended animation,' and *they* were in one 'of animated suspense.'"

I am keeping an altogether separate record of the judgments passed by people, whose opinions I value, upon my minutes of September and November last, but must find room here for a remark in a letter just received from George Venables: "Your comments on trees and other vegetable products justify the proverb, 'Keep a thing for seven years and you will find a use for it.' I should hardly have expected that even in seven years botany would be useful to a statesman."

How curious is the general resemblance between these two addresses to the departing spirit; yet the first is from the *Rig Veda*,[1] the second from the *Garden of the Soul!*

[1] *Imperial Gazetteer*, Art. "India," vol. iv. p. 200.

"Depart thou, depart thou by the ancient paths to the place whither our fathers have departed. Meet with the Ancient Ones; meet with the Lord of Death. Throwing off thine imperfections, go to thy home. Become united with a body; clothe thyself in a shining form; let him depart to those for whom flow the rivers of nectar. Let him depart to those who, through meditation, have obtained the victory; who, by fixing their thoughts on the unseen, have gone to heaven. Let him depart to the mighty in battle, to the heroes who have laid down their lives for others, to those that have bestowed their goods on the poor.

"Go forth, O Christian soul, from this world, in the name of God, the Father Almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ, the son of the living God, who suffered for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee; in the name of the angels and archangels; in the name of the thrones and dominations; in the name of the principalities and powers; in the name of the cherubim and seraphim; in the name of the patriarchs and prophets; in the name of the holy apostles and evangelists; in the name of the holy martyrs and confessors; in the name of the holy monks and hermits; in the name of the holy virgins and of all the saints of God. May thy place be this day in peace, and thine abode in holy Sion. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

21. Bagot lent the other day to —— a pamphlet

by a lunatic, not telling him of the author's condition. He returned it without having a suspicion of the state of the case, but saying that he could not make out its drift. This reminded me of the story told of M. Geoffrin, the husband of the lady who had the "best administered *salon*" of last century. In studying Bayle or some other book printed in double column, he continued to read across the page, and observed that "l'ouvrage lui paraissait bien, mais un peu abstrait."

European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Craven sends me one of the cards mentioned under date of 16th April. It bears upon it Olga's words which Augustus Craven repeated when, at seventy-eight, he too lay dying: "Je crois, j'aime, j'espère, je me repens."

28. After finishing my mail on the 25th, I drove with Lawson, Tremenheere, and Bagot by Wellington to Kotagiri; passed the 26th there, and visited from it on the 27th a tea estate in Kodanad which commands fine views of the Moyar valley, where it opens into the plains of Coimbatore. Early this afternoon I got back to Ootacamund, riding by the short cut past Dodabetta.

This expedition added somewhat to my knowledge of these hills, but was, in every way, less repaying than those which I made last year to Sispara and Naduvatam.

I saw alive, for the first time, the so-called jungle sheep *Cervulus aureus* and added a few trees and herbaceous plants to my list.

Tremenheere repeated a line of Tennyson's, which I had either never read or had forgotten, in which he speaks of—

". . . the sweet half-English Neilghery air."

I was not aware that the Blue Mountains had found their *vates sacer* even to this small extent.

The most agreeable moments of our three days' absence were, I think, those spent in the pleasant old-fashioned garden of Mr. Griffiths, brother of my host of 1875, at Benares,[1] amidst a tangle of roses, chrysanthemums, and other ubiquitous things.

29. I found the following in a letter sent from Vienna and addressed to the Viceroy: "Convinced your Excellency will kindly be induced to assist an international enterprise for the progress of the science,

[1] See *Notes of an Indian Journey*.

such as the enlightening of the mind requires of the still unknown portions in our knowledge of the life and trait of the birds," etc.

31. —— has handed to me a letter which I copy, omitting the names :—

"Honoured Sir,— . . . What I say? My gordian done marry my miner sister; never get gentleman's order.

"Now I died, mittá[1] he taking. Pepels telling, he now very soon giving me poison; make kill me, then take mittá.

"Master must inquire, make me married soon, keep me nother country; he only manage my mittá.

"I telling I done wrot letter this, he kill me to-day only. Master never tell I done write letter.

"(Signed) ———.

"Good morning Sir!"

August

1. A man who has distinguished himself in secular life, writing of a remarkable pamphlet by Dr. Bridges on *Positivism and the Bible*, which its author lately sent me, says :—

[1] Small zemindari estate.

"I studied for the Church (the Independents or Congregationalists), going through the full Divinity course, and have actually preached! If, in the future, any one should recall this episode in my life to my son, I am afraid it will be in some such terms as Sir David Brewster used to J. S. Mill the first time he met him: "I've heard your father preach, and a very poor hand he was at it!"

2. Diverged to see the bank just beyond St. Stephen's now in great beauty—about one hundred yards by twenty of many-hued single dahlias.

Mrs. Grigg played this evening some pretty and little-known Irish airs arranged for the piano, and taken from the collection made by Petrie the antiquary.

3. Mrs. Grigg left the above for my inspection. I see that she has copied in it the passage from *Consuelo* which struck me so much when Mrs. Awdry read that book to me this spring:—

"Il y a une musique qu'on pourrait appeler naturelle, parce qu'elle n'est point le produit de la science et de la réflexion, mais celui d'une inspiration qui échappe à la rigueur des règles et des conventions. C'est la musique populaire: c'est celle des paysans particulièrement. Que de belles poésies naissent, vivent, et meurent chez eux, sans avoir jamais eu les honneurs d'une notation correcte,

et sans avoir daigné se renfermer dans la version absolue d'un thème arrêté ! L'artiste inconnu qui improvise sa rustique ballade en gardant ses troupeaux, ou en poussant le soc de sa charrue (et il en est encore, même dans les contrées qui paraissent les moins poétiques), s'astreindra difficilement à retenir et fixer ses fugitives idées. Il communique cette ballade aux autres musiciens, enfants comme lui de la nature, et ceux-ci la colportent de hameau en hameau, de chaumière en chaumière, chacun la modifiant au gré de son génie individuel. C'est pour cela que ces chansons et ces romances pastorales, si piquantes de naïveté ou si profondes de sentiment, se perdent pour la plupart, et n'ont guère jamais plus d'un siècle d'existence dans la mémoire des paysans. Les musiciens formés aux règles de l'art ne s'occupent point assez de les recueillir. La plupart les dédaignent, faute d'un intelligence assez pure et d'un sentiment assez élevé pour les comprendre ; d'autres se rebutent de la difficulté qu'ils rencontrent, aussitôt qu'ils veulent trouver cette véritable et primitive version qui n'existe déjà peut-être plus pour l'auteur lui-même, et qui certainement n'a jamais été reconnue comme un type déterminé et invariable par ses nombreux interprètes. Les uns l'ont altérée par ignorance ; les autres l'ont développée, ornée, ou embellie par l'effet de leur supériorité, parce que l'enseignement de l'art ne leur a point appris à en refouler les instincts. Ils ne savent point eux-mêmes qu'ils ont transformé l'œuvre primitive, et leurs naïfs auditeurs ne s'en aperçoivent pas davantage.

Le paysan n'examine ni ne compare. Quand le ciel l'a fait musicien, il chante à la manière des oiseaux, du rossignol surtout, dont l'improvisation est continuelle, quoique les éléments de son chant varié à l'infini soient toujours les mêmes. D'ailleurs le génie du peuple est d'une fécondité sans limite. Il n'a pas besoin d'enregistrer ses productions ; il produit sans se reposer, comme la terre qu'il cultive ; il crée à toute heure, comme la nature qui l'inspire."

The remarkable note about the *bûcherons* of the Bourbonnais is on this passage.

I have always been devoted to national airs. My band here now plays some sixty Scotch ones with a great many German, and has recently added to these an old English collection.

5. Exactly three years and nine months have passed this morning since I took my seat as Governor.

6. European Mail arrives.

My sister writes of our visit in 1851 to Moritz Retsch[1] and adds "You remember his showing us the allegorical picture of Death, and how fair the countenance grew as we drew near it."

11 —— dined here and asked a riddle, probably old enough, but which I had not heard before ; "Who

[1] See these Notes for 1851.

is the servant of the thinnest master?" "The Valet of the Shadow of Death."

John Warren writes:—

"As to the Fatimites, God help me! I know nothing: but as the Oxford don said, 'I will promise to learn some.'

"This was a *mot* of that strange fish Osborn Gordon, my tutor and friend at Oxford. Some one had been elected Greek Professor, and Osborn Gordon went about saying, 'He knows no Greek, but that doesn't matter as he has promised to learn some.'"

Kinglake sends me the phrase of an American about us quoted to him by Charles Villiers. "Your intelligence is not equal to your Empire."

Sir Frederick Pollock writes:—

"It seems that —— is very proud of the extent of her acquaintance and of the number of people who come to call at her house. On one occasion, she boasted to a lady friend, 'I suppose there is no house in London where the bell is more frequently rung.' 'I dare say not,' said her friend, 'as I have myself just now had to ring five times before I could get the door opened.'"

And again: "The church-going anecdote which you have traced to *Menagiana* is told of some contemporary lady by Horace Walpole, in whose letters

I first saw it: 'What pains are always taken to fit a good story to the time!'"

Madame Renan writes:—

"Dans quelques années d'ici, non seulement une personne comme Mme Mohl, mais un salon comme le sien, deviendront impossibles à faire comprendre au public. Les modifications profondes de la société française ne permettent plus cette réunion de personnes aimables et d'un esprit si distingué qui se rassemblaient chez notre vieille amie, malgré des différences d'opinion sur la politique, sur la religion, sur bien d'autres choses encore. Sans la haine commune que tous les esprits libéraux éprouvaient pour le second empire, nous mêmes nous n'aurions pas vu le salon de Mme Mohl tel que nous l'avons connu après la guerre de 1870, ces divergences d'opinion sont devenues des questions pratiques, et le salon s'est brisé. On n'en référa plus sur le même modèle et c'est grand dommage. C'était un lien entre l'élite de la société parisienne et ce que l'Angleterre, l'Allemagne, l'Italie avaient de supérieur comme monde; aujourd'hui, les questions de nationalité ont compliqué encore les questions intérieures."

14. Sir F. Roberts wrote yesterday to thank me for the order issued on his resignation of the Madras Command, adding that "as a final proof of a kindness and consideration which have never wavered nor failed him for an instant, it has touched him more than

he can say." This has given me much pleasure. Indeed our relations from first to last have been, in all that relates alike to Civil and to Military Affairs, everything I could possibly desire.

20. Mr. Rees, having returned lately, has breakfasted here the last three mornings, and I have gone carefully, with the maps, through his recent journey. From Kurrachee he went to Bunder Abbas, thence to Muscat and Bushire, whence he passed by Shiraz to Ispahan, Teheran, and Kasveen. From that place, after glancing at the low country along the Caspian, he turned south to Hamadan and pursued his journey towards the Turkish frontier. Arrived in Turkey, he struck for Ctesiphon, from which he gained Bagdad; after some stay there, he descended the Tigris past its junction with the Euphrates, to Bassorah, and thence reached Kurrachee *via* Jask and Guadel.

I am pleased that a young member of our Civil Service should have made such an expedition; but I do not know that he saw anything that I should have cared to see, at my time of life, except the pretty port of Muscat, the ruins of Persepolis, the Gardens of Shiraz, the Cone of Demavend, and the fine country round Hamadan. Nor does he seem to have met any

one I should much care to talk with, save Sir Ronald Thompson, whom I know already, and Colonel Ross, the Resident at Bushire.

26. On the afternoon of the 22nd, I went over to Coonoor, taking with me Tremenheere, Lawford, and Lawson. We returned yesterday, after a much more agreeable excursion than our recent one to Kotagiri.

29. Finished an article in the last *Quarterly* on Macaulay and Sir Elijah Impey. The author, Mr. Strachey, in a letter to me about it, said :—

"I came across, in the *Memoir of Impey*, written by his son, the strangest list of a party in a country house that I should think Fate ever brought together.

"The scene was at Talleyrand's house, outside Paris—the time, the Peace of Amiens.

"There met Madame Talleyrand, who had been Mrs. Grand in Calcutta ; Sir Philip Francis, who had been the cause of her divorce from Grand ; Sir Elijah Impey, who had presided at the trial, and had inflicted enormous damages on Francis, and who had barely escaped impeachment, owing to Francis's machinations ; Fox, who had denounced Impey in the House of Commons as the unjust Judge ; and last of all Grand himself.

"I see that the accuracy of the story is doubted in Busteed's *Echoes of old Calcutta ;* but, from the way in which the younger Impey tells it, I should think it must

be true ; he professes to have heard it from his father, who was there."

31. The weather is beautiful, and the hills are seen at their very best. I rode with Victoria, in the afternoon, to General Baker's, where she gathered, among the tea-bushes, large numbers of the pinkish-white strawberry, *Fragaria elatior*, which is very pleasant. The fruit of the yellow-flowered *Fragaria Indica* is, on the other hand, as it seems to me, absolutely tasteless.

On the greensward just before we entered General Baker's woods on the way from Snowdon a bush of common furze was in such splendid flower that it appeared to be challenging the line of *Acacia dealbata*, which grew behind it. Nor did our Northern friend lose by comparison with its gorgeous Australian cousin, whose delicate perfume is now filling the atmosphere far and wide.

September

3. European Mail arrives.

M. Arnold, writing of his *Merope*, which he has just sent me, in the beautiful new edition of his poems, remarks : "There is not a stroke of either archæology

or botany in it, for which I had not authority from reporters, such as Pausanias, Leake, Walpole, Sibthorpe."

I observed, when it was read to me the other day, the extreme accuracy of the botany.

There came also into my mind the excellent story which M. Arnold told me years ago of his visit to Villemain. He found the old gentleman's "oak," as we should have said at Oxford, "sported," and meeting him some days afterwards in society, mentioned the fact. "Pourquoi n'avez vous pas insisté?" was the reply, "vous m'auriez trouvé renfermé lisant votre Mérope!"

Colonel Mackinnon, of the Grenadier Guards, succeeded Major Awdry a week or two ago, displacing Mr. Tremenheere, who has been acting as Private Secretary since the latter part of May.

8. I left Ootacamund for Simla with my wife, several of my staff, and Mr. Webster, Chief Secretary to the Government of Madras, about half-past two this afternoon. All the incidents of this journey which have any bearing on business will be consigned to an official document. Here, as usual, I shall only notice matters of a different character.

9. The European Mail meets us at Arkonam.

George Boyle says: "When I wrote to Lord Houghton to excuse myself for not being at the Wordsworth Society Meeting, I told him I never went through our cloisters without saying to myself four of his lines on Mrs. E. Denison:—

> 'Undaunted by the world's vain strife,
> Undazzled by its bright array,
> She made a heaven about her here,
> And took how much with her away.'"

10. We arrived at Poona this evening, after travelling for about fifty-one hours. The Reays met us at the station and took us to Ganesh Khind.

The garden is improved, the trees having grown up; and Lady Reay thoroughly understands how to make the most of her palace.

14. The European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Craven writes: "Your discovery about the medallion strikes me as an inspiration. I *accept* it entirely, and this interpretation gives an immense value to that poetical likeness of Alexandrine which seemed so difficult to account for."

This refers to my having written to her that when vol. i. page 399, was being re-read to me a couple of

months ago, it suddenly flashed into my mind that the medallion mentioned in these Notes for September 1881 was a rendering of the Princess Lapowkyn's dream, which is there recorded.

John Warren writes :—

"I went the day berore yesterday for my first expedition into the New Forest, and blessed the memory of the wise and beneficent Rufus who, at the expense of those eternal crofters, whom it is the fashion of these degenerate days to be civil to, has saved a divine playing ground for hunters of plants and insects. I was charmed with the primitive forest vegetation,—a novelty to me, though by no means so, I expect, to my friend and present correspondent. It reminded me not a little of the forest of Belgrade, north of Constantinople, into which I took several riding picnics with the Stratfords."

And again :

"Poor Houghton ! I shall miss him really very much. But considering how little he spared himself, and how he would go everywhere to the last, the wonder is that he lasted so long. I don't think any of the notices have quite done him justice. He was a far cleverer and abler man than people gave him credit for being."

The above entirely expresses my own opinion. It always seemed to me that Houghton had enough

material in him to have made at least *three* men of ability, each one of whom might well have had a higher position than ever fell to his lot.

16. From the evening of the 10th till we left the Reays to-day at the Kirkee station, we passed our time at Ganesh Khind, largely engaged in comparing notes about matters of common interest — Indian, Dutch, Scotch, English, and Cosmopolitan. We had the arrears of a four-year intermission of "*quarter-decks*" to bring up.

Other incidents were a play (George Trevelyan's *Dâk Bungalow*) well acted by amateurs, a ball, various large dinners, visits from and to the Guicowar, etc.

I have rarely passed five pleasanter days, but little occurred which it would be convenient to chronicle here.

I did not know when I was last at Kirkee that it was at the suggestion of my father that the battle was fought. That results clearly from a letter of Mr. Elphinstone's to him, published since I came to India in Colebrooke's life of that statesman. Colonel Wilson gave me, before I left Ootacamund, an extract from Colonel Burr's report on the battle, in which he says that my father "most handsomely volunteered his

services to communicate my orders, and particularly distinguished himself during the action."

Very heavy rain made it impossible to have the parade, which was to have taken place first on the 14th, and then on the 16th, so that I did not see the Grenadier regiment of which he was so long the Adjutant; but I made the acquaintance of Colonel Anderson, who now commands it. He has just put together the records of the corps, a copy of which he gave me. It suffered terribly in the disaster at Maiwand.

At the house of Lady Sassoon, I saw the portrait of the founder of the family, of whom Frere told me a striking story. He always objected to his children leaving the old dress of the Bagdad Jews for European fashions, until the Mutiny came. When it broke out, he said, "Now wear the European dress as much as you like, that it may be seen on which side you are!"

A great-grandson of Ballajee Punt Nattu's, a Mahratta politician of the earlier days of this century, came to see me. Our talk was of those times, and he said, speaking of Mr. Elphinstone, "I think, when I last had the honour of seeing Your Excellency, you

told me that Mr. Elphinstone was your *priest*." This was his very natural rendering of our word *godfather*!

A friend told me the other day that once when she was very ill and almost gone, she had said to herself, "Take note that it is far easier to die than to live."

I mentioned, with reference to this, a circumstance which I have not elsewhere recorded, that Mr. Babbage had told me that Dr. Wollaston, when dying, had carefully watched and described to his friends every sensation, communicating with them by signs when he could speak no longer.

From the Kirkee station we pursued our way to the westward. At Lanowli, an official of the railway told me that they had found agate and rock-crystal, which, when I visited the caves of Karli in 1875, were the only materials used for ballast, at a point where I examined the line, less useful than softer and humbler materials.

All round Lanowli and down the Bhore Ghât flowers were in profusion, but the species were few. Amongst others, I gathered a *Senecio* identified by Mr. Lawson as *Grahami*, *Hedychium coronarium* and *Celosia argentea*. All these were exceptionally abundant and characteristic.

I had twice seen this magnificent pass—in March 1875 and again in November 1881—but never to anything like the same advantage. To-day the mountain sides and valleys were alike robed in the tenderest green, and silvery waterfalls glided down in every direction.

We dined at Parell, and then pushed on to the northward. When I awoke it was to find myself in that lovely park-like country, which, when I was last there, reminded me of the best bits of the English Midlands in the flush of June. At a station about twenty-seven miles south of Ahmedabad, some native officials told me that agricultural land in that neighbourhood fetched as much as 2000 rupees an acre. I mentioned this to Forster Webster, who said, "I have known agricultural land sell as high as that elsewhere; but then it was on the banks of a most sacred river. A gentleman, who has spent much of his life in transferring to his own pocket what ought to have reached the pockets of others, can afford to give 2000 rupees an acre if he believes that by washing habitually in such a river he can get rid of all his iniquities."

At Ahmedabad we were the guests of Mr. Crawley Bovey the Acting Collector, but on the morning of

the 18th started for the north, passing Sidhapur, where, for the first time, I was engarlanded with a wreath made exclusively of the Champak flower. Soon after passing Pahlanpur, we got among very picturesque hills, and ran between them till we alighted at Abú road station, and, crossing a small plain, began the ascent of Mount Abú.

The woods on the slopes of Abú swarm with tigers, and the sloth bear, *Ursus labiatus*, is also abundant, but the foliage is far too dense, at this season, to afford much chance of seeing the inhabitants of the forest.

The jungle at the foot of the hill is mainly composed of *Butea frondosa*, and is therefore a true Pullasy, like that one which has been immortalised in the name of Plassey. On the ghât, which led us up by a pretty steep ascent, I recognised many familiar southern forms. Altogether it was a good deal like that by which I reached Horsley Konda in the Cuddapah district.

When seven miles had been left behind, the slope became much more gradual, and the road ran along a very beautiful ravine, nearly as far as the European settlement. We had been met at the station by Captain

Evans-Gordon, who was formerly my A.D.C., but is now in charge of the small States of Pertabgurh and Banswarra. Sir Edward Bradford joined us shortly before we reached his house, where we had a most delightful visit.

There we lingered for some thirty-six hours, during which I had much talk with him, and saw this remarkable group of hills from many points of view. They lie wholly in Sirohi (one of the eighteen States which he superintends), and are about twelve miles long by three in breadth.

There are traces of igneous action in all directions, but I have not met with any account of them by a competent geologist.

The lake is extremely pretty, but I never succeeded in seeing—thanks to the clouds which hung about—the distant mountains over the end of it. I had, however, a very grand view of them, just after sunset on the 19th, from the point known as "the Crags." Far off stood a detached hill, from the top of which, Sir Edward told me, could be seen the Runn of Cutch, twenty-seven miles beyond it.

The famous Jain temples are unsurpassed, in the exquisite elaboration of their carving, by any buildings

I have seen in India. They date, it would seem, one rather before, and the other rather after, the Norman Conquest; but their guardians, although taking sufficiently good care of them materially, would seem to be blankly ignorant of everything connected with their history, as well as with the religion in which they are supposed to believe. In one of the courts is a superb old Champak tree, which was not, however, in flower. I wonder, by the way, what Shelley would have said, if he had ever perceived the odours which he has sung!

I know not what they may be when the blossoms are still upon the branch, but unless they lose many of their charms in the process of being made into a garland, the *Michelia Champaca* has no chance whatever with the white *Michelia nilagirica*, so common round Ootacamund.

I asked Sir Edward who, since the death of the Maharajah of Jaipur, from whom was taken Lyall's study, *Hindu Prince and Sceptic*, was the most remarkable individuality in Rajputana. He thought the Maha Rao of Bundi, an old gentleman of seventy-six or so, belonging to a different and more archaic type, but an excellent manager of his little territory.

Coming down the hill on the 20th, we met a Bhíl, with his bow and arrows—a quite new sight to me.

I gathered only a very few plants. The *Hibiscus canescens*, which is extremely showy, filled all the forest near our path with its large yellow flowers.

From Abú road station we ran on, through the night, to Jaipur, passing the junction for Jodhpur about 9 P.M. I should have gone thither if I had known that the branch railway was open.

The Maharajah, the Resident, and others received us at the station early in the morning of the 21st, in the course of which I saw, once more, various places which I well remember, and enjoyed, from the top of a building (infelicitously named the Albert Hall, but the prettiest modern structure I have seen in India) a delightful view of the city and its surroundings.

As when I was last here, I saw, for the first time, the hunting leopard, *Felis jubata*, being led about like a dog; so on this occasion, I saw the lynx, *Felis caracal*, under similar circumstances.

The peacocks, whose presence gives so much charm to all this country, seem more abundant than ever.

22. From Jaipur to Agra, through a dreary country, much of which I had traversed before.

We were met at the station by Sir Alfred Lyall, now Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and many others.

Sir Alfred took us to the Residency, which had been beautifully fitted up for our reception under the superintendence of Colonel Euan Smith, who is now in charge of Bhurtpur, Dholepur, and Karauli.

My next neighbour at dinner, Mr. Woodburn, Acting Secretary to the Government of the North-West Provinces, talked much to me of the Mansarowar Lake, the breeding-ground of half the water-birds which come to India in the winter. He told me that their eggs are farmed out by the Thibetan authorities, and form an important article of food in all the country round.

23. We drove early to the Taj, which I saw once more with, if possible, increased delight. On returning home, I re-read the scene at the Trinitá dei Monti, fifty-two years ago this day.

It is extremely hot, though not very hot, it is said, for Agra. I can quite believe the Commissioner, who tells me that the natives of these parts have a

saying that it is the sun of September "that turns the black buck black."

In the afternoon I revisited the beautiful tomb of Itmad-ood-dowlah, the grandfather of Moomtaza Mahal; and at night we returned to the Taj, which we saw by splendid moonlight, in company with the Maharajah of Bhurtpur, who tells me that he still keeps up the preserve mentioned in a passage of my *Notes of an Indian Journey*:—

"Later in the day, I asked another person about the woodland in which the *Pilu* was growing. 'It is,' said he, 'a preserve of the Maharajah's.' 'Does he shoot?' I asked. 'No,' was the reply; 'he thinks it wrong to take life, and never shoots. When he sees cattle overworked on the road, he buys them and puts them in there to live happily ever afterwards,' holding, apparently, to the good maxim of Jehangeer, 'that a monarch should care even for the beasts of the field, and that the very birds of heaven should receive their due at the foot of the throne.'"

European Mail arrives.

Mallet, dating at Daylesford, near Chipping Norton, says:—

"I am writing in the home of Warren Hastings, in a room which existed, and was probably used, in his days;

but a misguided man who bought the property, so altered the house and grounds that the character of the place is much destroyed. Still much remains, and many of the rooms are the same as when he entered them at breakfast with a bouquet and a copy of verses for Mrs. Hastings.

"There are still some old Indian pictures on the walls, and here and there the decorations and arrangements of the great man. I have not yet been over the grounds, as we have had incessant rain, and hope to find more traces of his handiwork in the gardens and summer-houses."

24. This morning I had a visit from old Sir Dinkur Rao, and in the afternoon we went over the fort, much of which has been carefully restored since I was here in 1874. At night we started for Delhi.

25. At Delhi we were the guests of the Commissioner Mr. Macnabb, whom I have only seen twice in the last thirty-eight years. He received us in Ludlow Castle, which is close to the scene of the Badminton party, described by Lyall in the Wahabee:

"Hardly a shot from the gate we stormed,
Under the Moree battlement's shade;
Close to the glacis our game was formed,
There had the fight been, and there we played."

As it chanced, to-day was Friday, so that I again assisted at the Friday Prayer in the Jumma Musjid and retraced my steps of 1875 through this famous city.

26. This morning some of my staff went to the Kootb Minar, but my wife and I contented ourselves with less distant objects of interest. We were guided by Mr. Macnabb, an excellent and most kind *cicerone*.

My impressions remain what they were when I wrote the following passage in 1875 :—

"Delhi has been called the Rome of Asia, but it will perhaps convey to your mind no very inaccurate idea of the real state of the case, if I say that where, in the European Rome you have a great ruin like the Colosseum or the Baths of Caracalla, you have in or near the Asiatic Rome the remains of a great city, and that the whole face of the country between the remains of these cities is dotted with tombs as thickly as the line of the Appian Way.

"It is a wonderful, but at the same time a rather melancholy, not to say irritating, sight. Nowhere in the world is the disproportion between the monuments of men and their lives so great.

"The Emperor Humayoun, whose name you probably do not know, or hardly know, sleeps in a tomb which might have been appropriate to Marcus Aurelius.

"A wretched miscreant, of whom little can be said, except that he was probably the patentee of Thuggism,—that is, of systematic murder by strangulation—is revered as a saint, and has a sepulchre which would have been almost too good for St. Francis. The most passionate admirer of Gustavus or Cromwell would never have wished them a nobler resting-place than the tomb of Toghluck Shah, while all Europe would have been astonished if France had raised to Turgot, or Italy to Cavour, a memorial faintly comparable to that which covers the dust of the Sufter Jung, of whom the best that can be reported is that he was not the most infamous Minister of the later Moguls.

"The last tomb erected in the enclosure, sacred to the supposed inventor of Thuggism, is in honour of a scoundrel, who was well known to Colonel Sleeman, and is by him described as having died of too much cherry-brandy,—the only liquor, as he expressed it, which the English had that was worth drinking. As I looked at his monument, an extremely graceful one, I thought of the last grave-stone I had seen in Europe, under its cluster of meagre firs amidst the bare landscape of the Brie :[1]

'Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet, at Cato nullo,
Pompeius parvo—Quis putet esse Deos ?' "

27. After dinner last night we started for

[1] In the Cimitière of Lumigny.

Amballa, which we reached at half-past five this morning, and immediately pushed on to Simla.

Arrived there, we were welcomed by the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin, who had arranged Inverarm for our reception, Government House being far too small to afford room for any one but the family, and about to be replaced by a more appropriate structure.

October

5. We left Simla this morning, after one of the most agreeable weeks I have spent in India. The time went mainly in the following things :—

(1) In long conferences on Madras business, of which a sufficient record is preserved elsewhere.

(2) In conversations on Indian and general politics with the Viceroy, of which, according to my custom in such cases, I make no written record.

(3) In "*quarter-decks*" with Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, during which we talked chiefly of the affairs of Eastern Europe, and to

which the remark I have just made equally applies.

(4) In a variety of entertainments and social duties, etc., *e.g.*, a dinner at the house of Sir Donald Stewart, the Commander-in-Chief; another at the house of Sir Charles Aitchison, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab; a fancy ball at the Club; a representation of the *Mikado* by amateurs; the inevitable Gymkhana of all large Indian stations; return visits to the Members of Council, etc.

(5) In three small dinners at the Viceregal Lodge, and in two State dinners there, at the first of which we met the Members of Council, and at the second a more miscellaneous party. On these two last occasions the centre of the table was strewn with golden spurs and golden roses. These are given year by year to Lord Dufferin as an acknowledgment of his interest in a house which had, for, I think, seven generations, been shared between the family of his brother-in-law and his own, but

which he has now given up entirely to his connection.

(6) In seven little breakfasts (each as agreeable as the meetings of the Breakfast Club used to be, when Lord Dufferin came back to it from Canada or St. Petersburg), and which were usually prolonged by talks in the verandah till Mr. Mackenzie Wallace was announced, and the business of the day had to be attended to.

(7) In two botanical walks with Colonel Collett and in one with Mr. Buck.

The first of these took us through the glen (a ravine through which a small stream finds its way to the Sutlej), and thence by a pretty path to Annandale; the second, round Summer Hill, while the third was in the woods of Mashobra. The whole of them put together may have occupied some eight or nine hours at the most; but they were singularly repaying, and I learnt something about the flora as I drove down to-day, as well as on the 28th, when we rode up Jako to enjoy the views and see the monkeys fed.

A paper which Mr. Gamble had drawn up for

me, and an article which Dr. Brandis lately sent, *Der Wald des äusseren nordwestlichen Himalaya*, enabled me to get a far better general idea of the flora than I could have obtained without them, in so flying a visit.

Simla consists of a large number of houses, built on the sides or tops of extremely steep mountain-slopes covered with forest. This forest falls into four well-marked divisions, according as it consists of (*a*) *Cedrus deodara*, (*b*) *Quercus incana*, (*c*) *Pinus longifolia* in some, *Pinus excelsa* in other parts of the station, (*d*) mixed forest. All these I saw very well, except the *Pinus excelsa* section of the fourth division.

I observed that tree first on Summer Hill, and again in some abundance on the way to Mashobra, but I did not, after I had learned to distinguish it, happen to visit these quarters of the town where it chiefly grows.

First and last, I must have seen this week well on to eighty plants hitherto unknown to me, but very many of them were not in flower.

I had my first view of "the snows" from the plateau, on which Inverarm stands, before breakfast

on the 28th, and I saw them every morning,—more rarely in the afternoon.

On one of the earlier days of our visit, Lord Dufferin gave me the privately-printed copy of his mother's poem, addressed to him on his twenty-first birthday, with the picture of Helen's Tower and Browning's sonnet. I read Lady Dufferin's lovely lines, for the first time, in an excellent little Anthology, lately compiled and dedicated to my wife by Dr. Bradshaw, of the Madras Educational Service.

On 1st October, the Viceroy received the Hill Chiefs at a Durbar, which I attended. Thirteen were present, of whom the most notable were:—

(1) the Rajah of Sirmur, whose family are said to have retained their present territory since 1095;

(2) the Rajah of Kahlur, who, like him I have just mentioned, has eleven guns;

(3) the Rajah of Bashahr, whose capital is Rampur, famous of old for its "chaddars." The best are now said to be made in Kashmir, at Loodiana, and at Amritsar.

On the same day Miss Thynne told me that, in the old days of four-bottle squires and congenial

parsons, a member of her family had been christened after dinner: "Lucy Trucy Runaway Tracy Louisa Fox-hunting Moll!"

I asked Lord Dufferin if he had any amusing recollections of Gaisford.

He mentioned, in course of his reply, that the great scholar had, on one occasion, passed a sumptuary law against ices at Christ Church wines.

Shortly afterwards an inscription was found on the door, I think of the Deanery:—

TAKE NOT ICE,
OUR DEAN
IS NOT AN ICE DEAN.

A drive of twelve hours took us to Amballa, where we got into the train.

Captain Agnew joined us when we left Simla. Captain Evans-Gordon saw us off from that place, and Captain Cavendish greeted us as we passed Dugshai, so that the whole of the staff that sailed with me from England, four years ago yesterday, was with me during the course of the day.

15. We advanced through the night to Delhi, and found ourselves about midday, on the 6th, at Ulwar, where we were received, and admirably

entertained, by the Maharajah, and by Colonel Peacock the Resident. The former is the same whom I remember, as a little boy, in January 1875.

The place looked as beautiful as ever, and we saw all its peculiarities — the enormous stud, some 500 or so of horses, young and old, in or near the capital (there are nearly three times as many elsewhere), the huge elephant carriage, the well-arranged record-room, the jewels, the books gorgeously bound by that native binder, of whose work Colonel Powlett procured me a highly characteristic specimen in 1875, the arms, many of them beautifully damascened by local artists, the temples behind the palace, the lovely tank, and what not.

On the 7th we drove to the pretty lake of Siliserh, reaching on elephants the palace that rises out of its waters, which we traversed, hither and thither, in a steam launch.

From Ulwar we travelled through the night to Ajmere, where we were received by Mr. Plowden in Sir Edward Bradford's house, overlooking a fine sheet of water. Here we visited the Mayo College, and various buildings of architectural interest. Mr. Plowden has been much employed at Bagdad, and

spoke in the highest terms of its climate during the greater part of the year. "With such skies," he said, "no wonder that the Babylonians became astronomers!"

At this point Captain Evans-Gordon again met us, and under his guidance we saw Chitor, near which the Maharana of Udaipur had erected for us a city of tents, where we remained all the 9th, crossing on the 10th the seventy miles or so of extremely dreary country, which separated us from the picturesque and, I suppose, unique gate which leads to the fairyland of Udaipur, where we stayed over the 11th and 12th, seeing all the wonders of that most striking place, in the charge of the Resident, Colonel Biddulph.

On the evening of the 12th, the Maharana gave us a fête, which will be memorable to all who were present. We dined in the white marble Island Palace of Jagnavas, which rises out of the beautiful Peshola Lake. Far away on either side, the long lines of temples, water-gates, quays, and gardens were splendidly illuminated. Behind these were great masses of darkness, and above them again on the left the huge mass of the Maharana's usual residence, rising as the Hradschin rises over Prague, only with

this difference that the Indian Hradschin is dazzlingly white, and built mainly of snowy marble. All the summits of the building were outlined with light, and we raised our eyes from them only to see the crests of the hills not less bright, letting them fall on the Jagmandir and other fantastically exquisite island palaces, so lit up that they seemed to be mere constructions of magically regulated flame rising out of the still waters.

Even the moon had not been forgotten! There was just enough of her light to lend an additional charm to the reach of the lake, through which we rowed down towards the centre of all this splendour, while, when we had arrived there, she was slipped judiciously under some light clouds, so as to interfere neither with the illumination, nor with the fireworks which concluded the entertainment—an entertainment unique so far as my experience goes, worthy alike of the head of the Solar race, the most highly-placed of Indian princes, and the chief of what is perhaps the oldest noble family in the world.

We returned to the Chitor camp on the 13th, and found that those of our party we had left there had spent their time very pleasantly and harmlessly in the

society of otters, crocodiles, sarus cranes, and peacocks, all of which repair in great numbers to the edge of the river, which flows under the historic walls of Chitor. One of the delights of Rajputana (and there are many) is the great abundance of unmolested, and therefore unfrightened, wild creatures. At every railway station you hear the cooing of the doves for hundreds of yards around. The whole of the air in some districts seems full of it.

The European Mail met us at the Indore station.

Arthur Russell writes: "Sir James Hudson is gone—another link with a great period of our earlier interests!"

Soon after passing Mhow, we got among the Vindhyas, and descended some 1200 feet through picturesque scenery to the valley of the Nerbudda, which is crossed by a fine bridge.

At Khundwa we transferred ourselves to the Reays' State carriages, and received a further portion of the European Mail.

We ran from Khundwa towards Bombay (Captain Lawford reading to me Lyon Playfair's excellent address to the British Association at Aberdeen, which I received from him by this Mail) and, just as the sunset was fading, we saw the great fortress of

Asseergurh in the jungles around which Chetoo was devoured by a tiger—a strangely appropriate end!

24. Reay met us at the station, and took us to Malabar Point, which was looking enchantingly beautiful; but, although the temperature was really not very high, the weather was the most oppressive I have experienced in India. It was about the worst moment of the Bombay year, a circumstance which enhanced the merit of our friends in coming down to entertain us.

I had a thousand things to tell my host as to what had passed at Simla, and the time went largely in "*quarter-decks*"—a name specially appropriate here, as the long verandah of the bungalow in which we were staying overhangs the Indian Ocean.

On the evening of the 15th I made the acquaintance of Count de Gubernatis. I asked him, in the course of conversation, whether he occupied himself much with plants. He said: "Yes, but rather with plants as they are not than as they are," going on to express his deep disappointment at finding the Tulasi so humble of aspect. His mythological reading (see these Notes for 2nd July 1884) had led him to believe that it had conspicuous blue flowers!

On the 16th Mr. Webster started for England, and the next night we embarked on board the *Investigator*, a surveying ship, commanded by Captain Carpenter, R.N., which was bound for the Burmese coast, but had been put at my disposal by the Government of India to take us to Beypur. The Reays, faithful to the last, came to see us off, and then started for Mahableshwar.

Our course lay at first along the shores of the Kolaba district, but of that I saw nothing, or next to nothing.

The first place I noticed, on the morning of the 18th, was Severndroog, which was taken from Toolajee Angria by Commodore James in 1755.

The coast of the Konkan does not present a very inviting aspect. I had fancied it low, and covered with cocoa-nuts, like Malabar, but this is not so; it consists mainly of bare table-lands. Inland the country is, I was told, lower and better cultivated, till the spurs of the ghâts are reached.

In the early afternoon we arrived at Ratnagiri, and went on shore with the Commissioner, to see the Industrial School, etc. It appeared to me that the neighbourhood was a much less attractive edition of

the kind of country which extends behind Mangalore —a bare plateau of laterite constantly coming to the surface, and interspersed with poor grass. In the valley of the river, which had a remote and humble resemblance to that near Gurpur, there was a good deal of rice cultivation.

We re-embarked at night, and the first object that attracted me, next morning, was Viziadroog, which was taken by Admiral Watson, from the pirate chief mentioned above, in 1756.

The region, along which we coasted on the 19th, was rather more attractive, and in the afternoon we anchored under the Alguada fort. Ere long, various Portuguese officials came on board, and we proceeded in a steam launch, very prettily fitted up with light blue and white, to Panjim, the modern capital of the Goanese territory, where I visited the Deputy Governor, his superior being absent in Europe, and then ran up the lovely Mandavi River to Old Goa. Here we landed, and passing under the gateway, built to commemorate the original conquest of the place, entered upon one of the most singular scenes of desolation upon which my eyes ever rested.

Old Goa is not grass-grown in the sense in which

the streets of a declining European town are sometimes said to be grass-grown. The grass is as luxuriant as in an English hay-field. All ordinary habitations have disappeared, but one huge church or convent or monastery after another rears itself in the midst of the wilderness.

Far the most imposing of these is the cathedral, where mass is still regularly said. When we entered it, darkness had already fallen, and the bats were whirring about in every direction; but I found it extremely impressive, partly perhaps because it is the only real cathedral I have been in since I left Europe. A much more interesting building, however, is the church of the Bom Jesus, which was the chief object of our pilgrimage, as containing the shrine of St. Francis Xavier.

Our visit to Old Goa ended, we got into the carriage, which the Acting Governor had sent, and returned by land to the Palace stairs, where we re-embarked, and were soon on board the *Investigator*, heading for Karwar. I had just time to dress on the 20th, when we steamed on a perfect morning into its lovely bay; presently the Collector came on board, with whom I landed, saw the whole of the settlement,

received, and replied to, an address, as is more fully set forth in the official paper already mentioned, and, climbing a slight elevation, looked down on the most exquisite blending of mountain, woodland, isle, and sea. I doubt whether, anywhere—and I am not forgetting Amalfi or Palermo or the Bosphorus—I have looked upon anything more beautiful in its own kind.

From Karwar we steamed out seventeen or eighteen miles, and cast our trawling net in thirty fathoms water. Both Captain Carpenter and his second in command, Lieutenant Channor, were in the *Challenger*, and the former has a strong interest in marine zoology. Unluckily, the naturalist belonging to the ship, Dr. Giles, is not with it this year.

Our trawling was moderately successful, and was repeated on the 21st, off Mangalore; some surface specimens were also captured by other means, on the 22nd. Amongst the harvest of these three days were a number of very strange crabs; a variety of corals; a sponge; several shells, familiar enough to me in collections, but which I had never seen in a living state; Velella, a most beautiful sea jelly; a few fish; and a Radiolaria, a microscopic object, presenting, under a high power, the most lovely aspect, and

extremely important in the economy of nature, for it gives its name to a vast division of the ocean depths.

Captain Carpenter showed me a slide, covered with specimens of its deceased kindred, brought up from a depth of 2200 or 2400 fathoms.

Early on the morning of the 21st, I got into one of the ship's boats, and was towed by its steam launch into the Kundapur River. I never, however, reached Kundapur proper, but only the town on the opposite shore, an ingenious Custom-House officer having stranded us, on the way to the head assistant's house, in the middle of the stream.

The scenery is very pretty—cocoa palms and still breadths of water.

From Kundapur we steered straight for Beypur, where we landed, very sorry to say good-bye to our friends on the *Investigator*. I never had been in a surveying ship before, and enjoyed a new experience.

We dined with the Collector of Malabar, Mr. Logan, and then travelled through the night to Mettupálaiyam, where my wife, Captain Bagot, and Dr. Mackenzie left us for Ootacamund.

Of the party who started with me from Simla, my Military Secretary was the only one who remained,

Lawford and Agnew having both proceeded direct from Bombay to Madras.

About an hour before we reached Mettupálaiyam, the following cipher telegram from the Viceroy was put into my hands :—

"We are going to get ready an expedition of 10,000 men for Burma, under General Prendergast.

"They will be principally Madras troops.

"I am sure we can rely on the co-operation of your Government. Am writing."

I of course immediately replied in the affirmative, telegraphed to General Rowlands to meet me at Madras, and pushed on to that place, which I reached early on the morning of the 24th.

General Rowlands arrived a few minutes before me, and I have asked him to occupy the Marine Villa.

The European Mail met us at Salem, but I did not attempt to read it till to-day.

General Rowlands, who was in the Crimea, and carries a stick made out of an oak-sapling, which, before it was cut down, received, like himself, a gun-shot wound on the field of Inkerman, told me that a little lark, who lived close to the trenches, rose every

day into the air, through all that tremendous time, singing, unhurt, amidst shot and shell.

November

5. European Mail arrives. Arthur Russell mentions that Lord Derby was looking for a book along his shelves. As he passed Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, he muttered, "If I had foreseen that that fellow was going to turn Socialist, I wouldn't have gone to the expense of binding him in red morocco."

Mrs. Awdry, writing, amidst the gloom of an English October, of the "quarter-deck walk" at Ootacamund in fine weather, says: "For the moment the sun seems warm, and a waft of sweet scent comes, and humming of bees in the heliotrope."

Four years this morning since I took my seat as Governor.

Since I returned from Simla, civil business has taken its usual course, but I have been also largely occupied in watching, and aiding, to the best of my ability, the preparations for our portion of the Burmese expedition.

On the 2nd, just as all our arrangements were going on delightfully, a violent storm broke over

Madras, and although two of the transports, which were sent round from Bombay by the Government of India to take our troops, were seen in the offing, they could not attempt the harbour.

This is the "untoward accident," which was alluded to in the speech in which I proposed the health of General Prendergast at the large military dinner, which I gave that evening; but before daylight, on the 3rd, the storm had ceased, and three great vessels, the *Clive*, the *Tenasserim*, and the *Nevassa*, steamed in.

I saw the first boat-load of men cross the surf at about half-past seven A.M., and said good-bye to General Prendergast on the pier at half-past four P.M. At five minutes past ten the last of the three stood out on its way to Rangoon.

Two more transports left the harbour last night.

Captain Hanbury Williams returned to my staff on the 2nd, and Captain Agnew left it for Burma on the 3rd.

6. I sent the following telegram to the Viceroy:—

"Embarkation completed. Eight large transports have left an unfinished harbour, amidst the swell after a storm, in eighty hours, of which less than forty-four daylight."

7. I received the following telegram from the Viceroy :—

"I congratulate you on the extraordinary expedition with which your troops have been embarked, notwithstanding the great difficulties attending the operation. It reflects the greatest credit upon your Government and its officers. Please convey my warmest thanks to those who have so admirably carried out your instructions."

11. M. Richaud spent some hours here to-day on his way from Chandernagore to Pondichéry. The conversation turned upon the elections in France, and he told me a good deal I did not know, about various French politicians, Freycinet, Brisson, Ferry, Rouvier, Clémenceau, amongst others.

13. European Mail arrives.

John Warren writes of *Cicendia filiformis* :—

"I got it about a mile N. of Beaulieu by a lonely New Forest tarn with a bitter N.E. wind cutting me in two, while I searched the turf on my knees, inch by inch. I had driven twelve miles in a fly, and come some fifteen by rail, to reach the tarn aforesaid. However, there was *Cicendia* in hundreds, when I had managed to see *one*, but almost hidden in the short bitter turf. The lake-sides were fringed with *Littorella*, and there were several odd sea-birds about, which I could not make out. As usual,

my fly-man, whom I kept waiting on the bleak heath, treated me as a harmless lunatic on my return, and in sheer desperation, to account for my prostrations, asked me if I had been looking for *frogs*. I returned vaguely, 'No, not exactly;' and we drove back in solemn silence. I think he was relieved when he set down his fare."

20. European Mail arrives.

My sister writes :—

"Did you know that the hill I live on has the old name 'der Rosenberg'? In Goethe's time still, and long before it, wild roses flourished in especial luxuriance in the coppices that covered the hillside, on which now a few villas stand in their gardens."

A. Russell writes :—

"Do you know this story, which Gladstone told me at Hawarden? The inhabitants of a village had decided to pull down and rebuild the parish church; they said: 'What shall we do? Our biggest man here is a Quaker; if we ask him to contribute, he must refuse; if we pass him over, he will take offence.' So they told their case cautiously, and the Quaker said: 'Friend, thou hast judged me rightly; I cannot in conscience contribute to the erection of an Episcopalian church; but didst thou not say something about pulling down the church? Put my name for one hundred pounds.'"

Mr. Ilbert left us this evening, after paying two brief visits,—the one on his way to, and the other on his way from, Madura.

He mentioned to-day an amusing *malice* of the late Dean of Wells, who, having to propose the health of Mr. Freeman the eminent historian, whom he did not love, spoke of "Our distinguished guest who has reproduced with such marvellous fidelity the barbarous manners of our ancestors!"

22. I received the following letter from my wife, purporting to come from the latest addition to our Menagerie on the Hills :—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OOTACAMUND.

"A bear in a house is a well-spring of pleasure."—
TUPPER.

YOUR EXCELLENCY—The above fine quotation may be new to you. I have always regarded it as having "a private, and, indeed, I may say, a personal application," and as the idea of a truly great man. The journal of my life is simple but interesting :—

9 o'clock.—Brought out with my kennel.

9.30.—My mistress came out and gave me plantains.

12.—My mistress came to see me, with a little brown creature, who remarked "that wolves were nicer than bears." I thought this in bad taste. They

called it "Baby." *I* think bears nicer than babies. It drove out with my mistress.

1.—I ate twelve white grubs.

2.45.—My mistress drove out again; they say she went to play music by one Haydn. He wrote something about great beasts, but the melody of my snort, I am sure, whips his creation.

I am, your Excellency's
obedient Bear,

20*th November* 1885. URSUS LABIATUS.

It was of the individual who signs the above letter that Captain Bagot wrote last week:—

"The next creature with whom I have to get on terms of great intimacy is a 'Sloth Bear.' I already feel I know all about his 'interior and exterior' economy, and he is an angel in manners and disposition. His delight is to be taken notice of, and to romp and play with dogs. He also follows one for a walk; it strikes me an A.D.C. of a few seasons ought to become 'darned intelligent'."

25. I sent off to-day to England a memorandum on the amalgamation of the Presidential Armies.

It was prepared for Lord Randolph Churchill by his direction, as was also a similar document on *Russia and our North-West Frontier*, which I drew up at Ootacamund in the summer. A memorandum on the

volunteer question was written about the same time for the Viceroy, but has now, as I gather from Lord Randolph Churchill's last letter, been sent on to him.

European Mail arrives.

My sister writes, under date of the 2nd, from Weimar :—

"It is a still November afternoon, most of the leaves are down. The gardener is planting roses, whose names suggest July. But they must be laid down and covered up with spruce-fir branches for five long months now. Even the monthly rose must be so protected. Not, however, the cottage, or moss, or Scotch, or de Meaux roses.

"All the work of the garden is well-nigh done for the year ; the bulbs have been consigned to the grass, to arise in the early spring of 1886 in white and purple and pink and azure and gold and crimson."

A passage, quoted from the new series of Mr. Charles Greville's "Memoirs" in the *Edinburgh* for October, alludes to the fact that Peel begged the Queen, when he took leave of her in 1846, never to ask him to take office again.

I do not think I have anywhere mentioned that Cardwell told me that, on the night on which Peel

was defeated, he followed him behind the Speaker's chair, after the division: "Well" said Peel, "I am glad it's over. No man can be Prime Minister of England for five years, without undergoing a terrible strain; if my nose hadn't bled every night, I couldn't have stood it!"

27. Mr. Rees mentioned to me a few days ago that he thought the description of Persepolis in *Vathek* better than any other he had met with.

This gave me an occasion to re-read the last few pages of that wonderful *tour de force*, which I have not opened since 1846. It was from the great terrace of Istakhar that the Caliph and Nouronihar descended to the Hall of Eblis.

Captain Semsey de Semse, commanding the Austrian corvette *Frundsberg*, dined with us. He is a Hungarian from the neighbourhood of Eperies. I asked him whether Baron de Petz, who married Nathalie Narischkin's sister Elizabeth, was still alive. "No," he said, "he died a few months ago." "And his wife?" "She died about half a year before him." "Was he a distinguished officer?" I inquired. "Very much so," he answered; "he commanded, at Lissa, a wooden ninety-one-gun ship, *The Kaiser*. The Italians

were, above all things, anxious to take a vessel which bore such a name, and it was attacked at once by the *Affondatore* and four other ironclads. Baron de Petz, seeing no other chance, dashed straight at one of them, thus breaking out."

29. Turned over the pages of Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs*. Some of the illustrations are beautiful, *e.g.*, No. 88, "The Red, Blue and White Lotus of Hindustan," lotus being used for the two genera which we now call *Nymphæa* and *Nelumbium*.

In volume ii. occurs a pretty story of a sarus crane, which was picked up by the peon who was attending the writer, as he walked through a field of Jowarree (*Holcus sorghum*) in Guzerat. It became a great pet, but was given away by Mr. Forbes when he left India for England. Nine years afterwards he went over to Park Place, near Henley, where General Conway then resided, and while looking at some animals kept there, was surprised by the demonstrations of delight and affection made by a fine sarus crane. He presently recognised his old friend, and was able to trace the manner in which, through several hands, it had come into the possession of its new owner.

30. Mr. Webster of Edgehill, who does not stand

again at this election, has sent me an admirable specimen of Capé's red morocco. It is Delepierre's *Macaroneana*, one of only twenty copies printed of the same size as this one. The interior is not to my taste, for I do not share the interest which, as I gather from the preface, Lorenzo de' Medici and Cardinal Mazarin felt for this kind of literature, but the exterior, for which it was sent, is perfection. With it came one of the few large paper copies of the *Guide to the Exhibition of Manuscripts, Printed Books, etc.*, which took place at Aberdeen, a few months ago, in connection with the British Association. Mr. Webster himself lent a number of his most interesting autographs, including some I have seen at Edgehill.

December

2. In reading an official paper this morning, I came upon a passage in which the writer, one of our police officers in Jeypore, mentioned to his superior that he had recently, when looking for snipe, and armed only with a shot-gun, found himself face to face with a tiger.

"My old spaniel," he went on to say, "imme-

diately remembered that he had pressing business at home, and I followed him, to see what it was!"

3. The Viceroy telegraphs: "I congratulate you on the honour so well won by the officers and forces taken from your Presidency."

4. European Mail arrives.

This Mail brought, too, Arthur's first letter from Madrid, where he began his Attaché life on 6th November. He had already visited most of the Diplomatic Corps, and describes the Nuncio Mgr. Rampolla del Lindaro, the German Minister Count Eberhardt Solms-Sonnen-Walde, Sermed Effendi the Turk, the Russian Secretary Baron Behrents, who married a niece of Madame von Orlich, and others.

6. Mr. Rees brought me this morning the "Flora of Eden,"—not the one with which I was once familiar on the banks of the Deveron, but that which fills the angle between the Tigris and the Euphrates, at their point of junction.

He gathered for me every green thing which he saw there in the month of July, bating the date palm; and his spoils consisted of one grass, which Lawson pronounces indeterminable for want of flowers, and the little composite *Eclipta alba*.

I take the following from Mr. A. H. Sayce's second Appendix to the first volume of his *Herodotus*: "The land on the western bank of the Euphrates went under the general name of Edinna, 'a desert'—the Eden of Scripture"—the sacred grove and garden in the neighbourhood of Eridu at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates being the "Garden of Eden" of Genesis.

In the course of conversation, Mr. Rees mentioned that Baffin, who gives his name to Baffin's Bay, was killed in an attack upon Kishm, in the Persian Gulf: that the euphemistic name by which ham is called for in Persia is "cold nightingale;" that the lakes seen in the mirage are known as "devil's water," and that Ispahan and Teheran are called, respectively, "the Crown of Islam," and the "Footstool of royalty."

I yesterday wrote, and to-day despatched to the Viceroy, by his direction, a paper, giving my ideas as to what should now be done in Burma. I have had it printed, and placed on confidential record.

We lately sent, as a present, to the Maharajah of Ulwar, who has various pets of the same kind, a pony which Victoria used to ride, but has now out-grown. It was hardly bigger than a Newfoundland dog, but the wickedest thing in the stables—as wicked as it

was pretty, which is saying much. I have to-day a letter announcing the little creature's arrival in its new home.

7. My wife, who, accompanied by Miss Moxon and Captain Bagot, arrived from Ootacamund on the 5th, this afternoon opened the Victoria Caste Hospital for Women, which has been established mainly by her exertions.

The concluding passage of her speech ran as follows :—

"When we reflect that it is barely four hundred years, —a mere moment in the history of mankind,—since the great movement of the *renaissance* in Europe brought the re-awakening of medical science in its train, and that it is not four hundred years since the Inquisition, jealous of the eagerness after research of the great Vesalius, the Court Physician of Philip the Second of Spain, drove him to die a shipwrecked exile on a lonely Greek island, we ought to feel neither surprise nor impatience at the tardiness, with which the desire for medical aid has come in a country, where the advancement of all knowledge has been interrupted by incessant wars and ceaseless changes of Government. But the desire has come, all honour to those who are doing their best to gratify it, who have like so many of those whom I am now addressing, that noble ambition of mitigating suffering, of promoting health, and

with health the efficiency and the happiness of generations. Different faiths and different religions have varied widely as to their beliefs of what our lives consist in after death. What becomes of our personal consciousness is a question which each man must settle for himself according to his own creed. But, ladies and gentlemen, there is a life after death for the actions of each one of us, whatever our beliefs may be, in the shape of the permanent consequences of our good or evil doings.

"May those whom I see here to-day live in the blessings they will have caused to many, long after their own feeble lives will have passed away into the Great Infinite. In the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress, I pronounce the Victoria Caste Hospital open, and I invoke the blessing of that Mighty Power, who watches over us all, on its work."

10. European Mail arrives and brings the *Prêtre de Nemi*.

Renan says of himself in the Preface :—

"Dans cette grande crise que l'avènement de l'esprit positif fait subir de nos jours aux croyances morales, j'ai défendu plutôt qu'amoindri la part de l'idéal. Je n'ai pas été de ces esprits timides qui croient que la vérité a besoin de pénombre, et que l'infini craint le grand air. J'ai tout critiqué et quoi qu'on en dise, j'ai tout maintenu. J'ai rendu plus de services au bien en ne dissimulant rien de la réalité qu'en enveloppant ma pensée de ces voiles

hypocrites qui ne trompent personne. Notre critique a plus fait pour la conservation de la religion que toutes les apologies."

These words would, I think, be his answer to the smile of the worthy Neapolitan monk at Monte Cassino, mentioned in these Notes for 1875.

John Warren writes: "Tell the head of your School of Art that a 'crest' book-plate is a mere lazar and outcast amongst book-plates. Many of our best collectors won't even admit such maimed creatures into their fold."

This I had already done, showing him Mrs. Damer's book-plate—the only one I have here of any merit. Thereupon he sketched a book-plate of a more exalted kind, had it put on paper at the School of Art and worked out by a native draughtsman.

The design was brought to me and generally approved; but I went over it with Mr. Havell, substituting an ornament with a meaning for each unmeaning, and merely ornamental, detail.

To hear the first of a series of Lectures, which Mr. Thurston, the new Superintendent of our Museum, has announced. This one was on Sponges, and most interesting.

13. I have had read to me yesterday and to-day the *Mirabilia descripta*, by Friar Jordanus, in Colonel Yule's edition, published by the Hakluyt Society, 1863.

Jordanus appears to have travelled soon after 1320, and was again in the East, as the Bishop of Quilon, about 1330, but whether he ever got to his See, or ever left it, is uncertain. He comes between Marco Polo and Ibn Batuta. Many of his descriptions of common Indian things are good. The Jack fruit, the mango, the cocoa-nut, the palmyra, the kite, the flying fox, the pepper, the ginger, the elephant, etc., are easily recognisable.

The *Cassia fistula* is mentioned, but it seems very uncertain whether the tree is meant which we know by that name.

The last words of the book relate to Asia Minor.

"The country," says Friar Jordanus, "is very fertile, but uncultivated, for the Turks trouble not themselves." On this passage the editor has put the following note :—

"Quia Turci non multum curant."

"Some time ago a foreign ambassador at the Sublime Porte told the Grand Vizier that there were three enemies,

who would eventually destroy the Turkish Empire, viz., 'Bakalum (we shall see); In-Shäa-Allah (if it please God); and Yarun Sabáh (to-morrow morning).'"

Agnew writes from Mandalay on 29th November:—

"We have reached our goal with only two checks, at Minhla and Myingyan, and with comparatively little roughing it, twenty-five days after leaving Madras. The whole of the journey has been most interesting and instructive, the scenery and vegetation lovely, and the climate delightful.

"We have taken a country as big as France, with the small loss of five killed, and about thirty wounded, and to-day the king is to be brought on board ship, and sent to Rangoon. Minhla was a tough little battle, but I think if a European Regiment had been there to support the natives, that the Burmese would not have stood as they did. Their contempt for natives of India is very great.

"At Myingyan, they were well prepared for us, and, if their guns had been bigger and better understood, they could have given us a great deal of trouble, but, as a Burman said to me after: 'Your guns are like thunder, while ours are like crackers.' As it was, we had a very heavy cannonade for three hours, and they had some cleverly masked batteries, which were quite invisible, their entrenchments covering a good mile of the river-bank. A 'Woon' under a gold umbrella was seen in the distance with a crowd of people waiting to see all the

English ships sunk, but the shots were too much for him, and he disappeared. On the afternoon of the 26th a war canoe with a flag of truce was sighted, which was brought alongside the General's ship, and the Minister of the Interior and the Westmaroot Woonduk came on board, bringing a letter from the king, praying for an armistice. I think the king or 'Lord of the White Elephants' must have been rather startled at the firm answer sent back, and the blood-thirsty among us still hoped that we should have a battle at Ava, but, as we steamed off it, a gold war-canoe with forty-four rowers, and the same two envoys, bearing a flag of truce, approached us, and the telegraphic message from Mandalay, in answer to the General's letter, was surrender.

"All day we disarmed the troops, and took their guns, twenty-eight in number. Their redoubt was very strong, but had no flank defence, and their fort could have been well defended. It would have been a pretty fight. Inside, the fort was a mass of green vegetation and enormous tamarind and fig-trees, as well as Pedouk. The Burmese all collected in companies, passed in front of our troops, and laid down their arms, and seemed very glad to go away free. The next day we steamed on to Mandalay. The river scenery from Ava to Mandalay is beautiful. The banks well-wooded, and beautiful pagodas abound, the Shan Hills (6000 feet) making a perfect background. Crowds of natives met us on landing, the variety of colours being quite the most picturesque thing I have seen. The

three Brigades marched by three different roads to the city gates, with bands and colours flying. After a march of three miles, we reached the walls, very high, and all the angles and corners topped by curious-looking pagodas. Inside, the roads were regular, and well kept, and very broad, all the gardens green with, to me, strange trees. Another mile, and we reached a high stockade, which surrounds the palace.

. . . . . .

"The 'Lord of the Universe' is now being marched down to his ship, and this letter will have the honour of travelling with him as far as Rangoon."

17. European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Greg writes to thank me for the last portion of these Notes, which had reached her—that ending with 5th August, and adds :—

"I was most grateful to you for recommending *Marius*. Sophie read it to me at Chaumont, and we enjoyed it greatly. There are things in it which one would have thought it impossible to have found expressed in words—things too subtle almost for the intellect to grasp, but which are apprehended by all the more delicate susceptibilities of one's nature. The words, too, are entirely in harmony with what they seek to express—often scarcely more than shadows of thoughts. And what interests one above all is to find that this subtle development of mind, this beautifully delicate unfolding of

character ends, where so many good and simple lives begin and end. The sufferings of the world bring them to the same point.

"The thought of these sufferings becomes unendurable without the belief in the love and compassion of an infinite being; the imagination not only accepts—it demands—the great compensation which is offered by Christianity."

And, again, she says:

"I love the tops of mountains, and, while they are still fresh in the mind, one has but to close one's eyes to shut out the darkness of these English November days, to live again in light and space. Do you know, my ring with the beautiful opal and the pure sparkling diamonds set round it (you and Julia will remember) is constantly recalling a most enchanting effect of light and colour that occurred at Chaumont on certain summer evenings, never to be forgotten. The pale metallic moonlight used to creep across the lake and mingle above its waters with the rich glowing tints of the fading day, and, of this mingling, sprang into life a world of magic beauty,—earth, air, and sky all taking upon them the most delicately brilliant hues,—hues soft and tender and yet full of lustre, like the flames that lie imprisoned in the opal."

Further on, with reference to Ruskin's autobiography, which is now appearing, she remarks:

"His account of his childhood is the most delightfully

humorous piece of writing. People do not spare their parents in these days. Ruskin, like Mark Pattison, tells what seems to him the simple truth without a tinge of filial compunction. In both cases, the character of the men must 'have been injured by their mode of up-bringing;' in Ruskin's case especially the harm done must have been very serious. Walter Bagehot used to say: 'Resist your parents, and they will flee from you.' What a very much better course than submitting to the injury and then exposing your parents' failings to the world after they have been gathered to their fathers!"

Mr. Wilson, Acting Chief Secretary, has handed me a copy of the receipt which he gave to Colonel Le Mesurier, who brought over Theebaw in the *Canning*, and landed him here on the morning of the 15th.

Here it is:

"Received from Colonel Le Mesurier, Commanding 2nd Liverpool Regiment, the person of the prisoner King Theebaw of Mandalay, Upper Burma, on the 15th of December 1885, from which date Colonel Le Mesurier ceases to be responsible for the above-mentioned prisoner's safe custody.

"MADRAS,
"15th of December 1885.

"(Signed) W. WILSON,
"*Ag. Chief Secretary, Madras Government.*

"(True copy.)
"(Signed) A. A. LE MESURIER, Col.,
"15th December 1885. "*Commanding 2nd Liverpool Regiment.*

I have written to Forster Webster a letter, beginning with the words, "'Pends-toi, brave Crillon.' Fancy missing the chance of giving a receipt for a king!"

Mr. Wilson brought to Council a few hours after the delivery of the Lord of the Universe, a little slip of paper, on which was inscribed, with a lead pencil by the Interpreter, a list of the party:

1 King,
2 Queens,
2 Dauters (*sic*),
13 Maids of Honour,
etc. etc. etc.

18. This morning, I saw off from the South Indian Station M. Richaud, Governor of the French possessions in India, who came on the 14th, with a large party, to return, officially, the official visit which I paid to him in the spring. The skies were not in a festive mood, but wept persistently, and I had a bad fit of rheumatism in the left shoulder, which made the question of any dress, let alone full dress, one of much difficulty. However, two large dinners on the 14th and 16th, the ball in honour of the Queen's birthday,

the usual December reception in the Banqueting Hall, and a nautch given by a native gentleman, prevented, I think, the time hanging too heavily on the hands of our French guests.

While they were here, Count de Gubernatis arrived; every corner of the house was filled, and the tents rendered unfit for occupation by the weather, so we could not ask him to stay; but he came to us several times. On one of these, I was talking of the ignorance of the priests of the Jain temples on Mount Abú. "Yes," he said, "but the priests who provoked me the most were those at Poshkur, near Ajmere. It is the only temple that remains to Brahma in all India, and they don't even know his name. They call him Bārma!"

19. Lord and Lady Reay, accompanied by General Annesley, Mr. Hart, and Captain Phayre, arrived this morning.

21. With Lady Reay to an entertainment, given by a Society for the encouragement of Indian music. The songs and other performances said to me just nothing at all. More interesting was an address by Muttusami Iyer. In contrasting our music with theirs, he remarked: "The dominant factor in the

Hindu system is melody, and that in the European system is harmony."

Lady Reay repeated to me a saying of Kinglake's, when he had been listening for some time to the zither: "I like that music; it is almost as good as none at all."

There came back to me this afternoon an amusing answer, made in 1881 by an Italian cook, who was serving the Crown Prince and Princess for a few weeks at Norris Castle, and whom I thought of taking out to India. I had asked him if he knew where Madras was. "Monsieur," was his reply, "il y a longtemps que je ne m'occupe plus de cela!"

22. Drove, with Reay and Bagot, beyond the Elphinstone Bridge. We alighted, on our return, near the point where a road runs inland to the Cathedral, and walked along the Marina.

Just as we stepped on it, the moon, now about the full, rose slowly out of a bank of clouds which lay far to the eastward along the sea. It was exactly a scene for the opera—nothing but the *prima donna* wanting!

Only this afternoon, by the way, when looking through a volume of Sainte-Beuve, I chanced on the

following very true bit of criticism: "Psyché est devenue pour les modernes un de ces thèmes à éternelles variations, où se sont joués et complu bien des talents, bien des pinceaux. 'Cette fable,' disait La Motte, 'eut pu faire inventer l'opéra, tant elle y est propre.'"

To-night we gave a ball in the Banqueting Hall. The supper was laid out in a tent beyond the further end of it prettily illuminated by electric lights, many of them concealed amongst the flowers upon the tables.

23. In the afternoon we went with the Reays to the Convent of the Presentation, where my wife gave away the prizes for the third time.

In addressing the children, she said, amongst other things: "Out of my long past let me find something to fit your long future."

After dinner, we all adjourned to the College Hall, where we saw *A Scrap of Paper*, adapted from the French of Sardou. The acting of Miss De Salis and Captain Hanbury Williams gave me real pleasure.

Reay read to me a letter from —— in which he quoted a happy phrase: "La restauration de Chantilly empêche la restauration de la Monarchie."

25. European Mail arrives.

My sister writes:—

"Driving across the Park and the little Residenz last night, on an evening as still and warm and clear, nearly as it would have been at Pau (after a stormy day on the same day of the year), a peculiarly vivid remembrance of the last ten years of my life arose in my mind, as I looked out on the lights of the Schloss of Weimar, dancing on the surface of the Ilm, and on so many objects that reminded me either of my own or of Goethe's life, which has become as my own—on the Schloss gates through which he must have passed such hundreds of times, and through which I have driven with you, and so often to see Princess Elizabeth. . . . On the bronze fountain, let into an old wall, which Goethe chose from a subject in the old church of San Ildefonso in Madrid (I think), two beautiful youths who died young, and are represented in the most touching manner. One brother has passed his arm round the other's neck, who holds a torch reversed. Both are looking sadly down at the torch.

"Beneath their feet, the clear water has been bubbling forth since the day when Goethe's eyes rested lovingly on the finished work, and on the lovely youths, once their mother's whole delight.

"Past Carl August's equestrian statue, with which he himself would not have been wholly satisfied: still it *is* Carl August, and he stands before the Fürsten Haus, the

building into which the Court had crammed itself, and in which it was first known to Goethe, shortly after the great fire which destroyed the old Schloss. In—at that door—walked the Frau von Stein and Goethe, on that eventful night, when they first met.

"A few turns of the wheel more, and her rooms come in sight, looking over the orange-trees which stand there yet in summer time, and there is the low door through which Goethe passed quickly—quickly as we go to the best-beloved, thousands of times, glad or sad.

"Another minute and we are driving by the wall of his garden—the garden of his town house—the garden of so many experiments and so many pleasant hours of all sorts, upon which his eyes rested when he was at work in the little room which contained such great work.

"Now past a dear friend's door, where I am ever *strahlend* welcome, and past the beautiful Allée down which one starts in summer weather for so many delightful days spent in exploring the sweet Thuringian country. And past other friendly doors, and here is the arch and the steps, flanked by wild roses, down which Wagner's *first* and most perfect *Elsa* and the most ideal Elizabeth of all Germany, stepped in her white robes and sunny hair; the wonderful eyes, not gold and not brown, but both; looking out upon the love-life, she had till then only created in song.

"Her husband, you have seen and admired in elderly life. That June day he must have been beautiful to

behold, as he stood by his bride, under the archway of stone and roses. And hand-in-hand, they passed out to a life of single-minded, high-souled and nobly-gifted devotion to the Art of Song—good, beautiful, and wise beyond most human beings, as *Pater* would feel about them if I told him.

"And yet a little further, and the little house comes in sight which nevertheless contains such spacious rooms, and in them dwells so large, bright, and clear an intellect, and such dramatic genius, and such an indomitable will and industry. There lives my little friend Hildegarde Jenicke; behind those windows and with fast-closed doors, those wondrous revelations of great characters get themselves evolved out of her inner consciousness, and by dint of work so hard that one only gradually gets to comprehend how immensely hard it is.

"And now; we are passing round the theatre of Weimar. Here is the low actors' door, through which these, my friends, have been going and coming for nearly forty years past, and here are Goethe and Schiller, ever new, ever beautiful, ever comforting, and I always find myself feeling that that spot on which their worthy images stand, is the central point of our earth."

. . . . . .

In the afternoon I went with Lady Reay to Guindy, wandering over the gardens as far as the *Victoria regia* pond, and returning to tea near the great

Spathodea, whence we watched the sunset fade off the house, and then drove back to Madras.

The *Beaumontia* had had the politeness to open its first flower, and I introduced her to that noble creeper which I remember admiring at Parell in 1875, when it would have seemed even more unlikely that that place should be hers than that Guindy should be mine.

26. After dinner we transferred ourselves to Guindy, where we had an evening party with dancing. The house was illuminated as were the terrace and the temple, while the garden beds were set with lamps. The Military Secretary, who, assisted by Hanbury Williams, had organised the whole, tells me that there were about 4000 lights.

Even with the recollections of Udaipur fresh in my mind, I thought it an enchanting sight, and I am glad to add the recollection of it to the many which we share with the Reays.

27. I went, for the first time this season, to see the "feeding of the kites." Lady Reay, who was delighted, as who would not be? with their marvellous grace, said, "When you wrote to me that you enjoyed feeding the kites, I said, 'What a dull amusement!'"

She told me that some one had addressed one of the

De Salises, who was a banker, as "Count de Salis." "Mr. De Salis," he said. "You are the first banker," was the reply, "I ever heard of, who discounted his own name."

The recessional hymn in the Cathedral this evening was the Chorale of Leuthen. I had read to Reay and General Annesley, after breakfast, the fine passage on Frederick the Great, which is translated from Castelar in my *Miscellanies*, so that it was sufficiently appropriate.

It was yesterday, I think, that General Annesley mentioned that old Lord ——— when some one condoled with him on the death of Lord Strathnairn, said, "Yes, that is the nuisance of growing old,—one loses all one's friends, d——— them!"

A conversation to-day recalled to me a passage in a paper on Fénelon in vol. x. of the *Causeries du Lundi*, which I was glad to re-read:—

"Le vidame d'Amiens était un peu comme son père, et avait du penchant à se perdre dans le détail, à s'ensevelir dans les papiers: 'Prenez sobrement les affaires,' lui dit sans cesse Fénelon; 'embrassez les avec ordre, sans vous noyer dans les détails, et coupant court avec une décision précise et tranchante sur chaque article.' Il le lui redit

non moins vivement qu'à son père. 'Point d'amusements de curiosité. Coupez court sur chaque affaire. Décidez ; passez à une autre ; point de vide entre deux.'"

The Reays left us this evening for Sholapore.

I am sending by the out-going Mail to Madame Renan a speech of M. Richaud's, made on the 17th, which began as follows :—

"Excellence,

"Au moment où sur votre gracieuse invitation nous buvions aux Dames, la musique a fait entendre l'air du *Pré aux Clercs*,

'Rendez moi ma patrie,'

comme pour nous rappeler que c'est dans nos pays d'Occident seulement que la femme occupe le rang qu'elle doit avoir dans le monde. Seuls nous savons l'associer à toutes nos joies et à toutes nos tristesses et en faire la véritable compagne de l'homme.

"Dans le *Prêtre de Nemi* de votre illustre ami M. Renan, le peuple reproche aux meurtriers d'Antistius d'avoir épargné Carmenta, la Sibylle d'Albe, et l'auteur met dans la bouche d'un des complices du crime ces mots : 'à quoi bon tuer une sibylle ? il y en aura toujours une autre qui lui succédera.'

"Aujourd'hui les sibylles d'Albe et de Cumes ont disparu, mais il reste toujours la femme pour inspirer les plus beaux dévouements, les plus héroiques actions, et faire sentir partout sa salutaire influence."

European Mail arrives.

My sister writes: "If some one tells you a very good story, and some one sends you a particularly felicitous letter, and you happen to see a pretty woman and a fine dog, that day you will have a nice Christmas.'

And, again: "General Prendergast had a good time with King Theebaw. It was awfully funny, surely, like a king in *Alice in Wonderland*."

—— writes: "The wife of another voter said her husband had always voted Liberal, but this time she knew he was going to vote for Mr. Burdett-Coutts, because the Baroness had been so very kind to Jumbo, and he could not forget that."

John Warren writes from London on 9th December: "It is the weather of the wolf here, raining, first, for a diluvial period, insomuch that the Salopian rustics recorded their votes much as Deucalion would have done, had that benighted heathen possessed the inestimable advantage of an extended Franchise, and now frost, fit to freeze off one's fingers."

Charles Norton writes from Cambridge, Mass.:—

"Your last letter came to me, when he[1] was staying

[1] Mr. Lowell.

with me, and he was glad to hear it, and bade me, when I wrote to you, to give to you his kindest remembrances and regards. We were both amused with your account of Acton's list of the hundred books—books mainly unknown, but to him. If he learned to write from them, they are, indeed, books worth study, and I wish you would fulfil your kind promise to me, and send me a copy of the list. Pray mark upon it the books you have read; I will mark those that I have read, and I will get Lowell to mark his. We are not the worst readers in the world, and we should thus get a measure of Acton's superiority. It might be a serviceable humiliation. You remember what Don Quixote said, when he saw a man correcting the sheets of a book called *The Light of the Soul?* 'Ay, this is a book that ought to be read, though there are a good many of the kind, for the number of sinners is prodigious in this age."

1886

January

1. The sentries at Government House mount guard, for the first time, in their Lancer full dress—scarlet with yellow facings. Hitherto the Body Guard has worn a Hussar uniform—dark blue and silver.

6. European Mail arrives.

Arthur describes a party at Madrid, where he met the Duke of Alba, who, he remarks, looks more like an Englishman than a Spaniard. He goes on to say: "The servants thought fit to ice some sixty-four La Rose claret and to warm the champagne before the kitchen fire!"

Cosas de España, as the elder Ford would have observed.

Mrs. Sydney Buxton writes: "Here life is made a burden by a horrid Police Regulation, making every

one muzzle their dogs out of doors. The spectacle is continually presented of Ah Sin, sitting on his haunches, sulking, in the middle of the street, and his master on his knees in front of him, piteously explaining that it isn't *our* fault."

Mrs. Craven writes, with reference to Irish affairs:

"My only hope for England comes from the thought that for more than half a century her aims have all been noble and just; that the motives that have placed her in her present peril, have been generous, even if mistaken; and that it is *not* habitually in that temper that nations are overtaken by *real* and *hopeless* decadence."

My wife made a speech to-day to the children of St. Matthias' schools, in which there was a description of some parts of Madras, which seemed to me very correct.

It ran as follows:—

"You have a great advantage here in living in a very beautiful place. Madras does not possess the magnificent mosques and tombs which adorn many towns of Northern India, or the broad streets and wide pavements of European cities; but it has a very great charm of its own. With the extensive compounds and fine timber on the one

hand, and the sea on the other, we, inhabitants of Madras, are never far away from nature, and to be near nature, with its helpful and soothing teachings, is one of the best privileges of man, and nature is never monotonous. 'I have seen it so often,' I hear people say of this or that object. This may possibly be true of buildings or manufactured articles, though even with them the lights and shades fall so variously that they rarely look the same twice. With regard to scenery, it is absolutely untrue. Many years ago, when my head was full of those extensive schemes which are so delightful a feature of youth, I remember one of my ideas was to paint the sunset every night. My skill and patience failed me after a very few trials, but it set me looking at the sunsets. I will not commit myself to saying that there are never two sunsets alike, but I will go the length of saying that if there are I have never happened to see them. If you will take the trouble to walk from the old Ice House on the beach towards St. Thomé, and look inland, about half-past five in the afternoon, you will see a broad, flat expanse of country with long tanks lying in the distance, a belt of palms and the dome of a Muhammadan tomb. At the hour I have mentioned the foreground is dark, with bright splashes of water, and the feathery tops of the trees stand out clearly against the sky. Those are the main features, but each night the detail alters. One evening it is a crimson, another a primrose, another an orange light which pours into the level pools. Sometimes

the dome has a rosy tinge, and the palms and foreground show their greenness; at another, they stand sharp and dark against the sky. Saturday night I remember particularly as more different from what I had seen it before than at any previous time. The sky was leaden, the lights colourless; the whole thing might have been truly depicted as a study in black and white. But, perhaps some of you cannot get as far as the beach. Look, then, at the common life of the bazaars and the roads. Remember, as you look at that life, that the greatest artists in all ages have had nothing to look at but what we all have to look at—human beings and scenery. And you may see endless models for pictures and statues every day. I was driving along the Mount Road lately, and I thought it would be amusing to count how many subjects for an artist I could see between the Cathedral and Government House. The first person I noticed was a coolie woman with a *lotah* on her head. The dress was a cloth of a peculiarly beautiful crimson, which harmonised perfectly with the dark skin, and fell in graceful folds round her. The poise of the head was very fine, and was assisted by the beautifully-shaped brass vessel which crowned the whole figure with its golden lights and violet shadows. Farther on, an old man, whose noble head and long gray beard reminded me of some scriptural worthy, claimed my attention; then a water-carrier with latticed chatties swaying from side to side; but I will not weary you with all I saw, except to say that in that short distance I counted

seven subjects, any one of which would have made a charming picture. In all ages the characteristic difference between high art and degraded art has been the absence of effort in the one and the presence of it in the other. In old Greek days the greatest production of the greatest of sculptors was the statue of the god Zeus, the figure of a divinely-idealised man, which was so noble a conception that an old writer says of it: 'I think that even a man who is quite cumbered in spirit, who, in his life, has drunk often of the cup of adversity and sorrow, and to whom even the sweet solace of sleep never comes—I think that even he, when he stands before this statue, forgets all the cruel and alarming incidents that beset the life of man.' And in later days the most famous and numerous pictures of all, coming from the hands of men of genius and enthroned on high by a great religious faith, have represented, with simple tenderness, the everyday sight of a mother and child. We cannot do the great works of Phidias or Raffaelle. Such men come rarely now and then in the course of centuries; but we can adopt their method, and by steadily fixing our eyes on all that is most beautiful in the physical and moral world around us, and steadily turning them away from all that is bare and ignoble, we shall raise our own thoughts and consequently our own minds, for the mind, as a great writer has said, is dyed by the thoughts. This is my last year in Madras. I have done my best to promote good objects, and I should like to have a reward which you, and such as you,

my children, alone can give me. Let me have the recompense of feeling that some words of mine may have roused a train of worthy thought, or been fruitful in a course of high-minded action. And always remember that my kindest feelings and my warmest sympathies will be with you when I am far away. Farewell, and God be with you."

10. Strolled in the Park as I usually do between seven and eight on Sunday mornings. We are in the midst of that brief paradisaical period, which is known as the "cold weather" at Madras; but which is a very hot European summer, tempered by a delicious breeze from the north-east. The wild date (*Phoenix sylvestris*) is in flower, and perfumes all the air near the corner of our domain, where the little very tame hares (*Lepus nigricollis*) live. In the midst of that pleasant tangle, I came upon a great wreath of *Abrus precatorius*, now flowering and robed in the most delicate green. I am more familiar with it in a later stage, when its beautiful black and scarlet seeds are its only attraction.

I have been running through the *Autobiography of Sir Henry Taylor*, whom I saw now and then while we were at Bournemouth in the autumns of 1863 and 1864.

Rather striking is the description of the Elliots as an "attractive, strong-hearted, genial, mettlesome race, frank, friendly, luminous spirited sons of the morning—sons and daughters none the less."

Sir Henry Taylor says of Wordsworth: "It was a rough, gray face, full of rifts and clefts and fissures, out of which some one said, you might expect lichens to grow."

New to me were Landor's lines—

> "The gates of fame and of the grave
> Stand under the same architrave;"

and a remark of Rogers's: "It matters very little whom one marries, for one finds next day that one has married somebody else."

I was amused to learn that the well-known lines—

> "And flash upon that inward eye,
> Which is the bliss of solitude,"

were written by Mrs., not Mr., Wordsworth.

14. To a service held in the Goanese Cathedral at St. Thomé in memory of Dom Fernando, the father of the King of Portugal.

19. I had read to me recently in *The Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, edited by Mr. Forbes-Leith, a

curious letter describing the state of Scotland in the minority of James VI. addressed in 1579 by John Hay, S.J., to the General of the Society of Jesus, in which the following passage occurs :—

"Three hundred of them or more were frequently seen in the church at Turriff, clothed only in linen garments, and imploring the aid of God and the Saints, and especially of the Blessed Virgin. Not a few went on pilgrimage to the Church of our Lady of Grace, situated on the river Spey. Rosaries were also offered for sale in the market, at the fair of Turriff."

John Hay was a younger brother of William Hay, the then owner of Delgaty.

In the evening we drove to the Mylapore tank and saw, for, I think, the third time, the floating festival in honour of Siva. On this occasion, the effect of this intensely Indian scene, with its raft bearing the semblance of a temple, its dancing girls, its lights, its flowers, and its music, was heightened by the most lovely moonlight !

20. The book-plate, already mentioned, has now been completed, and I extract the following account of it from a letter which I sent by to-day's Mail to John Warren :—

"Over the name of this friend is a pen and scroll, crossed by a sword, to typify that we rule here by a mixture of force and policy. Immediately over this is the *Ipomaea pes caprae*, one of the commonest plants of Madras, and which one sees every day with always new delight. Its great flower makes all the ground near the sea blue in the early morning.

"Above that, again, comes *Nelumbium speciosum*, the true lotus: remark its curious seed-vessel, mentioned by Herodotus. The centre is formed by an architectural design, for which the School of Art, and not I, is responsible. It typifies the Hindu and Muhammadan architecture of South India.

"For two details in this part of the plate I *am* responsible:

"(1) the plant in a pot is *Ocimum sanctum* (the sacred *Tulasi*), and it stands, or should stand, very much as it does here, in the courtyard of every Hindu house where Vishnu is venerated, —forms, in fact, the domestic altar.

"(2) the coin of Claudius, struck to commemorate the conquest of Britain, and found in the Madura district of the British Empire. That symbolises the respect for numismatics, which you taught me, as well as the transfer of the centre of political gravity from the banks of the Tiber to the banks of the Thames.

"Looking, now, at the very top of the plate, you will

see, on the left, *Passiflora Leschenaultiana*, characteristic of our lives on the Nílgiris, as the *Ipomaea* and *Nelumbium* are of our lives on the plains.

"The poplar-like leaves on the left and right, near the bottom, are those of the *Peepul* (*Ficus religiosa*),—a glorious tree and holy all over India.

"The two palms are *Phoenix sylvestris*, a near relation of *dactylifera*, and very common in this Park; round them twines the jasmine—a little conventionalised—to denote that there is more than one species which is, for this reason or that, a part of one's life, *e.g.*, this morning, I have been paying a visit to a great native noble, and an inevitable incident of all such ceremonies is that one is engarlanded with a vast rope or boa, made from the flowers of one variety of *Jasminum sambac*, while *Jasminum brevilobum* is much with one on the Nílgiris; and I can there also obtain the North Indian *Jasminum officinale*, the one you know so well in England, and which happens to be the flower I like best.

"The leafage on either side of the sword and pen is merely conventional."

21. European Mail arrives.

Mallet writes:—

"I am a total disbeliever in fatalism, and agree with the wise saying that 'la force des choses' is only another word for 'la faiblesse des hommes.'

And again:

"It is incontestable that Democracy can never succeed so long as the masses are 'prolétaires.' If property was widely diffused, which it never can be till there is a great deal more of it (and there cannot be a great deal more of it without international agencies), there would be little fear of perpetual revolutions."

My sister writes:—

"The most gifted-for-music human being I ever have known is Madame ——.

"Well, she was past forty, and had sat in the seat of the scoffer for a lifetime nearly, ere she discovered Wagner. She used to shrug her shoulders at me.

"Well, 'un beau jour' she heard *Tristan und Isolde*, and she went nearly out of her mind in the tropical summer of regeneration and wonder that burst out in her soul.

"'This Wonder' was her name for that 'dramatische Dichtung.'"

24. Prince Louis Napoleon, second son of Prince Napoleon, who arrived on the morning of the 21st, left us this evening. We gave him a fête at Guindy last night, like the one we gave to the Reays; but, although there were more lights, the unusually heavy mist made the effect less brilliant.

I found that he knew Madame Thayer who, as the daughter of General Bertrand, and born at St. Helena, has been much associated with his family. It was she who said to Alexandrine when she was dying, "Que rien ne pourrait la rappeler à la vie ; que dans quelques instants elle allait voir Dieu."[1]

26. Mr. Edwin Arnold, who, with his wife and daughter, landed yesterday from the *Rewa*, which came into this harbour on its voyage to Ceylon, left us to-day.

I told him about the coin of Claudius in our Museum, which has been several times mentioned in these Notes, and he handed to me a copy of the following lines by Cowper, which I did not know :—

"The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bow,
Though twice a Cæsar could not bend thee now,

. . . . .

He sowed the seeds of order where he went,
Improved thee far beyond his own intent,
And, while he ruled thee by the sword alone,
Made thee at last a warrior like his own."

27. My wife was reading to me a lecture on the Concordat which Ollivier delivered last March, and

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

has just sent me through Pondichéry, when we came across at p. 56 the striking passage :

"Vous ne détruirez pas la religion si vous ne guérissez pas d'abord l'homme de ses ignorances, de ses faiblesses, de ses malheurs aussi infinis que ses pressentiments et que ses aspirations. Aussi longtemps que la vie lui criera douleur, il cherchera quelqu'un qui lui réponde consolation."

I presided on the 23rd at the distribution of prizes at the Orphanage in the very Portuguese St. Thomé, saying a good deal about Prince Henry the Navigator, and his motto "Talant de bien faire,"—*talant*, as he used it, meaning *desire*. Mr. Major sums up the story of his doings in the following words, which I re-read to-day :—

"We have now seen how, within the small compass of a single century, from the date of the rounding of Cape Bojador, more than one half of the world was opened up to man's knowledge, and brought within his reach by an unbroken chain of discovery, which originated in the genius and the efforts of one whose name is all but unknown.

"The coasts of Africa visited ; the Cape of Good Hope rounded ; the New World disclosed ; the sea-way to India, the Moluccas, and China laid open ; the Globe circumnavigated and Australia discovered : such were the

stupendous results of a great thought and of indomitable perseverance in spite of twelve years of costly failure and disheartening ridicule. Had that failure and that ridicule produced on Prince Henry the effect which they ordinarily produce on other men, it is impossible to say what delays would have occurred before these mighty events would have been realised; for it must be borne in mind that the ardour not only of his own sailors, but of surrounding nations, owed its impulse to this pertinacity of purpose in him. True it is that the great majority of these vast results were effected after his death; and it was not granted to him to affix his quaint signature to charters and grants of territory in those Eastern and Western Empires, which at length were won by means of the explorations he had fostered. True, he lived not to see the proof, in his own case unparalleled, that the courageous pursuit of a grand idea may produce consequences even greater than that idea had comprehended. No doubt that from Sagres no beam of light brought to his mental vision the prospect of an America to brighten the horizon of the Sea of Darkness; yet enough has, I trust, been said in the preceding pages to establish the correctness of the statement with which I set out, that 'if, from the pinnacle of our present knowledge we mark on the world of waters those bright tracks which have led to the discovery of mighty continents, we shall find them all lead us back to that same inhospitable point of Sagres and to the motive which gave to it a royal inhabitant.'"

28. European Mail arrives.

A friend whom I have wished for the last eleven years to come to know Mrs. Craven, has seen her at last, and writes :—

"She really is an enchanting woman. I was not prepared to find such a lovely old lady, as well as such a brilliant one. She is quite a picture to look at, such beautiful eyes and such a noble and sweet face. Her manner, too, combining vivacity and gentleness, is quite perfect."

Speaking of the photograph taken from the medallion, she told ——· that, in her youthful time, the fashions were frightful, and she had consequently no really picturesque portrait of her sister-in-law till this one.

Rutson writes from Yorkshire :—

"We are having some lovely winter weather : sharp frost, crisp snow, beautiful effects of light on the bark of the Scotch firs. The soft horizontal lights bring every bit of colour—old gray walls, church towers, and red-roofed cottages—into contrast with the snow. And you are probably at this moment looking out on the monotonous colours of Guindy Park, which, nevertheless, I think of with affectionate recollections."

"The monotonous colours of Guindy Park."

Speak words of good omen !

I made my annual appearance at the Guindy Races this morning, and walked through the gardens as I came back. I did not see the Park, but *they* were glowing with colour.

31. *Past Hours*, by the late Mrs. Sartoris, published in 1880, was recently sent to me by Evans-Gordon, and I have had it read to me. The book has some of the charm of *A Week in a French Country House*. A story called *Medusa* and an essay on *Words best left Unsaid* were the things which most interested me.

I was amused by a happy description, attributed to George Sand, of Madame Viardot, mentioned in one of the earlier pages of these Notes: "Une bonne femme de génie."

February

8. I returned, this afternoon, to Government House, Madras, after a rapid journey of a week. Starting on the morning of the 1st with Major Moore, Captain Hanbury Williams, and Mr. Lawson, I went to Vellum, near Tanjore, passed thence on the

2nd to Pudukóta, where I remained to the 4th. Then, sleeping once more at Vellum, I went on to Negapatam, from which place a palanquin journey carried me to Tranquebar. From Tranquebar, I crossed the country to Máyavaram, whence the railway took me to Chilambaram and Cuddalore, where I spent yesterday.

I have noted elsewhere, in an official paper, the business details of the journey, and mention here only a few things which struck me, and which lay beyond the pale of affairs.

First came the wonderful flushing of the dawn over the sea on the morning we started, then the picturesque old fort and lovely lake, misnamed a tank, at Chingleput, next the rejoicing plains of the Tanjore delta and the populous villages on the road to Pudukóta.

No Governor had ever before visited the little State somewhat smaller than two Surreys, which owns the sway of the Tondiman, and I was naturally received with much *empressement*. At the fireworks on the night of the 3rd, there may have been well on to 30,000 people. Everywhere it rained wreaths and nautch girls. Most of the former were of the ungraceful Tanjore pattern, but at Nidimangalam my

neck was entwined with great boas of most fragrant roses. Of the nautch girls I need hardly say that none were pretty, but some were dressed with extraordinary richness, and their golden attire was very gorgeous, lit up with magnesium and other strange lights.

Nagore, a Muhammadan shrine, not far from Negapatam, where Christians and Hindus are said also to pay their vows, is a curious place; the so-called minarets being utterly unlike anything I have seen elsewhere, and the old Danish castle at Tranquebar is well worth a visit.

Chilambaram surprised me greatly. It is said to cover 39 acres, and holds its own well with Madura.

The most amusing incident of my journey occurred at Pudukóta. The Rajah is the head of the great Kullar or Robber Caste of South India. His Dewan Sashiah Shastri, who speaks excellent English, but stammers a good deal, was standing by my chair, as the chiefs of the clans came up to pay me their homage. "These," he observed, "are the Ca, Ca, Campbells, and so forth, of this part of the country!"

The European Mail reached us at Pudukóta.

A correspondent writes:—

"A Christmas story has just been told me about some young people decorating a country house, that amuses me.

"She—'I do think holly is so pretty under ivy, don't you?'

"He—'Yes, but I prefer yew (you) under mistletoe.'

"Names must not be repeated, so I can't give them; it may be old, but they say it occurred."

Lubbock writes, under date of 12th January: "It is very sad being in the House of Commons. It is quite like a new place, and one terribly misses the old faces."

11. Prince Louis Napoleon, writing to me, under date of 9th February, from Ootacamund, uses a word which I do not know.

He says: "J'ai fait soixante milles à cheval, ai passé six jours sous la tente et suis rentré *bredouille*. Votre Excellence sait probablement que ce vilain mot exprime que le chasseur, auquel il est appliqué, n'a fait aucune victime."

I see by the dictionary that the word *bredouille* "complètement battu" is derived from the game of trictrac.

Sir William Gregory, with whom I long sat in Parliament, but of whom I have seen but little since

he went out to govern Ceylon in 1871, came to us this morning, accompanied by his second wife, whom I had never met before.

He and I drove together in the afternoon.

My conversation with Lady Gregory at dinner somehow wandered to the Sonnet, and she remarked very happily: "There is just room in it for perfection."

"What," I inquired, "is the best sonnet in English?" "The best sonnet in English," she said, making the answer which I wished her to make, "is not by an Englishman:[1]

"Mysterious night!"

She put very high Shakespeare's—

"Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now."

and repeated an admirable sonnet of Drayton's, which I had read, without fully appreciating it:—

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part!"

12. Walked with Sir W. Gregory on the Marina, in the early evening.

We talked of Peel, who had taken great notice of

[1] By the Spaniard, Blanco White.

him when he was first in Parliament, and he confirmed Cardwell's account of the extreme unreserve of that most reserved of statesmen, where he was entirely at his ease. Peel delighted in telling droll stories frequently of a *more* than after-dinner kind.

Gregory confirmed also, on the authority of her sister Lady Jersey, the fact of Lord Beaconsfield's having said to Mrs. Stonor shortly before he died, when excusing himself for his attacks on her father: "It was such an admirable opportunity for a young man," and mentioned that he had added: "You have seen a little dog barking at a big one; I was the little dog."

Lady Gregory told me in the course of the evening that some Irish body-snatchers had rifled a grave, and hid their booty in a corner of the churchyard, when it occurred to a half-tipsy fellow, who had been watching them unobserved, that it would be pleasanter to be driven back to the nearest town than to walk. He secreted accordingly the dead man under a hedge and lay down in his place. He was duly transferred to a cart; but, when about half the journey was over, one of the men who had touched his hand screamed to his friend "Good God! the body is warm!"

Hereupon, in a deep voice, the supposed dead man remarked: "If you had been where I've been for the last two days, you'd be warm too!"

In a moment he was left in full possession of the vehicle!

Sir George Bowen, writing to me from Lucknow about the resemblances between the Roman, and our Indian Empire, quotes the lines of Claudian:—

> "Haec est in gremium victos quae sola recepit
> Humanumque genus communi nomine fovit
> Matris non Dominae ritu; civesque vocavit
> Quos domuit; nexuque pio longinqua revinxit."

I have on my table this morning a great bouquet of white water-lilies in my dark blue vase, and another of sweet peas, these last from Ootacamund. They have lost their scent on the way down.

I spent the evening with Sir William and Lady Gregory at Guindy. There was a superb after-glow, and the house took, under its influence, one of its loveliest tints.

He talked of Lord Wellesley's kindness to him, as a child, and of his having been taught by the great Proconsul to decline *Musa*.

I complained to her, as we returned, of the *longueurs* in Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography, and said that I wondered how he had come to publish it. "I suppose," she replied, alluding to one of the best of his lines, "he thought the world ought to know more of its greatest men!"

She mentioned also, *à propos* of apt quotations, the case of a lawyer, who, in a Wye fishing case, was interrupted in a speech by the counsel on the other side, who observed: "The Wye is not a tidal river."

He instantly replied:

> "There twice a-day the Severn fills:
> The salt sea-water passes by,
> And hushes all the babbling Wye,
> And makes a silence in the hills."

14. Lady Gregory, speaking of the charming *tournure de phrase* frequently characteristic of the Irish, mentioned the case of a servant, who had learnt French and said to M. Bourget, as they came in sight of the tiny fishing-box of his master, a French nobleman, on the Atlantic sea-board: "Voilà la mer qui baigne l'Amérique et les terres de Monsieur le Vicomte!"

She told me, too, of an old woman, who had said of a neighbouring peasant: "He is a raal gentleman. When you ask him for sixpence, or a shilling, he never says he has not got it, and, when he once stoops down in his field, he never straightens his back till the setting of the sun."

She mentioned likewise that she had once been deprecating charitable bazaars to a bishop from Texas. "Yes," he said, "I am strongly opposed to bazaars. The worst thing about them is the amount of duelling and bloodshed by which they are followed!"

I talked at night with Gregory about Bernal Osborne, and of his having jumped up after one of the excellent Sir George Lewis's most wooden speeches, which had strained, almost to cracking, the patience of the House, and implored Honourable members "not to let themselves be hurried away by the exciting eloquence of the Right Honourable Gentleman who had just sat down." The result was a perfect shriek of laughter, in which Sir George heartily joined.

The talk strayed to that very attractive Miss Osborne, whom we met on the Danube in 1872,

and who is now Mrs. Blake, and thence to a conversation in the smoking-room at the house of the Duke of St. Albans, about American orators. Webster, Calhoun, and others had been discussed, when Gregory remarked: "And Sumner, was not he too a considerable orator?" "No," replied Bret Harte, "he was a great deal too cold and academic." "But surely," rejoined Gregory, "he sometimes stirred himself up with a long pole, and became impassioned?" "If he did," was the answer, "it was always with the North Pole."

18. Two Italian officers, who came out to see the manœuvres at Delhi—General Saletta and Captain De Valeris—arrive, accompanied by Captain Montanaro, who is in our service.

I drove in the afternoon with General Saletta to the farther side of the Elphinstone Bridge. As we walked back along the sea, in lovely moonlight, he suddenly remarked, "On se dirait à Palerme." It was in remembrance of Palermo that I called the new promenade the Marina!

The European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Bishop writes about a ring I sent her:—

"If the yellow sapphires were essential sunshine, the

beryl is the spirit of spring, as it is sometimes seen by glimpses in March coppices. Translucent leaves and spikes of tender grass have it imprisoned for the early days of their life, and then it retreats to sea-pools and lives with *Zostera*, until the hotter sun drives it to deeper places, and it is seen far down on shelving rocks on the west coast."

20. A note about the Duke of Wellington and the State-sword on one of the *Orationes Crewianae* by "Michell of Lincoln," which a son of that gentleman's, who is a barrister here, lately lent me, recalls to my mind the fact that, in the last year of his life, I saw the old hero supporting with some difficulty that venerable weapon: "It's 'most as heavy as a musket," he observed to his next neighbour.

I witnessed this morning the prettiest and most bloodless contention between a brilliantly-coloured lorikeet, which my wife bought when she passed through Marseilles in 1884, and one of our palm squirrels, the latter desiring to share in the breakfast of the former,—a pretension to which he not unnaturally objected.

24. We talked of *Omar Kháyyám*, and Lady Gregory showed me the first stanza of the Rubaiyat as it appeared in FitzGerald's version of 1859,

explaining that throwing pebbles into a bowl is the *réveillé* of the desert caravan :—

> "Awake ! for morning in the Bowl of night
> Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight ;
> And, lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
> The Sultan's Turret in a noose of Light."

Another subject was a photograph, which the Maharajah of Jeypore had given her, appending to his name *Si wai*, meaning "One-and-a-quarter,"—a title which was duly given to Jai Sing, and for all I know to him only, but which a good many people assume !

25. I returned to-day to Lady Gregory the volume of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, which contains the very remarkable chapter "Ceci tuera cela." No paragraph struck me more than the following :—

"Qu'on ne s'y trompe pas, l'architecture est morte. Morte sans retour, tuée par le livre imprimé, tuée parcequ'elle dure moins, tuée parcequ'elle coûte plus cher. Toute cathédrale est un milliard. Qu'on se représente maintenant quelle mise de fonds, il faudrait pour récrire le livre architecturale : pour faire fourmiller de nouveau sur le sol des milliers d'édifices ; pour revenir à ces époques

où la foule des monuments était telle qu'au dire d'un témoin oculaire 'On eût dit que le monde en se secouant avait rejeté ses vieux habillements pour se couvrir d'un blanc vêtement d'églises.'"

"Erat enim ut si mundus ipse excutiendo semet, rejecta vetustate, candidam ecclesiarum vestem indueret" (Glaber Radulphus).

She supplied me with an admirable formula for the slaughter of a mosquito within one's bed curtains, —a not too rare incident in the nightside of Madras :

"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!"

Mr. Lawson writes from Nílgiris :—

"I cannot understand why English people, who live out here, should always be wanting to rush from a lovely place like Ootacamund, to spend their winters in the Cimmerian smoke of London, Leeds, and Liverpool. The climate of Ootacamund is pleasanter and more healthy than any other in the whole world. The work people have to do out here is very little, and very unirksome. The hunting, to judge from the number of limbs which are broken every year, is far better than anything that can be got in England. For sport, there are always plenty of crows and sambur to kill ; and when everything fails, the place possesses the prettiest of churchyards!"

I had lately re-read to me Sir Henry Taylor's *Statesman*. The book has the merits and defects of the author's point of view—that of a literary rather *précieux* head of a department in Downing Street—a point of view far less suited for taking a wide survey than that of a Permanent Under-Secretary of State; but it contains some good ideas. Many years had passed since I had it in my hands, but I think I have acted in accordance with most of the suggestions in it, which appeared to me to be sensible, when I first read it.

28. This morning our new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Herbert Macpherson, landed from England, accompanied by his wife, her niece Miss Somers Cocks, a daughter, a son, a Military Secretary, and an Aide-de-Camp who is a son of Childers'—all of whom are now established in Government House, or in tents adjoining thereto.

An exceptionally pleasant service in the Cathedral—the Psalms of the day, which I connect with the summer of 1846 at St. Frideswide's, in Oxford, and which, as it happens, I very rarely hear; a pretty anthem of Gounod's; the Chorale of Leuthen; and Faber's hymn "O Paradise! O Paradise!"

March

1. This forenoon, Sir Herbert Macpherson, the new Commander-in-Chief, took his seat as Second in Council.

About half-past four P.M., the Viceroy arrived with a large party. We met him on the pier, and, after the usual ceremonials, returned together, through a great concourse, to Government House.

4. This evening, the Viceroy, Lady Dufferin, and all their suite re-embarked.

The too brief three days were sadly broken in upon by the inevitable interviews of a Viceregal visit, and the going out of the English Mail was another disturbing circumstance. I had time, however, for a good many talks with Lord Dufferin, as, for instance, when walking round the pond in front of Government House, as evening fell on the 1st; in the Agri-Horticultural Gardens, and again on the Marina, about the same hour, on the 2nd; and, once more, in the gardens of Guindy on the 4th.

Our conversation turned chiefly on Burma, a little on Afghanistan, somewhat also upon the internal state

of India, and a good deal on the political situation at home.

With Lady Dufferin I talked a great deal. She told me, *inter alia*, that she had just had a letter from old Lady De Ros, who still, at about ninety, retains all her faculties.

Who, I said, was Lady De Ros? "She was," Lady Dufferin replied, "the daughter of the Duke of Richmond. It was in her honour that was given the ball the night before Waterloo. She wrote to me to-day, 'Don't think that you are the only person who has had a wild boar killed at her feet. The Duke of Wellington killed one at mine.'"

As we came back from the ball of the 2nd, at the noon of night, or somewhat later, I introduced in due form the Southern Cross to the Viceroy of India—an achievement only to be compared with the hoisting of the Standard of St. George upon the mountains of "Rasselas"!

On the evening of the 3rd, I took Lord Dufferin to visit the Harbour, where we saw the working of the titan crane, which takes up blocks of concrete, thirty tons in weight, and gently drops them into the water to act as wave-breakers.

On the 1st, we had a dinner of forty-four, the house party being twenty-nine; after which came, first a levée, then a drawing-room in the Banqueting Hall.

On the 2nd, we had a dinner of forty-five, and a ball in the Banqueting Hall. On the 3rd, we had a dinner of forty-four. That over, we drove to Guindy, which was illuminated, and there was more dancing.

On the 4th, we had a dinner of fifty-four, after which I drove down to see the Viceregal party off from the pier.

The English Mail arrived on the 4th.

A friend writes: "Another person in Kent, finding one voter very obdurate, warned him that he had to make his choice between three acres and a cow on the one hand, and his Queen, his country, and his God, on the other. After much searching of heart, the voter, dashing his hand on the table, said: 'Well, this time, I'll vote for my Queen, my country, and my God—d——d if I don't.'"

Clara sends me a good answer by one of her schoolfellows: "What was the Colossus?" "The Colossus was the everlasting seat of the gods, on the top of a high hill."

To-day's Mail also brought a letter from Mr. Webster of Edgehill.

I had written to ask him in which churchyard at Aberdeen is to be seen the, as I think, very beautiful epitaph, which I found, years and years ago, in Pennant :—

Si Fides Si Humanitas
multoque gratus lepore Candor
si suorum Amor amicorum Caritas
omniumque Benevolentia
spiritum reducere possent
non hic situs esset
Johannes Burnet a Elrick.

He replies that it is in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, and suggests that it may be from the hand of Campbell or Gerrard or Beattie, adding :—

"By the way, did I ever let you see the original minute-books of the Institute, as I may call it, formed about 1750 by those men and by Thomas Reid, then of King's College, and by others in Aberdeen, with the object of discussing questions in literature and philosophy? They met once a fortnight. The minute-book begins with the rules and purposes of the Society in Reid's handwriting, and then, during its existence for years, each of the members put down in his writing the questions and

themes which he proposed to have handled. These have the singular interest of presenting the germs of the thoughts which employed their minds, and which, thus discussed by kindred thinkers, saw light in Reid's and Beattie's and Campbell's published works. This, by the bye, but to come back. There is a sadness that has always greatly moved me in the epitaph written by Beattie for his two sons, and inscribed on the grave where they sleep in one same churchyard; they were both of great promise. Speaking of the survivor of the two, he says that he was (of his brother) 'Studiorum æmulus et nunc sepulchri consors.'

"As it happens, the subject of great epitaphs is a favourite one of mine. Can there be a finer one, where both thought and expression are at their best, than that on Colin Maclaurin by his son in Greyfriars' Churchyard? You have *Boswell*, of course, at hand, but I so delight in this inscription that I gladly quote it."

He proceeds to copy nearly all of it.

I sent for Croker's *Boswell*, and the whole epitaph, which I did not know, runs as follows:—

INFRA SITUS EST
COLIN MACLAURIN,
MATHES OLIM IN ACAD. EDIN. PROF.
ELECTUS IPSO NEWTONO SUADENTE.
H. L. P. F.

Non ut nomini paterno consulat,
Nam tali auxilio nil eget;
Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,
Ubi luctus regnant et pavor,
Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium:
Hujus enim scripta evolve,
Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem,
Corpori caduco superstitem crede.

10. Amidst the numerous parrot stories which are repeated in society, I never heard two which are told in the racy and vigorous *Memoirs of the Emperor Baber*, which I have been looking through. Here is the passage:—

"Abul Casim Jilair, who is one of my most familiar servants, lately told me a remarkable incident. The cage of a parrot of this last-mentioned species having been covered up, the parrot called out, 'Uncover my face; I cannot breathe.' On another occasion, when the bearers who were employed to carry it had set it down to rest themselves, and a number of people passed by, the parrot called out, 'Everybody is going by, why don't you go on?' Let the credit rest with the relater! Yet till one hears such things with his own ears, he can never believe them."

European Mail arrives.

Clara sends another good answer, "What did

Dryden die of?" Answer, "Dryden died by a series of hypotheses."

12. My wife, accompanied by Captain Bagot, and Xit, a little terrier, who has become a very important person of late in the household, started for Ootacamund this evening. The bear having been given to the Maharajah of Vizianagram was not of the party.

I drove straight from the station to Guindy, and the long first scene of the fifth act of our Madras life came to an end.

13. I read to-day, for the first time since I was at Oxford, Horace's *Ars Poetica*. It well deserves the criticism which some one to whom Hamlet had been previously unknown pronounced upon that work, "Good, but rather too full of quotations!"

I counted eight-and-twenty things, which have passed through the gate of perfection into the high road of commonplace.

While setting things in order this afternoon, I came across a slip of paper with the quotation which Mr. Tremenheere gave me, as containing the earliest mention of the Madras surf!

"Furi et Aureli comites Catulli
Sive in extremos penetrabit Indos

Litus ut longe resonante Eoa,
Tunditur unda."

18. European Mail arrives.

John Warren writes :—

"I congratulate you! The book-plate has arrived, and it is superb. Such an exuberance of botanical symbolism never appeared hitherto upon an *ex-libris*; you have achieved a record more enduring than bronze. It was an excellent idea to introduce the coin of Claudius struck over conquered Britain. The *Ocimum sanctum* supplies an appropriate centre to your architectural design. The *Phoenix sylvestris* right and left, jasmine entwined, is most graceful. The rose of the *Nilgiris*, contrasted with the *Nelumbium* of the plains, is happily imagined. The book-plate will be prized by the collectors of posterity. I have handed one dark and one lighter impression to that Leviathan of *ex-libris*, Franks, who is very grateful, and begs me to say so. But he, I, and his *adlatus*, or second in command, all prefer the darker impression. As to the smaller book-plate for the 12mo which is to be, all I can suggest is, first to make the inscription a little thicker and more prominent. Next to inscribe 'Right *Hon'ble*' instead of 'Right Hon.,' further to place a small shield above the sword and pen, with your armorial bearings. I think this is all. No, I should prefer a definite date, 1886, and tell your artist to sign his name in very small in the corner, adding "Madras." Now, I

think I have done. I suspect other Anglo-Indian book-plates will now follow, and that you will be the parent of a glorious progeny."

Mrs. Bishop writing of Mrs. Craven, who will be seventy-eight on 12th April, says, "Her hair has grown whiter, which adds much to the charm of her face, and to its softness. She looks thoroughly happy when she thinks, as if the thoughts were bright ones."

19. Mr. Webster, our Chief Secretary, who left me at Bombay in October, returned this morning, and has come to stay at Guindy.

25. I drove into Madras early this morning to call upon Lady Ely on board the *Ballarat*, which came into harbour soon after I reached the pier. After having seen her, I spent the day at Government House, where Archbishop Goethals paid me a visit, and I presided afterwards at the Convocation of the Senate of the University of Madras, in my capacity of Chancellor, admitting the candidates to their degrees.

Instead of, as on four previous occasions, requesting some distinguished member of the Senate to make the address, I undertook that duty myself, following the example of my predecessors, Lord Napier and the Duke of Buckingham. When the address was

finished, however, I discovered that it ran to about three times the usual length ; I delivered accordingly only a very few paragraphs, so that we got away earlier than, I think, on any previous occasion.

It will be found in the Appendix.

31. European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Boyle writes :—

"Our frost has diminished from thirteen to two or three degrees, but it is cruel still. I must tell you about the birds. I am sometimes rather oppressed by my duties to them. There are about sixty or seventy sparrows ; they insist on being fed, and I have had to give way entirely and feed them three times a day. One of the robins, however, keeps them in order. He will keep at least ten at bay, while his red breast glows again with rage. The blackbird is quite astonishing in his blackness and the orange of his beak, and his hens are as dowdy as possible. Then about a dozen cocoanuts hang to some wire rose-arches just in front of my low window, and these are beset by titmice, and the titmice are a continual joy and idleness to me. There are three different kinds, and they come in pairs, and, all together, about five times in the day. Their quick flitting movements are grace itself, and when the sun shines, their colours might be compared, I think, to tropical birds. Such a contrast to the vulgar sparrow

world below them! I think, as the year grows on, the blue of their feathers is more iridescent, and the green and yellow more distinct. Then the pigeons settle down on the grass, and they are beautiful all round and not the least greedy, and the pair of little call-ducks waddle up for barley meal. The drake has a head like a green emerald, and the duck can boast of nothing pretty but a purple stripe on her wing. But *she* is master, and stupid is not the word for *him!* She runs after the food as I throw it, while he stands looking like a fool, with his head up quacking, and lets the sparrows steal it away under his nose. I can't make out how he lives, for I never see him eat more than the very smallest stray morsels. Two starlings come hurrying up sometimes with their long white bills and shining firmament of feathers, and a chaffinch or a starved little wagtail will sometimes join the feast, and a pair of beautiful nuthatches come and dig at the cocoa-nuts on very cold days, but they don't *really* enjoy getting anything so easily. Before eight in the morning when the sun shines, sometimes the lawn is covered with diamond dust, and the birds sit there tame and *drunk* with sunshine. They look quite strange, with heads on one side and wings half-spread. Later in the day, the sun has not this effect. On a fir-tree in the Fantaisie, a white owl has been discovered. No one here would touch it, but alas! the laurels had to be clipt, and the beautiful creature took his silent flight to some more inaccessible place."

April

2. The conversation at York House, mentioned in these Notes for 1883, has borne further fruits in a lecture delivered by Lubbock at the Working Men's College, which has led to a correspondence in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, now published in a pamphlet as *The Best Hundred Books*. I feel less and less inclined to attempt anything of the sort; but I think I should like, before I die, to draw up a list of the hundred books which have been most to *me*.

Lubbock, in a recent letter, calls my attention to the fact that his list of books did *not* profess to be "one of his own favourites," and adds: "I agree with you that if one really made out one's own list, one would probably be considered a lunatic."

4. A week or two ago, Mr. Thomas Hanbury sent me a list of the plants that were flowering in his garden at La Mortola in January. They numbered five hundred and sixteen, and people are still found to inhabit Great Britain and Ireland!!

7. European Mail arrives.

Dyer writes: "The enclosed will show you that the good work you have been doing so in-

defatigably for us, has, if not borne fruit, done the next thing to it;" and he sends two admirable pictures of *Calotropis gigantea* and *Solanum trilobatum*, of which I had sent the seeds, and which flowered at Kew last year. They are No. 6865 and No. 6866 of the *Botanical Magazine*. The writer of the notice observes as to the second "that it is remarkable that this very common and really ornamental Indian plant should not have been figured in any English work, though introduced into cultivation 130 years ago." The *Calotropis* is said to have been cultivated at Hampton Court in 1690.

8. Miss Moxon read to me a paper published last January by Mr. Michie Smith upon Meteorites. He dined here on the 4th, and we sat long together on the terrace, observing the unusual number of shooting stars which were flashing about. He mentions in his paper, I see, that about 20,000,000 meteors enter our atmosphere daily, although only a very small proportion, even of those which reach the earth, are ever found. The immense majority of those which do enter our atmosphere are happily dissipated into vapour. Happily I say, for Mr. Michie Smith quotes Dr. Joule, who remarks:—

"Were it not for the atmosphere which covers us with a shield, impenetrable in proportion to the violence which it is called on to resist, we should be continually exposed to a bombardment of the most fatal and irresistible character. To say nothing of the larger stones, no ordinary buildings could afford shelter from very small particles striking at the velocity of eighteen miles per second. Even dust flying at such a velocity would kill any animal exposed to it."

When I was young, some idiot or other told me that the "shooting stars," which we see so often on clear dark nights, were frequently found upon the ground, in the shape of small jelly-like masses. I had long forgotten this strange statement when, in a very interesting manuscript in which Lawson sketched for me a provisional classification of the vegetable kingdom, as established by modern research, I came across the following: "Nostocs are irregularly rounded or lobed, brown gelatinous masses, varying in size from that of a pin's head to that of an egg. They grow on wet rocks or amongst moss or in water. One species is known in England under the name of 'Shooting Stars.' In appeareance it is like a brown sea-weed, and in warm, thundery weather, occurs in vast quantities on gravel walks." My only

personal acquaintance with the Nostoc has been gained on the two inner faces of the tiny defile in the Ootacamund Gardens, which has been happily named "the Kissing Rock," where, in the wet weather, they are tolerably abundant.

9. General, now Sir Harry, Prendergast landed from Burma yesterday and came to stay at Guindy.

He mentioned to-day that if the storm which burst over Madras on 2nd November, and delayed the embarkation of our troops, had lasted twenty-four hours longer, it would probably have made the difference of months in the length of the war, for another twenty-four hours would have enabled the Italian Engineers to barricade the Irrawaddy, fifteen miles above our frontier, and to have leisurely completed all the very formidable defences which they had just not finished higher up.

Sir Harry seems to have suffered many things in the palace at Mandalay from Soopya Lat's monkey, an amiable animal, but who liked to amuse itself by "making hay" of his papers.

I finished about this time re-reading Horace in the little edition which was given to Sir Whitelaw Ainslie a hundred years ago :

"Tôt ou tard je le crains," says Saint-Beuve, "les anciens perdront le bataille,—une moitié au moins de la bataille."

Mr. Rungia Raju, who has been in my service as a flower-painter since the beginning of 1884, took leave to-day. He has produced during that time between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and sixty pictures of the flowers with which one is most familiar here, at Madras, and at Ootacamund. Two volumes of these have been despatched to York House and some fifty more pictures are now being sent to be bound.

He is connected with an artist who was much employed by Wight, and whose name is perpetuated by the Acanthoid genus *Rungia*.

12. Our life at Guindy has been much like that of previous years and very delightful. We were a little late for some of the flowers, *e.g.* for the *Beaumontia*, but it beautified our table many a night and morning before we left Madras. The rose-coloured *Nelumbium* with a white and crimson *Nymphæa* have been exceptionally generous to us, but their neighbour the great *Victoria regia* has been in bad humour, and only condescended to open its flowers last night.

The *Moon-creeper*, the spiny and non-spiny species of which I am now told are to be described as belonging to the genus *Ipomaea*, has been a constant object of after-dinner pilgrimage.

13. We left Guindy yesterday afternoon and arrived at Government House, Ootacamund, about noon to-day.

As I returned from a walk with Captain Bagot in the early evening, we found my wife reading Ariosto under one of the great shola-trees on the lawn, while her rose-headed parrakeet *Palaeornis columboides*, her young green parrot *Palaeornis torquatus*, and a tame, but angry, little creature, about whose species we are not very certain, climbed hard by in a bush of *Tecoma Jasminoides*.

15. European Mail arrives.

His widow sends me "In remembrance!" a compilation of letters and more or less autobiographical sketches from the papers of Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, later known as Count von Noer, and frequently mentioned in earlier pages of these Notes.

John Warren observes, with perfect truth, in a letter also received by this Mail: "The best part of the

book is a really admirable photograph, which almost idealises his face at its best, and is withal exceedingly like."

Under it, in an excellent reproduction of his curious little hand, are the words, "L'enthousiasme est le bonheur."

He quotes that phrase from Madame de Stael on page 134, in a letter from Ootacamund to the late Dr. Goldstücker, in which he pours out his sorrows at the absence of knowledge of Indian History, which he found amongst men who had lived thirty years in this country, and spoke Tamil or Telugu as well as they did English.

Writing of Ootacamund, he makes the rather startling assertion: "Je mehr ich von diesen Gegenden sehe, desto mehr erinnern sie mich an Kleinasien, ich meine an die Gegend zwischen Smyrna und Sardes."

Where is the resemblance between these rolling downs and that wide level plain? Possibly in the forms of some of the mountains, especially of those which rise above the Mysore plateau, and are not wholly unlike Sipylus.

18. Some time ago, Colonel Yule sent me the first, or almost the first, copy of his Glossary of

Anglo-Indian words. Its value is enhanced by its having a very bad portrait of Burnell (whose acquaintance I made at Tanjore in 1875), which the others are not to have.

"Ah! c'est la bonne; voilà les fautes qui ne sont pas dans la mauvaise!"

I am having it read through aloud, and find it bristling with interesting facts quite new to me. I did not know, for instance, that Ameer was the origin of Admiral, nor that arsenal came from an Arabic phrase, which Colonel Yule interprets by "domus artificii," nor that Arya is still used as a prefix to names of men of rank in Java, nor that Avadavat is a corruption of Ahmedabad, nor that the Banyan-tree got its name from one particular specimen of *Ficus Indica*, which grew at Gombroon, now Bunder Abbas, under which the Banyans or Hindu traders had built a shrine, and were wont to assemble, as is told by Tavernier.

20. Mrs. Maclean mentioned to me that one day in Mechlin her husband had suddenly said to her, "What is that strange music?" "It is," she replied, "the funeral of an artist[1] coming along the street;

[1] *i.e.* musician.

his bugle is lying on his coffin, the pall is in rags, and the people in black are standing on either side, as the procession goes by, with black umbrellas up. The next bar will be"—humming it.

"But how can you possibly know that?" said her husband, who had gone to the window, "you have not looked out." "I saw it all last night," she replied, "in a feverish sleep."

Long afterwards her husband found the very march that was being played, and which neither of them had ever heard before.

21. On the 19th I heard Mr. E. Remenyi play on the violin, amongst other things, Schubert's "Ave Maria," of which I am extremely fond. Last night he dined here, and to-day he breakfasted with us. He has seen a great deal of the world, and talks capitally.

He mentioned that Gounod said, at twenty "Gounod!" at thirty "Gounod and Mozart!" at forty "Mozart and Gounod!" at fifty "Mozart!"

He told me that after the Allies entered Paris, a very *recherché* dinner was given to a number of leading personages. The Duke of Wellington ate sparingly, and showed scant interest in the good things.

"Pourquoi," observed the great *artiste*, who had received a hundred francs for making a single dish, "est-il venu à Paris s'il ne sait pas apprécier ma salade?"

He gave me an admirable letter, addressed by him in 1884 to the *Melbourne Argus*, about popular melodies, from which I learnt various things, amongst them that Haydn wrote the Austrian hymn, my favourite of all its tribe, and so frequently played by the band here; also that "Home Sweet Home" is an old very mediocre Sicilian air, sung first in or about 1830 in London in an opera called the *Maid of Milan*. The words were by an American of the name of Payne, and the music was adapted to those words, but not composed by Sir Henry Bishop.

Amongst other national airs Mr. Remenyi played the other night, were the "Last Rose of Summer," the "Marseillaise," and "God save the Queen."

Stuart Rendel, writing from Sir Robert Peel's old house in Whitehall Gardens, and speaking of the pictures which his son sold to the nation, remarks:—

"Gladstone could not but contrast the £70,000 given for those seventy pictures with the £70,000 given for the Blenheim 'Raphael.' He was almost a little bitter over

the cleverness with which a combination or chorus of high valuations worked up the price and prepared the public to swallow it. But he knew and rested upon the consolation that private buyers had given, for the pictures we rejected, prices much beyond those standing against the same pictures in the lump offer to the nation upon which we effected so large a reduction.

"He said he once asked Peel why he never bought an Italian master, and that Peel gave him, as his reason, his distrust of his own judgment, and his determination not to dabble in a market where there was so much fraud or, at any rate, doubt. I have heard, and prefer to believe, a more characteristic reason. Lawrence Peel, though eighty-four, is still a good authority, and he says that his brother told him that he bought Dutch pictures because he was determined his collection should be the best of its kind in the country, which it never could have been, had he kept to the then beaten track. However, both accounts show, as does the story of the housekeeping books, that Peel belonged to his class; that he looked always to his getting his money's worth, and, while simple and solid in taste, was resolute that everything he had should be the very best of its kind. The great British trader all over!

"Gladstone said that Peel's retirement for the last four years was genuine and absolute. He had put by all notion of re-asserting his political and personal claims. But he was kept in the sharpest expectancy and on the

closest watch by an overwhelming dread that Free Trade Policy might be reversed and the Corn Laws reimposed. Gladstone thought this alarm justifiable so long as Lord George Bentinck lived. He spoke of Lord George as a man of singularly strong will. I suspect he thought his will stronger than his brains or his moral sense. At any rate, he affirmed that blood would never have stopped Lord George. He was quite prepared to fight."

Charles Norton writes :—

"I have just been reading a pleasant book that is full of my own past,—the *Life* of Longfellow by his brother. All that the book *is*, is well enough, but it is not all it ought to be. It fails to give the impression of the rare, the almost unique, charm and graciousness of the man, and of the perfect and simple harmony between his daily conduct and the sentiment of his verse. Flattery did not hurt him ; he did not become conceited or self-engrossed ; no one ever saw him assume an air, or presume upon his reputation to claim distinction. He was always growing in simplicity, sweetness, modesty, and genial humour. His adorers used to set up altars, and make many sacrifices, and burn much incense in his honour ; he gently condescended to their weakness, and, as soon as they had gone, he opened the windows and cleared the air."

26. "*Anche i pulci hanno la tosse!*" I have just received a document drawn up, quite in good faith,

by a Hindu acquaintance, in which the following passage occurs :—

"The zeal and attachment of colonists and converts cools down, of course, when they have become an old congregation ; and with the Aryans of the West, pulling all in new direction, or at least conjuring up old old days of imaginary Mlecha literature and civilisation, it is quite possible that the low castes and a portion of the semi-Aryans will be tempted to become Athiests (*sic*), or Christians, or Muhammadans. But after a time of bragging and strutting, they must be again returning to the only true Church and Philosophy, which can save men's souls. When the Aryans are a little less indifferent to reverts, and will open their tanks and temples and sacraments to them, thousands of converts will come back to social allegiance, even as the opening of the Sanskrit mine is calling back many from religious wanderings."

27. I should have noted at the time, that early this year, when my attention had been attracted by the very bad accounts of the unhealthiness of Chittore, Dr. Bidie sent me a note in which the following passage occurs : —

"I also send a copy of the Report of the Committee on the Epidemic Fever in the Southern Provinces, which prevailed in 1809-1811. Sir Whitelaw Ainslie was, you will see, President. Your Excellency will be pleased to

notice, at the top of page 52, that the Committee used the thermometer as a clinical instrument long before its use as such was revived in Europe. The first man who used the thermometer to investigate the temperature of the body in health and disease was Sanctorius (1561-1636), but its value for such purposes was only recognised a few years ago, and it was never seen or heard of in a hospital ward, in my student days.

"Curious to say, that lunatic Tippu Sultan had some inkling of the use of the thermometer in disease, as, according to Wilks, he wrote and asked Cossigny, the Governor of Pondichéry, for an instrument of this kind, which, when the sick man places his hand on it, 'the ascent of the quicksilver will mark the height of the disease.'"

28. On the 24th arrived Baron de Hübner's *A travers l'Empire Britannique*, and I have already had the Indian part of it read to me. There is a capital description of Guindy, from which I quote the following amusing passage:—

"Je n'oublierai jamais ces promenades de chaque soir avant l'heure du dîner, par des nuits noires et tièdes, en compagnie de mon aimable hôte. Les grandes questions du jour, quelques événements du passé, les noms d'amis communs qui y figurent ou y ont figuré, l'Europe et l'Inde revenaient sans cesse dans ces conversations interrompues

par le premier coup du *dressing-bell*, et continuées après le dîner parfois fort avant dans la nuit. Ce n'était pas, j'avoue ma poltronnerie, sans une certaine émotion que je suivais M. Grant Duff à travers le gazon pour regagner la maison. Les serpents, ah ! les serpents ! Tout nouveau débarqué en a l'esprit frappé. Mais peu à peu on s'y habitue."

Many of the incidents of his too brief visit to us are very accurately reported. The following sentence from an account of a Ball at Bangalore recalls many pleasant conversations at Guindy with the heroine, whose least merit is having slain the monarch of the jungle : "Ma voisine était de la force subsidiaire ; elle me présenta à une jeune femme habillée en diaconesse qui est devenue une lionne depuis qu'elle a tué un tigre."

Bagot, "le grand Stradiot" who is the Director of my band, the Walliar tiger, the Balapalli cage,—now alas, a thing of the past, for the station no longer exists,—and a variety of other persons and things connected with our Madras life are introduced to the European public.

Of the great fête which the Nizam gave, when we were together at Hyderabad, M. de Hübner writes thus :—

"Le palais n'a pu être décoré que par Aladin, et ce n'est pas pour lui faire un compliment que je déclare en conscience n'avoir jamais rien vu de semblable. Les Stuwer de Vienne, les arrangeurs des fêtes du Trocadéro à Paris, du Crystal-Palace à Londres, s'inclineraient avec respect devant sa lampe merveilleuse. Quelle richesse d'invention à côté de tant de simplicité! Quel goût et quel sentiment exquis du coloris! Regardez cette pièce d'eau entourée de balustrades de marbre, des plates-bandes de fleurs, et ces grands arbres du jardin, cette façade du palais percée d'arcades mauresques! Aladin y a répandu des teintes d'une blancheur nacrée. Arbres, fleurs, palais, tout, même la foule bariolée d'Européens, de nabobs, d'officiers, et des domestiques du prince, parait ciselé en argent. Par suite du contraste, malgré la lumière de la pleine lune, la voûte du ciel est noire. Montez sur ces gradins qui mênent à la salle du durbar, et vous verrez ce graffito magique, argent et crêpe noir, reproduit par l'étang."

I have visited nearly all the places to which M. de Hübner went, save Jodhpore and Darjeeling, and agree, to a very great extent, with his "*appréciations*." Similar ones, indeed, were registered by me upon many points in my *Notes of an Indian Journey* a decade ago. I am having that book re-read to me, and as I have not looked at many of its pages since the

revised proof passed out of my hands, I find it has much of the interest of novelty.

May

3. Lady Blennerhassett lately sent me an elaborate paper by herself upon Taine's History of the French Revolution, contained in two numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. It is very able, highly characteristic, and full of things new to me, as for instance—"Es ist nicht viel Gutes im Menschen, sagte der sterbende Kant: *Homo non homini Deus sed diabolus*," and Mallet du Pan's account of Siéyès, "faisant le mal comme la providence fait le bien en se cachant."

The last two paragraphs of the article illustrate the saying of an old Benedictine to Tocqueville. "In modern France everything is improved, except the characters;" and she cites some most remarkable words which she had found in the handwriting of a forgotten Jansenist (the Abbé Collard) in an old library,—passing on to the reflection that if the Jansenists had triumphed, there would have been no Regency and no Revolution, but that their ideas would have developed "eine freie Cultur, wie etwa die der Deutschen Hochschulen."

5. I slowly continue Yule's *Glossary*, receiving, from time to time, the most refreshing intellectual shower-baths. Who would have thought that Polo and Chicane were first cousins? It appears that the latter word came from Chaugān (our familiar Polo), which travelled in the Middle Ages from Persia to Constantinople, and so as a pedestrian game westward to Languedoc, where it was known as *Chicane*. From that word came *Chicaner*, used by military writers, meaning to take advantage of small inequalities in the ground.

Long ages passed away, and the game, though it survived in Japan, seems to have died out on the Great Continent, except near the extreme West and extreme East of the Himalaya in Baltistan and in Munnipur. From the latter place it was imported into Calcutta in 1864, and, almost immediately afterwards, from the former *via* Cashmir into the Punjab. Polo is the Balti name for the ball with which the game is played!

The Maharajah of Vizianagram, writing lately in reply to an invitation from Captain Bagot to polo on the Island at Madras, said that he would be happy to join the old game of Chaugān.

6. Went in the afternoon with Hanbury Williams

to hear the Minstrels of the Maharajah of Mysore play Canarese airs on the Vina. One of those which they played was by His Highness himself. Miss Martin, who was present, had selected them, and very pretty they were.

10. Read a paper by Mr. Remenyi upon Hindu music, lent me by Miss Martin. He thinks that Hindu music, in its present state, is just where our music was in the fifteenth century, when "the genius of Palestrina flashed in and put order into the Gregorian moods, which came from the East."

13. I made my inevitable appearance at the Wellington Races, and said "Plaudite" in my heart, as I drove away.

The afternoon was very lovely, and the three little girls were playing on the lawn, in the most charming way, with their black goat and the two black and white kids, as I started for my ride. *Et in Arcadia Ego!*

15. I have now, if my calculation is correct, given just ten years of life directly to India. During twenty-one days of 1868, five whole years from 1st January 1869 to December 1873, and fifty-one days of 1874 I was Under-Secretary of State in charge

of its affairs in the House of Commons. I travelled for a hundred days through the length and breadth of it in 1874-75, and I have now been Governor of Madras for four years and one hundred and ninety-three days.

17. I talked with Dr. Duncan about public-speaking, and mentioned to him the story which Cardwell told me on 7th February 1879 (see above), about Dr. Chalmers' use of "*iterashion*." He said, in illustration of it, that Robert Hall had once been present when Chalmers was preaching, and that he had kept constantly repeating, loud enough to be overheard: "Yes, yes, that's quite right; go on to the next; go on to the next!"

My pretty neighbour on the left at dinner, the wife of a Bombay merchant, told me that her husband was in the habit of wearing a crocodile's tooth on his watch-chain. A German lady asked him, one day, what that charm was? "Oh," he replied, "that is a crocodile's tooth," using the word "muggur," as almost every one does in India. "Oh," she replied, "your mother's tooth? How I should like to have known her. What a fine woman she must have been!"

19. The last Mail but one brought a long letter from Mrs. Craven written on 12th April, her seventy-eighth birthday. Since that I have had her new novel *Le Valbriant* read to me, and find it full of her characteristic charm. The last words are: "Lucie, adieu! La vie est courte, la joie y passe si vite qu'on peut à peine la discerner, mais les peines passent aussi et souvent accompagnées de joies célestes. . . . Ce n'est pas moi qui ai dit cela. C'est une autre; mais elle a dit vrai."

21. A frequent formula in a volume of Tamil Inscriptions at which I have been looking is, "He who injures this charity shall go in the sin of having slain a black cow on the banks of the Ganges."

Compare the words in the Will of Marco Polo given by Colonel Yule: "And if any one shall presume to infringe or violate this Will, may he incur the malediction of God Almighty, and abide bound under the anathema of the 318 Fathers."

European Mail arrives.

A letter from Warren tells me of the end of a curious man whom I saw once or twice with him, when we used to botanise together long years ago: "Poor Newbould is another victim, since I last wrote.

A most unique individuality, chief of *critical* botanists, but quite useless as an organising or classifying botanist. He had a thin vein of distinct genius."

He goes on to describe a lady whom he had met as "the most eminent female collector of book-plates in Britain, one might say in the Universe;" and adds, "so you see that even in my little subject, feminine competition is treading on our heels."

A collection of the speeches which my wife has delivered in Madras has just been published by Messrs. Higginbotham, and I sent home several copies of the book by the Mail of to-day.

25. My walk was cut short on the 23rd by heavy rain. Lawson this morning reports that from 4 P.M. on that day to 8 A.M. the next morning his rain-gauge registered 7 inches and 25 cents. From 8 A.M. yesterday to 8 A.M to-day, the fall was 1·58 only, but showers have been falling this forenoon.

A marvellous sunset over the eucalyptus trees near the house—the colour on the edges of the Cirrho-strati like the red Burmese gold burnished, and the effect heightened by the exquisitely light blue of the sky which bordered them.

28. European Mail arrives.

Arthur Russell incidentally mentions poor May's title, which was, it appears, Lord Farnborough. Days ago came the sad news of his death. When I first heard of his illness, I wrote to him, but the letter can have hardly got half-way to England before he had passed away. For few men had I a greater regard. In so far as the British constitution had any material existence, May was the British constitution.

30. My wife annexed the other day a new pet in the person of a young porcupine, *Hystrix leucura*, very near to the European *Hystrix cristata*.

The bulletin of his health this evening is good, and gives one hopes that he may be as delicate in his tastes as a writer quoted by Sterndale declares his race to be: "They are most scrupulously dainty, and epicurean as to their diet. A pine-apple is left by them until the very night before it is fit to be cut."

June.

3. Walking with Dr. Bidie on the 1st, I saw on the road which runs along the hillside opposite the

main entrance of this house an animal which puzzled us. He writes this morning to say that he now feels sure that "it was a specimen of a *Paradoxurus*, which Jerdon never saw in Southern India, but of which I got several specimens from the Kotagherry side of the range and elsewhere. It is common in Ceylon, and Kelaart, I think, first described it. On these hills, I know, it is multiplying, and, if your Excellency consults Sterndale, you are sure to find it. I notice it in the monograph on the Fauna of Southern India as the *brown Paradoxurus of Ceylon*. It is a large creature of a beautiful brown colour."

Sterndale describes it as *Paradoxurus Zeylanicus*, the golden musang. There seem to be two varieties—the one bright golden, and the other much more brown. The latter is the *P. fuscus* of Kelaart. The golden Paradoxure appears to be a more frugivorous animal than the so-called toddy-cat *Paradoxurus Musanga*, but less easily tamed.

There is nothing *paradoxical* about the tail of any of these creatures; the genus received its name from the accident that the first specimen examined by a European savant chanced to be deformed.

The following passage relating to my interesting

relative *Ainsleia aptera* occurs in a lecture lately delivered at Simla by Colonel Collett, which was read to me this morning :—

"The second plant which I wish to bring to your notice is a member of the numerous family of composites to which the dandelion, daisy, and many other well-known plants belong. Its botanical name is *Ainsleia aptera*, and I have no doubt that all of you have frequently observed it. In the early spring, in the months of March and April, the Simla woods are full of this plant, which at that time presents the appearance of a leafless dry rod or stick, from one to three feet high, and bearing numerous white or whitey-pink flowers in heads of threes. No leaves, either radical or on the stem, are present at this season. The flowers are very numerous, and are, no doubt, extensively cross-fertilised by insects. In due time they set their fruit, and the rods which bore them decay and disappear before the close of the autumn. In June the root-stock throws up large radical leaves, and during the rainy season, from July to September, a fresh stem shoots up bearing on it small leaves and numerous flower-buds. And now comes the remarkable part of the plant's life-history. Towards the end of October, many, in some plants apparently all, of these flower-buds produce fruit in large quantities. No flowers appear, but the prickly involucres open out and liberate the seeds with their long feathery pairs. A careful dissection of

these closed flowers (for they have never opened as the spring-flowers did) shows that each possesses rudimentary corollas hidden by the pappus hairs, small-sized anthers containing pollen-grains and stigmas. We have here a case of what is called cleistogamy; that is of a plant which, in addition to the ordinary open flowers, produces in the autumn closed flowers which are entirely self-fertilised, but which produce a quantity of perfectly fertile seeds. It has long been known that many plants, notably the common violet, produce these closed autumn flowers; but the present case is interesting, first, from the extra-ordinary profusion in which the flowers are produced; and, secondly, from the fact that the genus to which they belong has not yet been recorded as one in which cleisto-gamy occurs. Darwin, in his book on the *Forms of Flowers*, has given a short summary of what is known regarding these curiously degraded flowers, and thinks it probable that they have been developed in order to insure the production of seeds under climatic or other conditions which tend to prevent the fertilisation of the perfect flowers."

4. European Mail arrives.

My letters are, as usual of late, almost exclusively political, and therefore not to be much quoted or commented on in these non-business pages. Many of them may, however, be of interest to those into whose custody they may come at some future day. Never

in our times did passions run so high—and no wonder! for never, since I have known anything of affairs, were such important issues debated.

One of my correspondents, who must have seventy years complete, sends me a very vigorous poem in denunciation of a prominent statesman, the refrain of which is—

"Et abiens se suspendit laqueo."

I reply with the line:

"Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo."

The correspondent to whom I allude is the same who, writing to me some months ago, spoke of the same statesman as "blind Samson Egotistes!"

6. Agnew, who has received, for services in the field, the commission which he had failed to obtain when a boy by competitive examination, writes from Mandalay on the 20th of May: "We expected to be roasted this month, but we have been let off very easily as yet. The glass has not yet reached 100° in my room in the palace; I am well seasoned, and, after the Bolan, find this rather unpleasantly cold."

8. About eleven o'clock this forenoon, the following telegram was put into my hands :

"London, 8th, 1.45 a.m.

"House of Commons thrown out Second Reading Home Rule Bill by 341 against 311 votes."

10. Mr. Glennie, with whom I rode and walked to-day, told me that he once heard a gentleman say at dinner, "I did not know that such and such was a taxidermist." "A taxidermist!" broke in another guest, "Why he's a European!"

11. European Mail arrives.

My letters continue to bear testimony to wilder and wilder excitement in the world of politics. For the first time in the history of the world, the ——s, the most divided family in England, are declared by their mother to be of one[1] mind in their opposition to the new Irish departure!! Kinglake is reported to have said that the support still given to Gladstone in the country is due to the fact that "the English people like to see any one doing mischief."

Miss Lyall writes from Menaggio on 19th May.

"The weather is perfect, the grass full of flowers, roses

[1] Unthinkable! and, as it appears, inexact.—19th July.

in profusion, the Banksia and Noisette a mass of blossom, yellow and white, wreathing their long tendrils round balconies and over pergolas and climbing into dark cypress trees. You know how lovely it is,—the nightingales singing day and night. There is a full moon that rises over the mountains and glitters on the still lake, and gently extinguishes the little sparkle of the lights of Bellaggio on the shore opposite.

"Too beautiful! but whether it is pleasure or pain one feels in gazing 'on such a night as this,' I know not. Anyhow it is emotion, and to lift up one's eyes to the hills alone brought help to King David, so I am very grateful for the melancholy pleasure."

14. The Maharajah of Vizianagram has sent me two plants which he has procured from Nepaul, and which he believes to be young specimens of the tree on which grow the so-called Brahminy or *Rudraksha* beads.

If this be so, he has done a service to science, for, although they are so common, it is not known, even at Kew, from what source they proceed. I have seen them referred to *Eleocarpus Ganitrus*, but it would seem that there is no adequate authority for this idea.

Professor Monier Williams says: "I observe that their connection with Siva-worship is probably due to

their roughness, and to their possessing five divisions corresponding to the god's five faces."

Engaged in "putting my household in order,"—an occupation which (as someone, I think Sir Walter Scott, said) suggests the sequel which Ahithophel gave to it,—I came across one or two things which had an interest for me.

Amongst these was the following passage, which I found in some Notes of my journey from Brindisi to Paris in 1875 :—

"We passed a night at Modena, saw the famous Secchia, a gallery of the third rank, and, strange to say, an extremely pretty synagogue, where the Saturday morning service was being beautifully chanted with organ accompaniment.

"As we walked through the streets on the evening before—that of Good Friday—we came to the cathedral. The great western door between its two noble lions stood wide open, and far away in the darkness two lights, and only two, glimmered on the High Altar. 'How striking,' said Rutson, 'how much more striking than anything we saw in India!'

"We gave an hour to Piacenza, and an hour may well be given to the fine, though dilapidated, cathedral and to the Palazzo del Comune of this sadly fallen place, where the passage of a carriage from the railway station, with two

strangers in it, is so remarkable that the very priest, who is carrying the Viaticum, stops to stare and to gossip with his attendant about so unheard of a circumstance ! "

I found, too, a letter from a Maltese, giving some information with regard to Pietro d' Alessandro, sent me in 1881 or 1882, by Mrs. Borton, who came out with us as far as Malta. Those who know Henry Lushington's very beautiful poem which begins with the words—

"Beside the covered grave
Linger the exiles, though their task is done.
Yes, brethren, from your band one more is gone,
A good man and a brave."

and which closes with the verse—

"Rest in thy foreign grave,
Sicilian ! whom our English hearts have loved,
Italian ! such as Dante had approved,
An exile—not a slave."

may be glad, when visiting Malta, to know that its scene was the cemetery of the Capuchin convent in Floriana.

Of whom was it said: "Elle n'est plus qu'un coeur" ?

Where do the lines occur:

"Hic liber est in quo quaerit sua dogmata quisque,
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua"?

Whence did I take the statement that John Zamoyski said, "Rex regnat et non gubernat" 250 years before Thiers?

Who said, "Ce que je trouve le plus grand chez Monsieur Thiers—c'est sa taille"?

24. European Mail arrives.

A friend sends an account of a dinner at the Speaker's, where her husband met the working men M.Ps., who do not appear in levée or evening dress.

When they had adjourned to the drawing-room, "Mr. Speaker," said one of the guests, "may I call upon Mr. Abraham for a song?" "Certainly," said the Speaker. Mr. Abraham stood up in the middle of the room, and, without accompaniment, sang "The men of Harlech" in Welsh. "Chorus, Mr. Speaker!" he cried, when the first verse was ended. "Chorus, gentlemen," said the Speaker, and they all sang it in Welsh, Sir —— included!!

She mentions another thing characteristic of the times, that whereas at London entertainments, the topic of the Academy is usually worn threadbare, this

year she had only heard it once mentioned, at, appropriately enough, Sir Henry Layard's.

She tells me, too, that an American, called upon to return thanks for the distinguished strangers at a public dinner, said: "This is quite unexpected; in fact, when I came into this room, I felt much like Daniel in the lion's den."

"You don't seem to see it?"

"Why, when Daniel got into that place and looked round, he thought to himself, 'Whoever's got to do the after-dinner speaking, *it won't be me!*'"

28. George Boyle has sent me *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, by the late Principal Shairp of St. Andrews—a man whom I never saw but once, though I have been hearing constantly about him for the last forty years.

The preface to this edition is by the Dean himself.

I read the essays on Wordsworth and Coleridge when they first appeared in the *North British Review*, with which, in those days, I was closely connected, but the interesting paper on Keble I had not seen.

The account of Erskine of Linlathen said little to me; but I suppose the truth is that his was one of those "dæmonic" natures,—a just impression of

which cannot be conveyed to people who did not know him personally. I never set eyes on him, except on one occasion, and I had no conversation with him then.

Mr. Erskine was buried just where the estuary of the Tay broadens out to meet the German Ocean. This circumstance is commemorated in some lines by Miss Noel given at the end of the paper, and lovely enough to have been owned by Meleager himself:—

Toss, ye wild waves,
  Upon the shore,
He is at rest
  For evermore.

Moan o'er the surf,
  Thou wind so drear;
Moan, sob, and wail;
  He will not hear.

Close by he lies:
  But a long sleep
His wondrous smile
  Enchained doth keep.

Roll, thou wild sea,
  Against the shore!—
He is at rest
  For evermore.

They reminded me of some very touching stanzas which I copied, a generation ago, from the *Log of the Pet* by the Rev. R. E. Hughes. These last were translated, if my memory does not deceive me, from an epitaph in the Aland Isles, the key-note of which is struck in the words—

"Gott sey dir gnädig O meine Wonne!"

July

2. European Mail arrives.

Lubbock writes :—

"I suppose you heard of Lord Randolph Churchill's answer to Sir William Harcourt, when he reproved him for saying Mr. Gladstone had 'jockeyed' the party, and said it was language suitable only to the Derby. 'And the hoax (Oaks),' said Lord Randolph across the table."

Mrs. Boyle writes :—

"A little carpenter-wasp has stealthily made his nest in the key-hole of my painting desk ; the work is finished, and the little fellow has quietly disappeared. Unlike mortals, he, or rather she, knows when it is time to die. There is something very touching, I think, in the steadfast, untiring work, and then the quiet going away into oblivion."

3. I have been dipping often of late into Evelyn's Diary, which I have not opened for some years and never knew well. What strikes me most is its curiously *modern* character.

Take, as a single example, the conversation with Pepys about the Navy on 7th March 1689. Put vessels steaming 20 knots an hour for "Fregats" like the Constant Warwick; put Torpedoes for Fireships, and you might hear much the same any day in Pall Mall.

A phrase used by Macaulay in his description of the battle of Sedgmoor has lingered in my memory ever since I read it when his *History* first came out: "But still the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms and sold their lives dearly."

It is really Evelyn's. He writes: "The slain were most of them Mendip miners, who did great execution with their tools, and sold their lives very dearly."

Nothing is more interesting in the book than the account of Mary Evelyn, who died at nineteen. It compares, and most advantageously, with what we know even of Mrs. Hutchinson, who, though much older, was her contemporary.

How reputations die! I see that Evelyn bracketed

Elizabeth Weston with Lady Jane Grey ; and now I suppose hardly one educated man in a hundred ever heard of the former. I do know her name by a mere accident, for I picked up her Latin poems when I was a boy in Germany, and gave them some years later to Mr. Peacock, the author of *Gryll Grange*, whose name will be found in these Notes for 1853.

8. European Mail arrives.

The words quoted under date of 19th May, with which *Le Valbriant* closes, were very familiar to me ; but I could not lay my hand upon them. I wrote accordingly to ask whence they came, and learn to-day that they occur in the very same letter which I cited in these Notes under date of 8th May last year. Such tricks does memory play us !

With reference to something I had sent to her, Mrs. Craven writes :—

"I was not only touched at the words you quoted as a proof of your remembering where and when you had read them, but still more at the advice they were meant to convey.

"Indeed, indeed, what is Science and Education and Civilisation, if no higher thought crowns them. *Tout ce qui finit est si court !*"

—— sends me a *mot* of Lyulph Stanley's.

"Wait to the end," said Herbert Gladstone; "and you will see that my father has not played his last card."

"Then that card, we hope, will be P.P.C."

A correspondent tells me that Kinglake was recently startled by a lunatic, who came to say that his late wife had appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to find and convert William Alexander Kinglake to Catholicism at once.

Kinglake replied that even in heaven he would expect accuracy, and that his name was Alexander William Kinglake. This, and a steady gaze, so "froze" his visitor, that he withdrew.

12. Miss Somers Cocks mentioned at breakfast that her brother in Canada was engaged in digging a well, when it suddenly occurred to him that, as it was not boarded up, and he was thirty feet down, the position was somewhat critical.

"What if the earth should fall in?" he called to an American workman above.

"Guess we should put a stone over you," was the exhilarating answer.

When last staying with us, she asked one day at

dinner a riddle, which was quite new to me: "Why do most marriages take place in winter?" "Because at that season women want muffs, and men comforters."

16. European Mail arrives.

John Warren writing about the list of plants in the Government House Park at Madras, which I had sent him, says: "But, Lord, what a different world and another vegetable planet it all is. I should not know above a dozen of them even to bow to, and not above six to shake hands with. How very poor you are in composites and umbel-bearers; while in *Cyperaceae* and *Gramineae*, the cut square piece of turf of many a lark in a bird-fancier's in the Seven Dials could put you to a blush. Well, one can't help one's disadvantages, and you could retort upon me here with a vengeance in some of your strong orders if you have a mind. What can I do in *Acanthaceae*, what in *Palmaceae?*—a miserable nothing!"

It was by last Mail that I received a letter from ——, a passage in which curiously reflects the extraordinary state of what was so lately the United Liberal Party: "I ask myself whether one is in the same world as that which held one last year, when I find

myself counting up the safe Conservative seats, and anxiously scanning every possible chance of Gladstonian defeat in town or country, and when one remembers how one watched the last election, hanging on every Liberal gain as so much added promise of victory over a Tory-Parnellite combination! What a kaleidoscope it is!"

18. It is the usual weather of Ootacamund at this season. Clouds hang low around the basin-shaped valley, which execute, from time to time, strategic movements down the gorges, and meet the wayfarer in the shape of rain or mist, blown now from this, now from that, point of the compass.

19. I mentioned to ——, Sir Thomas Wade's happy saying about the phonograph repeating the nursery rhyme, "Hey diddle-diddle," at the soirée of the Royal Society, better than anything else.

"When the cow jumped over the moon," she asked, "how did it get down?"

"By the Milky Way!"

22. Writing to Mrs. Bishop to-day, I was able to congratulate her upon her very felicitous description of the style of *Le Valbriant*, as "graceful and iridescent, rather than sparkling."

26. Mr. Edwin Arnold's *India Revisited* has recently been read to me, and I looked through it again this morning. The inaccuracies are numerous, but in writing of that sort, inaccuracies are unimportant. I do not think I have met with any book which would so well convey to its reader the general impression which India is likely to make upon the eye and mind of a sympathetic and properly prepared winter visitor.

The newest portion of the work to me, bating the chapter on Ceylon, was the account of Paniput, where the people were busy with their cotton and supremely indifferent to the Mahabharata!

Not less unfamiliar were two lines which Rajah Siva Prasad repeated to Mr. Arnold at Benares :—

"He is unknown to whoso think they know ;
And known to whoso know they know Him not."

I extract from the pleasant pages about Madras the following passage (see these Notes for January 1886) :—

"The only fact that could be mentioned by me at all to match the odd thoughts suggested by this Roman coin, with its device of *Ob Britannos devictos*,—in connection with the same locality,—was one regarding the famous old ship, *Mayflower*, which bore the Pilgrim Fathers to New

England. It has recently been ascertained that this vessel was chartered in 1659 A.D., by the East-India Company, and went to Masulipatam from Gombroon for a cargo of rice and general produce. She was lost upon the voyage home, one of the ships whose history is linked with that of the birth and uprise of great nations, like the *Aureus* in the Madras Museum."

27. I returned this afternoon from Coonoor, whither I went on the 24th to try the effect of a change of air on some ailments with which I have recently been teased. The Fates were, however, adverse, and the weather abominable. Lawson was with me; but save in that it recalled to my recollection one or two trees which I had seen last year and forgotten, the expedition brought me no botanical profits.

General Chamier and his daughter dined with us on the 25th. The conversation turned upon his Huguenot ancestry. One of the family received from Henry IV. the motto "Fortis, generosus, fidelis;" but General Chamier bears as his crest a crown, out of which rises a hand holding a scroll, with the words "Aperto vivere voto." The scroll represents the Edict of Nantes, with the drawing up of which a Chamier was associated.

For the first time I saw, on the way to, and near, Coonoor, acres and acres of the "Nilgiri blue flower," *Strobilanthes Kunthianus*, in full blossom. I am sufficiently familiar with isolated specimens of the plant; but it has never been out in profusion at this season since I came to Madras.

30. The Mail arrives.

Rees, who has been travelling in Japan, writes that "The British sailor at Yokohama is called the Damuraiso hito. This is onomatopoeic, and explains itself."

Madame Renan writes:—

"Quand je vois qui gouverne actuellement la Présidence de Madras, et l'Inde entière, j'avoue que je trouve les Indiens mieux partagés que bien des nations de l'Europe, à commencer par notre cher pays. Ne serait-ce pas une vérité à enseigner à nos paysans et à nos ouvriers que 'it is very little that a government can do towards creating material prosperity'? Combien n'aurions-nous pas évité de crises politiques si cette vérité était plus généralement répandue chez nous? Les conseils scientifiques que vous donnez aux élèves de l'Université de Madras pourraient servir à tous les travailleurs. Vous connaissez si admirablement l'Inde qu'il m'a semblé la connaître avec vous. Ce discours et les notes de votre voyage dans votre Prési-

dence sont un résumé des besoins intellectuels et matériels du pays que vous gouvernez qui resteront comme de précieux documents."

Speaking of the book mentioned under date of 15th April, she adds :—

"La Comtesse de Noër a en effet envoyé à mon mari un volume de lettres et de souvenirs du Comte. Il était fort sympathique et il avait des aspirations très nobles. La dernière fois que je l'ai vu à Paris, il projetait de nous accompagner dans un voyage d'Orient que les évènements d'Égypte nous ont empêchés d'entreprendre."

31. I looked up a phrase which puzzled me in an official paper—"the Nandana famine,"—and found that it meant the famine of the year 1832, commonly called by Europeans, the Guntur famine. The word Nandana recurs as the name of a year every sixty years. The people of the district which it affected are in the habit of speaking of the Guntur famine as the famine of Nandana. "So used," says the Kistna Manual, "it is intelligible, for the speaker can have seen only one Nandana; but Nandana used in a document might refer to 1772 or 1712 A.D."

August

1. My wife asked Mrs. Maclean to improvise on the piano something upon the Collect for the day (Sixth Sunday after Trinity): "Oh God who hast prepared for them that love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding."

She instantly played a Chorale, which seemed to me of extraordinary beauty. Even her husband, the severest of judges, admitted that it was very good.

6. Coleridge, writing of the late Sir Henry Taylor, says most truly—

"He was not, I think, very assimilative of new ideas or forms, and terribly given to pay his pound sterling in coppers. I mean if he gave you a thought or a memory worth having, it was in a prodigious number of words, not poured out but dropped down deliberately one by one. He was a magnificent-looking fellow and a most perfect and kindly gentleman. He certainly had distinction, and distinction is rare nowadays."

What a revulsion of feeling! The same friend[1] who penned the striking description of Gladstone, which will be found under date of 22nd August

[1] John Webster of Edgehill.

1884, now writes that his "continuance as an active element in politics constitutes *the* real danger to the Empire." And adds: "We have just escaped from the peril of shipwreck by default of our pilot, and can speak of nothing but our own deliverance."

Mrs. Greg is going to settle for the summer on the banks of a pretty lake near Klagenfurth, and speaking of the present state of English Society, observes: "I never get a glimpse into it without feeling thankful that I am not in it at present. It makes me look forward with a sense of grateful repose to 'the rude Carinthian boor.'"

Mr. Morris, who has become Assistant Director at Kew, reports by the Mail, which arrived to-day, that the steps which I took some time ago to introduce the black pepper from Tellicherry into Jamaica, have been completely successful.

As the Malabar pepper-trade with Europe goes back to the most hoar antiquity, it is strange that the plant which produces pepper should not, as it would seem, ere this, have reached the West Indian Islands.

8. I have had *Der Kampf der Bulgaren* read to me —a singularly clear and brightly written record of events, about which I was very imperfectly informed.

The most remarkable feature of the whole story is neatly set forth in the following sentence :—

"If a General wins a battle, there is nothing surprising in it, and after all it is only his duty ; but if a Captain is taken from the command of his company to be put at the head of ten or twenty thousand men and leads them to victories, which Generals grown grey in the service might envy—that is quite another affair !"

A General, whose name is not given, but who seems to have been of the same opinion as Sidonia in *Coningsby*, said to Major von Huhn : "That army will always be victorious which has the courage to place all its old officers on the retired list at the very commencement of hostilities."

13. European Mail arrives.

John Warren writes :—

"Your epitaphs are for English ones as good as they can be. Peel's is admirable, and Houghton's on Charles Buller extremely successful. I will try and supply the rest. Do you know old Hallam's on his son ? I remember fragments. When one has an actual something to say, such as achievement to record, or early promise to lament, it *can* be said in English. But my point rather is, that if you have nothing particular to say monumentally, it can be said in Latin and not in English. Odd what

good English epitaphs that seventh-rate poet Hayley wrote. They are in so many of the South Coast churches."

The epitaph on Buller, of which I had quoted part in a letter to him, is in Westminster Abbey. The one on Peel was repeated to me ages ago, but I have never had an opportunity of verifying it:—

To
Sir ROBERT PEEL, Bart.,
To whom the people
Have raised many monuments
In many places,
His family have raised this monument
In the place where he lies buried.

A friend writes:—

"One passage in Morley's *Life* struck me as having a remarkable present application. It is from a letter of Cobden's to Chevalier, vol. ii. p. 177: 'All men of the age of seventy-two, with unsatisfied ambition, are desperadoes.' For seventy-two lege seventy-six."

Asa Gray writes from Cambridge, Massachusetts:—

"I have seen very little tropical vegetation *in situ*. We did—my wife and I—get a slight touch, when visiting the city of Mexico last winter; we ran on to Orizaba and Cordoba, but this was only on the verge, though well worth seeing."

The newspapers which have arrived by this mail report the death of my old acquaintance, Sir Robert Anstruther. It was of him, when he was making a rather vigorous, amusing speech, after his attendance in the House had been interrupted by a bad illness, that Bright said to me, "Typhoid does some people a great deal of good"!

15. Miss Moxon read to me Arthur Stanley's lecture on Socrates. I wonder if any one has written down a curious story which Lord Houghton told me. Years ago the British Association met near the residence of the late Bishop Thirlwall. Amongst the distinguished strangers present was Professor Forchhammer (the same with whom I came into some slight relations about the Augustenburg affairs in 1864). One day, during the meeting, this worthy came to Lord Houghton, and said: "Every one is going over to the Bishop's Palace, but I have had no invitation." "Oh," rejoined Lord Houghton, "that is a mere oversight; I will arrange everything for you." He went to the Bishop and said, "Professor Forchhammer has not got a card. Of course, you mean him to come?" "By no means," was the rejoinder; "nothing would induce me to ask to my

house a man who has defended the execution of Socrates!"

Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?

18. I was amused to find this afternoon a more ancient sanction than I was aware of, for that grand mixing of the earth's flora, for which (see these Notes for 2nd May 1884) the Kew people have been making me responsible. I see in the Essays at the end of the first volume of Sayce's *Herodotus* that Tiglath Pileser I., the great Assyrian conqueror, who was at the height of his power, B.C. 1130, tried, in imitation of the Babylonian princes, to acclimatise in Royal Botanical Gardens some of the trees he had met with in his campaigns.

On the same page, I observe the statement that Indian teak timber has been found at Mughier in Babylonia, one of the places, if I mistake not, which has been identified with Ur of the Chaldees.

Sayce mentions that the mythical history of Babylonia goes back to 432,000 years before the Deluge. Xisuthros, the hero of that event, is exactly the Noah of Genesis. He was ordered by the gods to build a ship, to pitch it within and without, and to stock it with animals of every species. The dove

and the raven both figure in the story, but between the two comes a swallow, who, like the dove, returned to the Ark. Xisuthros and his wife were translated like the biblical Enoch, and the object of building the tower, by which the sky was to be scaled under the leadership of the giant Etana, called Titan by the Greeks, was to enable the people who built it to scale the sky, and obtain for themselves the happy immortality of Xisuthros.

Sayce says that the Assyrian Sabattu or Sabbath was defined as meaning "completion of work," and "a day of rest for the soul." This institution would appear to go back even to the period of the Accadians, who spoke an agglutinative language quite distinct from the Semitic dialects of Babylonia and Assyria, the former of which, the Sanskrit of the Semitic tongues, was closely allied to Hebrew and Phœnician, more distantly to Arabic, and more distantly still to Aramaic.

20. —— writes that —— says, "St. Patrick in driving the snakes and toads out of Ireland, seems also to have banished all the facts."

—— sends from Devonshire a rather doubtful tale of the newly-enfranchised :—

"Who do you vote for?"

"I vote for the lady."

"There isn't one standing for the place."

"Well, Poll Early's name comes on my ballot-paper, before the names of the two men, and I thought I'd vote for her."

21. —— mentioned, in writing to me the other day, a probably *ben trovato* story to the effect that a Jewish gentleman, whose name was Cahen, and who lived at Antwerp, had taken to sign as "Cahen d'Anvers." Then he altered this signature into "C. d'Anvers," but unluckily signed in this way a letter to a co-religionist, one Herr Oppenheim, who lived at Köln on the Rhine, and received a reply subscribed "O. de Cologne."

European Mail arrives.

Pollock writes, and the turn of expression is natural in a translator of Dante:—

"As to general matters, I have hardly yet recovered from the state of dismay into which one was thrown by Mr. Gladstone's Irish Scheme, nor from the intense feeling of satisfaction at its defeat, and the escape from a peril so terrible:

'Come quei che con lena affannata
Usciti fuor del pelago alla riva,
Si volge all' acqua perigliosa e guata.'"

J. R. Byrne writes of a coincidence :—

"It was nothing to a string of coincidences which befel me the other day, so curious of their kind that they are worth repeating. I was travelling with an old Indian officer, a Colonel Moore, when we fell to talking of Ireland ; and he remarked : 'My father was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and changed his religion in mature life, and went out as a civilian to Madras, and had five sons, and dying left directions that they should be brought up in the faith of the Church of England ;' and after each sentence, I could only exclaim, 'So was mine,' or 'so did mine,' even to the five sons and the posthumous directions ; and I begged him not to go further, for fear we should turn out to be the same person, or fall into each other's arms like Box and Cox, exclaiming, 'Then you *are* my brother.'"

George Boyle sends me a notice of the late Principal Shairp, written immediately after his death, in which occurs the following passage :—

"'What is your favourite verse in the *Christian Year?*' Shairp was asked a year ago, as he stood gazing on the Almond dashing through the woods of Lynedoch. 'I have no hesitation,' was the answer :

'The eye in smiles may wander round,
Caught by earth's shadows as they fleet ;

But for the soul no help is found,
Save Him who made it, meet.'"[1]

29. The conversation at dinner turning on long scientific names, Mr. Hooper mentioned that the crystals which occur on the pods of the vanilla are known to the chemist as,

Methyl-ethyl-pyro-catechuic Aldehyde!

Mr. Bruce Foote writes from Paumben :—

"Altogether the neighbourhood is admirably adapted for a Biological Station, and we are reaping a rich harvest. Considering how short a time we have been at it, our spoils are very great and encouraging, and we have been more or less successful in nearly every group of marine life. Corals are the most striking of our finds at present, from their numbers and great size and beauty. Thurston has already enough to fill a special gallery in the museum with first-class specimens. Sponges are very numerous, and many of them very lovely in form and colour. Fish and Echinoderms are about equally represented, and have yielded many choice specimens. Mollusca, too, make a very satisfactory show, and we have got living examples of many genera which, in my former expedition to these parts, I had only got as dead

[1] Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

shells. In Crustaceans we have been very successful so far, and so also in Annelida. Ascidians are very rare, only one or two minute forms having been got by surface dredging. This latter style of collecting has yielded many other lovely objects of microscopic character, including Pteropods, larval Crustaceans and Medusoids.

"The reefs are very rich in Algae and an Algologist would be in his glory here, but as neither of us has gone in for that branch, we are not attempting collections in it; we have more than enough to occupy every spare moment in purely zoological collecting. Even if the remainder of our hunting season should prove but poor in results, Thurston will yet take back to the museum by far the largest accession to its zoological side it has ever received, and it will be a very strange thing if, among so many treasures, some should not prove new to science, and the museum thus come into possession of type specimens."

. . . . . .

"All educated men owe you great gratitude for having put science in Madras in the place she deserves, but has not heretofore occupied. I am very sorry you will not be here much longer to foster the good cause; but I trust the impetus given to it has been so great that it will continue moving with real energy and effectually prevent the scientific light of Madras being, in many branches, again hid under a bushel."

31. A small dinner to the Commander-in-Chief.

The decoration of the table, as so often in this land of flowers, was as beautiful as simple. From end to end of it ran a long broad band of the yellow *Acacia dealbata*, now in its glory, bordered by a thin line of dark green leaves and dotted with fuchsias contrasted with the white *Polymnia*. Out of this rose dishes full of the apples of Europe, the mangosteens of the Indian Archipelago, and the snowy flowers of the South African *Richardia*.

September

1. Down early to the point known as Charing Cross to say good-bye to the Commander-in-Chief, who, with Brigadier-General Elles and others, is starting for Burma.

Colonel Shelley Leigh Hunt dined with us. He told me that he entirely disbelieved the story current about ten years ago that Shelley was murdered, and is convinced that the boat was accidentally run down. Williams who was drowned with the poet in 1822 was Colonel Hunt's grandfather. Mrs. Williams died only last year at the age of ninety-four. Leigh

Hunt, too, lived longer than I had imagined, dying as late as 1859.

3. When I made the entry about Falaise, on 15th May 1883, I had entirely forgotten the following passage in "Sinai and Palestine," which I reviewed in the *Saturday*, more than thirty years ago.

Speaking of the house of Simon the Tanner at Jaffa, Stanley says :—

"It is curious that two other celebrated localities may be still identified in the same manner. One is in Jerusalem. At the southern end of the Church of the Sepulchre stood the palace of the Knights of St. John. When Saladin took the Holy City, it is said that he determined to render the site of the palace for ever contemptible, by turning it into a tannery. And a tannery still remains with its offensive sights and smells amongst what are the undoubted remains of that ancient home of European chivalry. Another case is nearer home. Every one knows the story of the parentage of William the Conqueror, how his father, under the romantic cliff of Falaise, saw Arlette amongst the tanneries. There, again, the tanneries still take advantage of the running streams which creep round the foot of the rock—living memorials of the ancient story."

M. Arnold writes from America :—

"Nature,—I must give the rest of my letter to that, in

memory of our walk at Eden, where you showed me the difference between Hawkbit and Cat's Ear, took me to where *Linnaea* and the *Goodyera repens* grew, and founded my botanical education. In beauty and form the landscape of the Eastern and Middle States (I have seen no more) is deficient ; this Berkshire county in Massachusetts, where I now am, which the Americans extol, is not to be compared to the lakes of Scotland. The streams, too, are poor ; not the great rivers, but the streams and mountain brooks. The heat is great in summer, and in winter the cold is excessive ; the mosquito is everywhere. But the flowers and trees are delightfully interesting. On a woody knoll behind this cottage the undergrowth is Kalmia, which was all in flower when we came ; the *Monotropa uniflora* (Indian Pipe or Corpse plant as they call it here—excellent names) is under every tree, the *Pyrola rotundifolia* in masses. Then we drive out through boggy ground, and towering up everywhere are the great meadow Rue, beautifully elegant, the *Helianthus giganteus* and the milk-weed ; this last (*Asclepias*) in several varieties and very effective. I believe it is an American plant only, and so I think is the shrubby Cinque-foil, which covers waste ground as the whin does with us. The poke-weed (*Phytolacca*) is, I think, American too, and quite a feature by the wood-borders in Pennsylvania. But the great feature in Pennsylvania was the rhododendron by the stream sides, and shining in the damp thickets : bushes thirty feet high, covered with white trusses. I

was too late for the azalea and for the dog-wood, both of them, I am told, most beautiful here. The Cardinal flower I shall see; it is not out yet. A curious thing is our garden golden rod of North England and Scotland, which grows everywhere like the wild golden rod with us; they have more than thirty kinds of Solidago. What would I give to go in your company for even one mile on any of the roads out of Stockbridge. The trees, too, delight me; I had no notion what maples really were, thinking only of our pretty hedgerow shrub at home; but they are, as of course you know, trees of the family of our sycamore, but more imposing than our sycamore or more delicate. The sugar-maple is more imposing; the silver-maple more delicate. The American elm I cannot prefer to the English, but still I admire it extremely. And the fringe-tree! and the wigged sumach; this latter growing with a strength of shoot and an exuberance of wig, which one never sees in England."

. . . . . .

"The fishing is, as the Americans say, 'a fraud'; the rivers all fished out. 'Where every man may take liberties, no man can enjoy any' (Coleridge)."

My sister's letters from Gross Tabartz (five of them) are full of the great Heidelberg quincentenary, in which both her sons, the elder a student on the Neckar bank and the younger still a gymnasiast at Weimar, took a part—the former a very prominent

one, in connection with the society known as the Vineta. *Inter alia* she writes :—

"I copy a letter of Aloys's for you.

"'Here, in Heidelberg, the "troubel" is tremendous, and the crowd *unermesslich*. Imagine! all the men who have studied here have flocked together, and all of them, even the old gentlemen with long white beards, wear their student caps and go to the Kneipe *und machen alles mit*, often with their wives.

"'The festive look of the town cannot be exaggerated: every street has thousands of flags and garlands of all countries. Every carriage is all over little flags, every boat on the Neckar; the *Fest Hall* is gorgeous with them, and such a lovely thing altogether!

"'Hermann has enormously much to do. The place where the costumes are "besorgt" looks like a nightmare after reading a *Costum-Geschichte!*

"'I began my *Erlebnisse* by being smuggled into a *Fest Gottesdienst* in the fine old Gothic Heiligen Geist Kirche. It was grand! The usual heaps of flags and garlands, etc., all the *Würdenträger*, *im Ornat*, the whole court, the Kronprinz of Germany, good Musik and a most splendid *Festredner* Professor Bassermann. Then came *ein Frühschoppen* of the *Studentenschaft* under the walls of the castle.

. . . . . .

"'Then, from eight to eleven, came the most fairylike

thing I ever saw! The Schloss fest, *vom Staate gegeben.* (Everything was *frei*, and everything was good—food, bier, and wein.) One went up by long stairs (all made for this one evening) and lighted by electric light; then suddenly one came into the Schlosshof—impossible to give you an idea of it! Every line of the whole building, every window—covered with yellow, red, and green flames everywhere: constantly Bengal lights—overhead the black sky—round one all these splendid men and pretty 'damsels'—patriotic songs gloriously sung by the whole crowd voluntarily (thrilling that!), and suddenly the whole court, the *beautiful Kronprinz* at the head, went through the crowd!

"'This is all but *ein far'bger Abglanz* (Faust) of the reality.'"

. . . . . .

"There is a genuine affectionateness about that—the beautiful 'Kronprinz!' which I like.

"He is being adored at Heidelberg, and surely must enjoy the time there."

8. A year since we started for Simla and my last Council on Stonehouse Hill. Webster reminded me of this as I drove away, and I said a friendly adieu to the pretty yellow lupines which had shot their spikes through the grass, to the blaze of broom on the left and the gnarled rhododrendrons on the right, as, ac-

companied by Bagot, I descended the well-engineered approach, which, like so many things in this place, had no existence when I came to it in 1882.

In the afternoon, I drove with Miss Gordon and Gamble through Fairlawns and along the new road to which they have given my name, stopping at one point to gather *Strobilanthes Pulneyensis*, which was flowering in great profusion. Then, leaving the carriage, we climbed the path, which Gamble has just finished, through the fine Bathri Shola, and came down under Cairnhill where the glow-worms had already lit their lamps.

9. Lady Reay writing from Poona, quotes a passage of Legouvé's about fencing, which appeals to me: "Il y a dans l'exercice de cet art un véritable enivrement et dont le jeu peut seul donner une idée—le jeu avec le vice en moins et la santé en plus."

10. The conversation turned at dinner, a few days ago, upon the sword-fish, the saw-fish, and the narwhal, about which we all got a little "mixed." Now Gamble has sent me Dallas's *Natural History of the Animal Kingdom*, with the passages which relate to these creatures carefully marked.

The sword-fish, *Xiphias gladius*, belongs to the

Xiphiidae, nearly allied to the mackerels, is found frequently in the Mediterranean and sometimes in our British seas. It attains a length of from fifteen to twenty feet, and is extremely predacious, using its bony spear to destroy the larger fishes.

The saw-fish, *Pristis antiquorum*, belongs to the *Rhinobatidae* between the sharks and the rays. It attains a length of from twelve to fifteen feet, seldom approaches the land, and has never been taken on the British Coast.

The narwhal, *Monodon monoceros*, whose so-called "horn" I have at York House, is a Cetacean, closely allied to the dolphin, and is a creature of the Northern seas. The "horn" grows from a permanent pulp like the tusks of the elephant.

I found, while tearing up old papers this morning, a speech which I prepared for an Agri-Horticultural Show at which I presided here on 6th October 1882, but never delivered,—the proceedings having been cut short by heavy rain.

I quote a sentence or two of which I wish to have a record :—

"I have never seen a place to which the productions of distant and dissimilar portions of the temperate zones

appear to take so naturally. If it be true that wit consists in the sudden presentment to the mind of two discordant ideas in close juxtaposition with each other, then this may justly be called the wittiest climate in the world. Some of its results have, at least to my mind, precisely the effect of wit, for I never can see plants which suggest such a totally different set of ideas as the great white arum, *Richardia africana*, which is such a favourite in English conservatories, growing side by side, in the wildest luxuriance, with the "whins" of Northern Scotland, without being inclined to laugh."

And again :

"There never was a region which better deserved the description of the Latin poet—

'Hic ver perpetuum atque alienis mensibus aestas,'

but the climate is a coy beauty, who does not reward the attentions of every suitor.

"Still I do not believe that one-tenth of the useful and beautiful things which might grow here have yet been introduced, and so I say *Experiment*, *Experiment*, *Experiment*, and may this Agri-Horticultural Show have many successors."

I found, too, a note belonging to the year 1871, with reference to the havoc which the antiquaries have worked at the Colosseum, and which I may as well preserve :—

"No one could write now, as I did years ago, in a review of Dr. Deakin's Flora of that building:—

'Independently of any botanical interest, there is surely something unspeakably touching in the way in which Nature has asserted her gentle dominion over the work of human hands. The fierce Normans wreaked their rage upon the Colosseum. The Romans, heedless of the prophecy which bound up the fate of the city with the preservation of the edifice, used it as a stone-quarry. The Popes, its natural guardians, were not less cruel. "Quod non fecere barbari fecere Barberini;" but when things were at the worst, the soft winds of spring and the rains of the Tyrrhene Sea took it under their protection and crowned it with garlands only inferior to those which human valour and virtue have often won in those once so terrible walls.'"

The following bit which was in the same packet, belongs, I think, to 19th July 1879, must have slipped out of its place in that year, and as it does not deserve to perish, I insert it here:—

"The Breakfast Club met at Henry Cowper's. Pollock told us that it was he, and not Sydney Smith, who said to the child who was patting the tortoise, 'You might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's by way of pleasing the Dean and Chapter.' Pollock first put about the story under the name of his father, the Lord Chief

Baron, but it was really his own. The child was his brother George.

"Aberdare quoted an amusing epitaph on an ecclesiastic who was fond of catching eels :

'Gaudent anguillae quia nunc est mortuus ille
Presbyter Andraeas qui capiebat eas!'

and a very striking inscription which he had read on a sun-dial at Monza :

'Quod fuit est et erit, perit articulo brevis horae :
Ergo quid prodest esse fuisse fore ?
Esse fuisse fore heu ! tria florida sunt sine flore,
Nam simul omne perit quod fuit est et erit.'"

My next *trouvaille* belonged to my Portsmouth visit of September 1879 :—

"Another of the Fanshawes' guests was Sir Hastings Doyle, who mentioned that he had once been close behind a Mrs. Auger when she presented her little girl to Lincoln. 'And this,' said the mother, 'is Miss Auger.' 'Ah!' replied the President, 'a little gimlet I suppose.'

"Admiral Fanshawe told me that as midshipman he was on board the *Madagascar* when, just after the three days of July it ran in to Toulon and saluted the *Tricolor*, the first of Her Majesty's ships which did so. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. If the officers asked the price of any article which they bought in the shops, the answer was 'rien pour vous, Messieurs.'"

European Mail arrives.

Clara, by desire of Mr. Spencer Walpole with whom she is staying in the Isle of Man, sends me a question and answer:—"Why am I a Radical?" "Because my mother-in-law is a Conservative."

Dyer writes: "It is quite sad to think that the time is rapidly drawing near when the personal interest of a Governor, which most of all in my time has enriched Kew, must cease."

I attended the last of Dr. Maclean's really brilliant musical afternoons, which have been a most agreeable feature in the Ootacamund season of 1886. My wife, who has taken a very active part in them throughout, played to-day in the Overture to Spohr's Last Judgment and to the Nachtlager of Kreutzer.

I am very grateful to Ootacamund, which has been most useful both to my wife and to the children, who like her are devoted to it; but I have never myself cared much either for the climate or the life. The views over Mysore are often charming, and there are many pretty places scattered here and there on the plateau; but without going so far as Lord Napier, who thought "the Hills ugly and uninteresting," I find, except on their edges, very little charm, and

none of the poetry of Guindy or even of Government House at Madras, where the sea is, except in the worst weather, a constant delight. Hence I have never put on paper any description of the Ootacamund House and its surroundings, or of the ordinary course of the days. "On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime." I have the greatest esteem and regard for Ootacamund. I believe it will increase steadily in importance, although I think it would be a great mistake to make it our only capital, "mais je ne l'aime pas."

13. Lawson, Gamble, the Shaw-Stewarts, and others dined with us last night. We had a brief informal Council in Government House at eleven this morning, and by two the last detachment got off. A large concourse of friends and acquaintances was gathered to say good-bye near the great *Acacia melanoxylon*, which stands in the open space under the slopes of Mountstuart, and a watery gleam of sunshine broke through the mist on it, on the native troops, and on the volunteers. The Chamiers came to meet us at Coonoor, Mrs. Lindsay a little down the Ghât, while at the point where the road branches off to Ibex Lodge were Gamble, Colonel Jago, and a number of their Forest subordinates.

The heavy rains had brought the foliage to great perfection, the waterfalls were full and the rocks stood nobly out. The evening lights are better for this beautiful pass than those of morning or midday.

The Nílgiris looked extremely grand as, robed in clouds and seen through heavy rain, they stood up beyond the Bhawani Valley. Then night gathered in, and the curtain fell.

14. It rose in Madras on the brilliant uniform of the Body Guard and their lances glittering in the sun.

The rains have been exceptionally heavy, and the whole place is green. In the evening I rode with Bagot along the Marina. The Rotten Row, which I have created, is now finished as far as the Cathedral Road, and the fishing-village, which five months ago was so great an eyesore, has not only disappeared, but disappeared so entirely that its site is already almost covered by vegetation.

16. European Mail arrives.

Coleridge writes :—

"I saw the great John Henry at Birmingham *very* weak in body, yet with no real ailment on him, and in mind as fresh as he was fifty years ago. He was full of Greek plays and music and Gladstone, and was delightful

on them all—fresh in interest, delicate in criticism, very charitable and kindly in judgment."

Mrs. Greg writes from Linz, a name which carries one's thoughts back to the time when, fourteen years ago, we were there together :—

"I am still living much in the Récit. How I envy the saints—such saints as the La Ferronays, not their chances for the future, for I believe ours, whatever they are, to be as good as theirs ; but their consolations in this life. They are *helped through* in a way that we can know nothing of, however ardently we may wish it."

20. By the Mail, which leaves this to-morrow, go off to the India Office five copies of the Minute on the administration of this Presidency since I took charge of its government, which has occupied of late so much of my thoughts. It contains sixty-one large blue-book pages, and is dated to-day.

Unlike the documents mentioned in these Notes for September and November 1884, it is arranged not geographically but by subjects.

The following are its first seven paragraphs :—

1. "'Do not hope that there ever will be a republic of Plato. Let it suffice thee to improve things a little, and do not consider this result as a success of but moderate importance.' These were the words which one of the

wisest of earth's rulers, in the possession of what is commonly considered supreme power over about one hundred and twenty millions of men, addressed to himself; and I know no better advice for one to take to heart who, stepping out of the Parliamentary life of Great Britain, suddenly finds himself in India, mainly responsible for the weal or woe of more than thirty millions, of whom only a few hundreds belong to his own race.

2. "The first impulse of such an one will often be to try to make the institutions amidst which he finds himself, as like, as circumstances will permit, to those which he has left behind.

3. "From that natural and generous error, I was saved by various circumstances, amongst them by having formed, for more than five years, a portion of the machinery which connects the great paternal autocracy of India with the crowned democracy at home.

4. "I determined, from the very first, neither to form nor to adopt any wide schemes, but to be content with carefully examining the condition of the Madras Presidency, with a view to introducing those practical improvements, to which I should eventually see my way.

5. "Long before my first year of office was over, I took an opportunity of announcing publicly that this was my intention.

6. "Speaking at Tinnevelly on the 13th September 1882, I said :—'It only remains to thank you for all the good wishes which you have expressed with regard to my

administration. I trust that to the eye of the distant observer, which is attracted only by sudden changes and startling effects, it may appear utterly dull and uneventful; but I shall be disappointed if, when it is over, those who are brought into immediate contact with it are not able to say, amongst other things, that during its course the Presidency of Madras obtained the right of using, for her own urgent needs, a larger proportion of the taxation levied within her borders; that those of our departments which were not in a satisfactory condition, such as the Forest Department, had been put on a better footing; that the best men throughout our various services had very early in the day come to know that their work was watched with sympathetic interest at Headquarters; and that they were not reduced to hopelessness by seeing all the most influential positions bestowed, as a matter of course, upon meritless seniority.

"'These are not very sensational ambitions, and the record of their fulfilment would no doubt read, even when recorded by the ablest pen, as if it were traced with opium upon sheets of lead,—a phrase which was, by the bye, originally used about the philosopher[1] who wrote the life of the statesman, with whose spirit a wise ruler of this part of India would most, I think, desire to be filled, the life of Turgot.

"'Of such good dulness, however, is woven the happiness of nations. I do not think one could anywhere find

[1] Condorcet.

a district which more naturally raises such thoughts than this of Tinnevelly for Bishop Caldwell, who has so well told its history, finds it necessary to fill pages upon pages with the events which occurred during the terrible period which preceded its passing under British rule, while he finds a paragraph or two quite enough to describe the unbroken progress and prosperity of the last eighty years. And why? Because those eighty years have been years of profound peace, whereas, before they began, Tinnevelly had never, from the beginning of time, known, as the Bishop very truly observes, eighty consecutive months, perhaps not even eighty consecutive weeks of peace.'

7. "The object of this paper is to set forth what has been effected, and incidentally to indicate in what directions I should advance during the next few years, if I were beginning, not ending, my period of office."

Its 508th and last paragraph ran as follows:—

"Other *lustra* may bring other duties, as they will certainly bring to the helm of affairs in this Presidency many persons, who will fulfil those which I have enumerated with an amount of ability to which I can lay no claim; but I am well assured that they will never bring to the great office which I am soon to vacate anyone who is more attached to India and its inhabitants, or more anxious to promote their best interests, according to his lights."

On the 15th my wife had an afternoon gathering of native ladies in the Banqueting Hall, and on the

16th, in the same place, an evening reception, with dancing. On the 18th she laid the foundation stone of the Victoria Caste Hospital, which she has called into existence, drawing even the plans and the elevation.

We attended after dinner a singularly picturesque garden party at the Nawab Begum's, with whom I had, of course through the purdah, a brief interview.

25. About half-past four on the 21st, my wife, Victoria, Lily, Iseult, Captain Bagot, Colonel Mackinnon and I left Government House. The first five accompanied by Batchelor, by an ayah, by the terrier Xit, by Coco my Australian cockatoo, who came from York House with us, by a superb Lory which is a recent acquisition, by two Java sparrows, by the "tame, but angry little creature," mentioned under date of 13th April, by its friend bought by my wife at Marseilles in 1884, and by the pretty *Palaeornis columboides*, also noticed under date of 13th April, were all bound for the Thames—the rest of us only for Colombo.

A large number of persons gathered along the route and at the pier to say good-bye to my wife, while some came on board the *Pekin*, which, with

yards manned and dressed with flags, was lying ready for sea.

By about breakfast time on the 22nd we were opposite the mouth of Palk's Straits, and a rather fresh breeze was coming up through them. By 7 P.M. we were off Trincomalee, but far out of sight of land.

When I awoke on the 23rd the land was near, and a little later the coast scenery became very picturesque, I saw, too, ere long, the strange boats of Ceylon, so often described, and re-read, before going on deck, the scene in the Trinità dei Monti, which belongs to this day.

About ten o'clock we were off Dondra Head, in latitude 5° 53′, the most southern piece of land on which my eye has yet rested, and an hour or two later we saw the entrance to Galle Harbour—once so important, but now rarely visited.

At four we were in sight of Mount Lavinia, and rapidly nearing the fine breakwater of Colombo. Sir Arthur Gordon came on board with his staff soon after we entered the Port, and we proceeded to Queen's House.

As evening fell, he and I quarter-decked on the lawn near a grand specimen of *Barringtonia speciosa*,

talking English politics and other matters of common interest.

Soon after seven on the 24th, we started with our host and hostess for the interior, crossing, for the first two hours, a land of woods and rice-fields—as like Malabar as it well could be—and then rising rapidly to the valley of Kandy.

We arrived soon after eleven, and I strolled after breakfast in the lovely garden of the Pavilion. There Sir Arthur showed me the nutmeg (*Myristica fragrans*) in flower, the candle-tree (*Parmentiera cereifera*) in fruit, a *Cassia* far more pleasing to my eye than any I have met with, save *fistula* alone, and which was, I think, *calliantha* or *multijuga*. My last and greatest sight of all was the splendid *Amherstia nobilis*, of beholding which I had despaired for some time.

Later in the day I was taken to the Temple to venerate the so-called tooth of Buddha, the possession of which constitutes it one of the great shrines of the world, and here first I beheld the yellow-robed monks of his widely-extended religion.

In the afternoon we drove to Pérádeniya. Trimen is in Europe, but we were taken round the gardens by his ministering spirits.

We returned to Pérádeniya, so that my wife and Victoria, who were not with me yesterday, might have a general idea of that lovely garden which covers about 150 acres, and lies in a loop of the pretty river Mahaweli rather more than 1500 feet above the sea, with a mean annual temperature of 77° F., and 85 inches of rain spread over some two hundred days in each year.

From Pérádeniya Station we returned by our route of yesterday. The morning was showery and the cloud and mist effects among the mountains very fine.

At about four o'clock I accompanied my wife on board the *Pekin*, and when I returned from the drive with Sir Arthur Gordon round the Cinnamon Gardens, that fast-steaming vessel was already out of sight on her way to Aden. Of all the two-footed and four-footed, feathered and featherless, companions who started from Madras, Colonel Mackinnon alone remains with me.

26. I faithfully returned last night to Sir Arthur Gordon another series of his father's correspondence, consisting, like that I have already noticed, of four volumes, but not coming down later than Peel's death—much occupied accordingly with affairs which

have now lost their interest, *inter alia*, the difficulties of the Rosas period in the River Plate, the Oregon controversy, and the Spanish marriages. The smallest of the volumes is entirely filled with the letters of the Princess Lieven. A perusal of a vast number of these in this and the other volumes has left me in wonderment as to the cause of the high reputation which she once enjoyed.

I repeated to Mr. Cameron, Acting Government Agent for Colombo, who sat next me at dinner, the lines of his father, which will be found in these Notes under date of 1879. He cited one or two from the same piece, and then quoted the following by the same hand, describing a statue of Buddha in a Ceylon forest:

> Saxeus ipse sedet placido spectabilis ore
> Vix sibi subridens, et mollia crura reflectens.

and two very striking Greek lines, also by his father, on a picture of Lady Somers by Watts:

> *κάλλεος οὐρανίου Θέος εἴκονα δείκνυε ταύτην,*
> *αἰδεῖσθαι μὲν ἐδεῖ, ζώγραφε, μηδὲ γράφειν.*

After breakfast Lady Gordon showed us the results of a single day of gem-hunting—a form of sport quite after my own heart.

I was sorry to tear myself away from Ceylon. Rarely have I learned so much in ninety hours, of which I suppose nearly twenty-eight were spent in sleep.

I had many talks with Sir Arthur and a variety of other persons, but they turned largely upon subjects which I am not in the habit of consigning to these pages.

About eleven o'clock we were on board the British India Company's steamer, heading for the other side of the Gulf of Manaar.

Before dawn on the 28th the *Agra* had exchanged signals with the little *Margaret Northcote*, and by about six o'clock we had transferred ourselves to that very lively craft, in which existence was by no means a pleasure. She, however, served her purpose by taking us to the banks where we saw many pearl-oysters brought up by two experienced divers—one a Paraver or native Christian of the Tinnevelly district, the other a Mussulman from Bahrein.

When we had learnt enough as to the prospects of the fishery for 1888, we steamed for the shore and landed at Tuticorin, where I received an address, gave away the prizes at Bishop Caldwell's College, visited various parts of the town, and ran on by a special train to Madura.

At Tuticorin, the Mail which arrived in Madras on the 22nd reached my hands.

Dyer writes: "We have at last succeeded in growing *Neptunia* nicely from the seed you sent us. What an interesting plant it is, and how beautifully sensitive! It was one of the things that Mr. Darwin was particularly anxious to see. But we never managed to get hold of it before his death."

From Madura we travelled through the night to Tiruverambur Station, where we were met by various officials and, amongst others, by Mr. Austin the Acting Collector of Trichinopoly, who drove me to the edge of the Cauvery.

Here we got out and, walking slowly across the bridge, admired the glorious river which, full from bank to bank, was coming down half a mile wide.

Near mid-channel is an island which divides the current. The stream on the right is the Vennaar, that on the left keeps its old name of Cauvery.

Arrived on the farther bank we got into carriages and, following the course of this diminished, but still mighty, flood, reached the point where it has long sent its surplus waters into the Coleroon at the Grand Anicut. This considerable native work has been

very greatly improved with all the aid of modern knowledge and appliances, while right across the course of the river have been built the huge sluice-gates, which are to govern the irrigation of Tanjore, and which we inspected under the guidance of Colonel Hasted. They have been built in little more than three years, having been begun in February 1883, and are the largest in the world.

Ere long the piece of the Vennaar above this point will be filled up, it and the Cauvery will henceforward flow in one stream from the bridge above-mentioned to the gates from which the lately united streams will again diverge on their beneficent missions—the Vennaar to fertilise 393,000 acres, the Cauvery to do the same good work for 429,000.

Returning to the station we passed to Trichinopoly, where I visited the S.P.G. College, and then went on to the fine new buildings lately erected by the Society of Jesus. I was met at the gate by Father Sewell, by Father Jean, by the Rector, etc., and ushered upstairs to the great hall—a company of the elder students leading the way, dancing *mirabile dictu* a war-dance as they went!

A great concourse gathered in the tastefully de-

corated chamber to which they guided me, and many friendly things were said with regard to my wife and myself in French, Latin, and English.

In replying to the English address, I called attention to Gresset's very lovely lines, which are quoted in these Notes for 25th May 1879, and which are not known, I think, nearly as well as they should be.

From Trichinopoly I passed to Erode, whence I ran on through the night to Madras, where I found a large party gathered at Government House. Amongst my guests were Lady Macpherson, Miss Macpherson, Miss Somers Cocks, and Mr. Elliott, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, now perambulating India, who is accompanied by a daughter.

October

5. I went to the Museum this morning, and seeing a large specimen of *Pristis antiquorum*, mentioned under date of 10th September, I spoke to Mr. Thurston about it. The presence of this creature is, he told me, a very serious danger in the seas near Paumben. Quite recently a boy was killed by one of them.

He showed me also the saw turned into a weapon.

of defence, and actually used as such by the Cochin Police at night.

6. A recent letter from Lady Reay, to which I replied this morning, brought melancholy tidings.

She wrote on the 27th: "We are very sad. We went at 7.30 A.M. to see the little white and silver coffin laid in a damp earth grave—the remains of the pretty, bright, kind-hearted, joyous favourite of all Poona and Bombay— dear little Helen Portman."

I met her last year at Ganesh Khind, and thought her by far the prettiest girl I had seen in India.

7. Mr. Morris writes of the Palmyra:—

"I have not seen a single specimen anywhere in the New World; and in 1883 I moved the Government of Jamaica to apply to Ceylon for seeds in quantity for the purpose of establishing the palm in the dry lowlands of that Island. I received last year a few seeds, but certainly so far I am not aware that they have germinated. Hence you will gather that the opportunity now presented to obtain Palmyra seeds in quantity is one which I am sure that Mr. Thiselton Dyer will be happy to embrace, as thereby he will be enabled to supply the Western Tropics with a most valuable addition to the Botanic Garden as well as a possible addition to their economic plants.

"We could very well dispose of 150 or 200 seed nuts,

and I should think they will travel easily in coarse strong sacks. It is advisable to get them home before the frosts set in, but we have another couple of months before there is any great danger on that account. We have numerous plants growing at Kew sent by your Excellency, and I hope that this will reach you in good time to complete your most valuable contributions to Kew and its subsidiary connections by aiding to establish the Palmyra palm in the West Indies."

8. I showed Mr. Cameron's Greek epigram to Henry Cunningham, who is staying here, and he handed to me this evening the following translation :—

> Heaven's own ideal ! fair without a flaw,
> A thing to worship, Painter, not to draw.

9. Drove yesterday with Hanbury Williams and Miss Elliott.

"I found a bullock in my bedroom to-day drinking out of my basin," said the first. "And I found a monkey with her baby in my bath at Simla," said the second.

Cosas de India !

10. Arthur Gordon writes, enclosing a fragment of a manuscript Diary kept by his father from January 1806 onward. It confirms more or less the story

which made Lord Brougham so indignant (see these Notes for 1862) about Pitt's dying words; for Lord Aberdeen, who was his ward, records on 28th January that the great man exclaimed, just before the end: "Oh, my country!"

A little further on, he mentions that he had heard Pitt make the remark, which I have seen elsewhere attributed to him, that he would rather have a single speech of Bolingbroke than all the lost books of Livy.

Mr. Elliott, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, and his daughter left us to-day, the business which brought him hither having been finished. Our conversation has been mainly of affairs, but I feel very grateful to him for having introduced me to a marvellously fine description of the Rhone leaving the Lake of Geneva, which has just appeared in Ruskin's *Praeterita*, and which I might not have otherwise seen for some time.

I glanced over a couple of numbers of that work as I was coming down from Kandy, the Christ Church one and another, which last contained the very striking though misleading phrase about the subject of Thucydides, the "central tragedy of all the world, the suicide of Greece."

12. Mr. Bourne dined with us.

I thought of the line :—

"Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet,"

when he told me that during the few months he has been in India he has discovered, chiefly in brief visits to the Nílgiris and the Shevaroys, some twenty species of these creatures new to science.

Arthur writes from Madrid on 21st September, mentioning that Sir Clare Ford had gone to Granada, leaving him *quasi Chargé d'Affaires*, and adds :—

"I never supposed for a moment that an 'incident' would occur during my tenure of office.

"On Sunday evening I had gone to the opera—Ballo in Maschera. Suddenly during the fourth act two-thirds of the spectators rose and began making for the doors. At first it seemed as if it were an alarm of fire. Then I heard that two regiments had mutinied. This happily proved an exaggeration, for it afterwards turned out that two companies of infantry and about eighty cavalry had proclaimed the Republic. I went quite late to the Capitania-General of New Castile, where there were some half-dozen cannon in readiness. The 'pronouncing' troops were caught at the Atocha and dispersed, many fleeing into the country in the direction of Alcala. The affair may be said to have been practically over by 6 A.M.

A Brigadier-General of Artillery called Velarde and a Colonel Conde de Mirasol were murdered, not it appears by the soldiers, but by some people disguised as peasants, who were the only civilians who, in any way, supported the mutineers. The town was very quiet."

Coleridge writes: "It really seems yesterday that you left us and that I could not attend that Richmond dinner, of which I have so often since heard that I sometimes feel tempted to emulate George IV. and declare that I was there."

14. Arthur Russell writes from Wallington, George Trevelyan's place in Northumberland, which he describes as an interesting old house about 200 years old, like a French chateau: "Sir Walter Trevelyan inscribed on his cabinet of eggs '*Hic Argus esto non Briareus*,' in English prose, 'Please don't touch.'"

Captain Hanbury Williams left us this morning to join Sir Herbert Macpherson's Staff in Burma, and in the afternoon we transferred ourselves to Guindy.

15. The gardens are fuller of flowers than I expected to find them. My favourite pond never looked prettier, dotted as it is with the blue *Nymphaea stellata*, which I brought from Sadras. *Aglaia odorata*, the same which is used by the Chinese for perfuming

tea, is in full blossom, but the queen of the hour is *Murraya exotica*. Each bush of it is surrounded by an atmosphere of perfume, and under each the blossoms lie like snow.

19. Some time ago Gamble sent me in a box, itself an admirable specimen of the beautiful *Gluta Travancorica*, a collection of 105 Indian woods, selecting carefully, for the most part, those belonging to trees with which I am more or less familiar. I have been looking through it and reading up in his book on *Indian Timbers* the accounts of the comparatively few trees represented in the collection which I have not seen or do not remember.

20. I received this afternoon a telegram announcing the death, in Burma, of our excellent Commander-in-Chief, Sir Herbert Macpherson. Lady Macpherson, her daughter, and her niece are all staying here.

23. Watched, with Captain Forde and Mr. Webster, the expansion of the moonflower. The sun had gone down before it began to uncurl, and it did so very slowly at first, so slowly that my eye could not perceive the motion. Then came an instant when it quickened its pace and opened by about two inches at once, after which effort a steady, but

hardly, if at all, perceptible, movement towards further expansion set in and outlasted my patience.

24. Father Sewell writes :—

"We all thank you very much for the beautiful lines of Gresset, which you have so kindly sent us, and which we shall certainly preserve as a memorial of your kind visit. It was a very sincere pleasure to us all to have had the opportunity of receiving you and of expressing our deep sense of the uniform kindness we have received from you during your stay in this Presidency.

"I would just add that if anything that was read to you on 29th September appeared like poetic exaggeration, I hope you will rather believe it to be the natural expression of strong feeling from the members of an order too accustomed to suspicion not to feel the more strongly the contrast of your confidence and kind words."

27. European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Craven writes, under date of 3rd October :—

"I am going off this afternoon to Gisors, in order to spend part of to-morrow the 4th at Boury. It will be already two years to-morrow since I was left quite alone. I have realised my solitude well this summer, having spent every one of my evenings entirely alone."

Alas for those who are old and childless! Such is the condition of one who is still, at seventy-eight,

among the most gifted and fascinating women whom Europe holds.

I sent to her to-day a copy of the letter quoted under date of the 24th, and added, "You see, 'Je prends des bénédictions où je puis.'"

28. A telegram from York House announces that my travellers, who left me at Colombo, arrived there yesterday.

29. For the first two or three evenings after the sad event of last week, the band did not play. On Saturday the directions were to play much the same things as they played on Good Friday, including *Pro peccatis* and *Cujus animam* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

On the 26th, Sergeant Crooks made the programme, I only interfering in so far as to ask that there should not, under the circumstances, be a Scotch selection, and that they should play Schubert's *Ständchen*, which Miss Macpherson wished for. He chose Godfrey's "Reminiscences of all Nations," passages from Mendelssohn's St. Paul, including "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," and "Sleepers awake, a voice is calling," — both played, I believe, at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and one or two other pieces equally well selected.

November

1. With Miss Somers Cocks to the early service at the Cathedral.

I read last night, and again this forenoon, Faber's striking, but unequal, verses on All Saints' Day :—

"The day is cloudy ;—it should be so ;
And the clouds in flocks to the eastward go."

They were certainly *not* written for Madras in the north-east monsoon, any more than, as we agreed, was Keble's line—

"Falls on the moor the brief November day."

2. Captain Forde mentioned an amusing mis-translation :—

"Le moine disait son bréviaire."
"The least said the soonest mended."

Lighting on the word "gargoyle" while looking up something else in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, I was reminded of the name of a club to which a friend of mine belonged, when we were both young men, and which met in the chambers of some of its members in Lincoln's Inn.

Their object was to read together the old English dramatists, and they took this uncomplimentary title, because they considered themselves to be "ugly creatures, spouting under the roofs of old houses."

3. Sir Alfred Lyall sent me yesterday a second edition of his privately-printed poems. Most of the pieces which he has added I have seen already, but not all.

The best of the new ones seems to me "A Night in the Red Sea," full of pictures as true to reality as this :—

"The moon above with its full-orbed lustre
Lifting the veil of the slumberous land,
Gleams o'er a desolate island cluster
And the breakers white on the lonely sand.

"And a bare hill-range in the distance frowning
Dim wrapt in haze like a shrouded ghost,
With its jagged peaks the horizon crowning,
Broods o'er the stark Arabian Coast."

5. Mr. Henderson, a biologist whom I have lately made a Fellow of the Madras University, told me to-night that the pretty *Passerita mycterizans* has well-developed poison-fangs, though it is quite harmless, and that the deadly sea-snakes of India have the

greatest possible objection to using their maleficent powers.

6. I continue Yule's *Glossary*, and observe that our familiar Dewan and Dogana are the same words, also that one of the oldest meanings of the term Dewan is a collection of documents like the Indian Dufter. It is from that sense of it that came Goethe's *West-Oestliche Diwan!*

Under Dhoby, I find the proverb "Like a dhobys' dog, belonging neither to the house nor to the river-side"—a very apt description of the life I led during the sittings of the Finance Committee of 1871, 1872, 1873, when it was my duty to be at one and the same time at the India Office and in the room overlooking the Thames, where the futile inquiries of that body dragged their slow length along.

On the 3rd, Sir Auckland Colvin came to see me, and on the 4th as well as to-day we had meetings or Council at Guindy to discuss with him those matters, not very many, which we did not settle with the recent Finance Committee.

8. We found on the 6th in the garden a strange creature, which we took to be a leech, and sent to Dr. Bourne. He writes to-day to Mackinnon :—

"The specimen which His Excellency kindly sent to me yesterday was *Bipalium univittatum*, one of a very interesting group of animals first properly described by Moseley from Ceylon—the land planarians. All the remainder of the group are marine; just one or two genera are found on land."

Sir Auckland Colvin came to dine and sleep. Speaking of a common acquaintance, he said, "He has a grim *corrugated* kind of humour."

9. Sir Auckland Colvin leaves us. He gave me this morning, before breakfast, a curious account of Arábi, who came to see him one day at Cairo, and expounded his political views, beginning literally with Adam. He was as entirely ignorant of the forces which move the modern world as might be an old Crusader risen from his grave. The first thing to be done, he thought, was to get rid of all European influences, going back to the primæval Arabian past—the camel and the palm-tree.

11. European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Greg writes:—

"You ask me for a description of Klagenfurth for reasons I can well understand. I never saw a town of which it was more hopeless to attempt a description. It

is utterly without character, composed of commonplace white houses, ranged in streets and squares one scarcely distinguishable from the other. Formerly, it was surrounded by ramparts and a moat, but they have been levelled, and now there is absolutely nothing but your own sense of locality to tell you by which side of the town you are driving in. Yes, there is one feature, but that is not beautiful.

"There is the Neuplatz. At one end of it sits a very unimposing statue of Maria Theresa, and in the middle there is an erection, which is the work of art of Klagenfurth,—a feeble stone dragon looking at a feeble man, who stands at a respectful distance from the dragon, with arm uplifted to slay him. Neither of the figures look as if they had power to vanquish anything, even each other. The only evil that has befallen either in the course of time has befallen the dragon, for so many French soldiers sat on his tail in the beginning of the century that it broke off and had to be mended. The inner meaning of this work of art is the triumph of man over evil, otherwise the draining of the pestiferous swamp upon which the Dukes of Carinthia saw fit to build the town of Klagenfurth. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the country on all sides of this very undistinguished town. We are on the north side of the Wörthersee, and we look from our windows straight across to a most picturesque pilgrimage church—Maria Wörth—built upon a high promontory jutting out from the opposite side of the lake.

"Behind this is a range of hills, separating us from the valley of the Drave, which runs eastwards only a few miles to the south of us and Klagenfurth, and again to the south of the Drave, and, running parallel with it, rises the beautiful chain of the Karavanken mountains. Its highest peak has this morning, for the first time, clad itself in snow, and is gleaming pure and bright against a sky of cloudless blue. To the north and east, we have the Carinthian Alps with their multitudinous lakes and streams, large and small. A hundred and seventeen lakes have been counted in the province of Carinthia alone, and you can imagine the freshness of a land thus blessed with water. It is altogether a charming country, charming in its natural features, and charming in its people (I mean the higher classes), who are graceful and gracious, with manners at once easy and high bred."

John Warren writes :—

"Yesterday I went after *Trichonema* to Dawlish Warren ; and I think your letter just come in was my spur to the expedition, for the place is so big and the season so late that I had said, 'It is hopeless.' So I went on a forlorn hope, paced the sand-dunes for three hours, and saw nothing, but bethought me to knock quite at a venture at the first cottage I passed on regaining the mainland, and see if they could there give me Trichonema's address. Well it turned out trumps. The absolutely ignorant rustic generally has good physical observation, but the

whole middle-class loses its observing powers in board schools, and we, in the upper, have to acquire the knack of using our eyes. It is a divine saying of Ollivier's, with which your journal supplies me, 'to see that which is before our eyes is almost to have genius.' Well, my rustic could not read, but he knew all about the little crocus and where it grew. He used, indeed, to send roots in years past to an enlightened Custom-house official at Plymouth (to whose memory be peace), and, for the offer of a shilling, he was quite ready to come on the Warren and show me the spot, which he accordingly did.

"How exceedingly well Arnold has described the American vegetation in that charming extract of his letter given in your Diary. Of all our living poets, he does flowers best, because most naturally.

"I am glad to have seen poor Deutsch's epitaph. He was one of the most remarkable individualities I ever came across, and I got to know him pretty well somehow over his B. M. grievances, when the routine officialism of the place was a dead wall for that child of genius to dash his head against."

13. The 9th was a wild day—in fact a cyclone—and the gardens on the morning of the 10th presented a melancholy spectacle. Now order has been evolved out of the confusion, and our losses are seen not to be very serious.

14. Mr. Hollingsworth sent in a day or two ago

some pieces of *Gymnema sylvestre*. The peculiarity of this agreeable Asclepiad is that if you chew one or more leaves of it, it utterly abolishes, for the time, the power of tasting sugar or anything saccharine. Miss Somers Cocks, General Elles, Captain Duncan Macpherson and I verified this at breakfast to-day.

How strange it is, now that hardly a telegram reaches us from Europe without some news from Bulgaria, to turn, as I did to-day, to poor Strangford's *Selected Writings*, vol. i. p. 179, and to read these words published, for the first time, on 31st December 1867 :—

"Here then is a special national aspiration indicated, which is not to be uniformly treated as we always treat it, comprised, as a matter of course, under the generic classification of Christian, nor under that of Slavonic, nor of Greek. Whenever, therefore, these words are used without reservation in a comprehensive sense, as including in a single category all those in Turkey who are not Turks, and attributing to them a common political solidarity, it becomes manifestly necessary to inquire, supposing what this writer is telling us to be true, how far that which we find predicated of all Christians, all Slavonians, and all Greeks can likewise be ascribed to the Bulgarians, doubtless a component part of each in one

sense, yet still stated on competent authority to be entertaining up to a certain point separate tendencies and displaying separate action. A Bulgarian said all this emphatically enough in a letter to ourselves, published some fifteen months ago. We hope we had plenty of readers, but have our doubt of the fact. Mr. Grant Duff is probably the only man in the kingdom who would have an idea of the value of the Bulgarian's patriotic profession of faith."

I turned from this paragraph to vol. ii. p. 224, and read the following, which appeared, for the first time, under date of 8th January 1868 : [1]

"Now there is such a thing as a panic of deprecation as well as panic of scared aggression ; and the former is really more mischievous than the latter if its effect be that of stifling inquiry and suppressing all public writing upon the subject, except on the terms of taking either the optimists' or the apathists' view of Russian progress. We wish, for our own part, to take our stand on the position just laid down by Mr. Grant Duff, whom no one, we presume, is likely to accuse of Russophobia ; who, indeed, in this, and in all foreign questions, may be said to quiver this way and that way, as it were scientifically with a tremulous rectitude of opinion, like the hand of an aneroid,

[1] The reference was to a passage in my *Glance over Europe*, a speech delivered on 19th December 1867.

in the direction to which he points. 'Let us watch with the greatest care the progress of Russia,' he says. 'Let us treasure every scrap of authentic information that comes to us from Central Asia. But let us keep well away from what has been truly called the fathomless gulf of Afghan politics.' To this last particular we may be allowed parenthetically to add the qualification—So long as the gulf remains as unfathomed as it certainly seems to be for the present."

I was very proud of this judgment at the time, and I continue proud of it. Strangford and Ampthill appear to me to be the only two statesmen, mainly occupied with Foreign affairs, who have recently lived in England, who could not be more or less easily replaced.

Well spoke one of the wisest of men:[1] "Know how to obtain the favour of men of understanding. The lukewarm Yes of a remarkable man is more to be esteemed than all the applause of the multitude."

17. Sir Theodore Hope, who came hither to see me on business connected with his department, leaves to-day with Lady Hope for Burma.

[1] Balthasar Gracian.

We had a special Council to meet him yesterday, and our views as to all Public Work matters in this Presidency are, I think, much the same as his.

The Maharajah of Vizianagram, talking to-day of the modern discoveries as to sound and light, mentioned that there was a melody called in Sanscrit Depuc, the peculiarity of which was supposed to be that, if it were properly played, the wicks of the lamps would light of themselves.

The conversation turned to Yule's book, and to the word Saiyid, "lord," the origin of Cid! Could there be a more curious instance of the irony of things than the derivation of the title of the Campeador of Spain!—the great Christian hero, from a Moorish root, unless it be that from the very same root come not only the Seedee of Jinjeera but the Seedee-boys of our steamships in Indian waters?

18. This is the first mail by which I could have received acknowledgments of the flock of Minutes sent off on 6th October.

Mallet writes:—

"I doubt whether any previous Governor has left behind so able and complete a record.

"It is a very interesting and admirable paper, and ought

to be of the greatest service to your successor, as well as to the India Office.

"I hope and suppose that it will be presented to Parliament on its meeting."

Dyer writes :—

"It is really very kind of you to send me a copy of your Farewell Minute. I have already read a great deal of it with immense interest. I am struck with the care with which you have gathered up all the immensely varied threads of work in which you have personally interested yourself.

"I think we have exhausted our requisitions on Southern India in the way of seeds. I told our people to make the most of the opportunity, and our last demand was practically a final gleaning of the ground."

Brandis writes from Bonn :—

"What you have done to place Forest administration upon a safe footing will promote the prosperity of Southern India in a manner which is hardly recognised at present, but which, if these measures are steadily continued, will astonish future generations."

19. We had, this evening, a dinner for the purpose of dicussing the best means of getting our *savants*, now tolerably numerous, to unite their efforts for the advancement of science in this Presidency.

20. It struck me, when going over the Museum, that one loses a great deal of easily-to-be-obtained pleasure by so rarely looking at shells, and I recently asked Dr. Thurston to make me up a small collection of those which are commonest along the Madras coast. It came yesterday and consists of about fifty species, amongst which *Harpa ventricosa*, *Dolium maculatum*, and *Cypraea Arabica* take, from their beauty, a distinguished place.

The commercially important *Turbinella pyrum*, the chank, *Avicula fucata*, the pearl oyster, and *Cypraea moneta*, the cowry, are of course represented.

21. Last night of the ecclesiastical year.

At the Cathedral we had, by my request, Newman's "Lead, kindly Light"; Faber's "Pilgrims of the Night," and Gounod's beautiful anthem "Though poor be the Chamber."

24. European Mail arrives.

My sister writes, with reference to a passage in a letter of mine, "So much that was interesting is now *connu*,"

"If Heaven were not likely to be a progressive place
Erhebe dich zu höhern Sphären:
Wenn er dich ahnet, folgt er nach!

(says the Mutter Gottes to the pleading Gretchen) I am sure you would find so much that *was* interesting is now *connu* long before eternity was over!"

Godley closes a correspondence, which has gone on for three years, but has been of too business a character to be alluded to in these pages, in the following sentences:—

"This, I am afraid, is the last word that I shall write to you during your tenure of office, and it shall be one word only of farewell and congratulation. Your Review Minute is a most interesting document, and I am gradually going through it. Would that all Minutes were as readable!"

Arthur Russell sends a *memento mori*:—

"Harold writes to me from Oxford: 'I dined in hall with Goschen, and went to the concert with Morier.' How clearly this brings before me that another generation has grown up. We used to talk of Goschen and Morier as he does now."

John Warren writes:—

"I have opened the slip containing *Ficus trimeni* with awe and reverence. I did not go actually down on my knees as Linnæus did on seeing the furze in full bloom, but I had some difficulty in preserving that upright position which is the privilege and distinctive

mark of the *primates*. I did not expect a new fig to be invented. But science is great and advances in the most unexpected directions. And yet the Ficus suggests painful memories. My dear friend, it is a sad subject, but there was *once* in the British flora a *Rumex Warrenii*. How pathetic is that 'once.' My infant was found not precisely in the bulrushes but near them, duly christened by Trimen, and registered in the journal of Botany. All went well for a time, but one of those infernal German Professors, who know everything and several matters besides, wrote that he had found the child in Silesia, or God knows where, and had already christened it *Rumex Knafii*, after some detestable *Knaff!* and so it had to be, and you may read in Hooker's *Student's Flora*, last edition, under *Rumex maritimus* the sad history how *Rumex Warrenii* is now *Knafii!* Ah! those Germans! they will quietly come and annex the lot of us some day.

"Botany is over, and I have done little or nothing since I wrote last. I saw swallows a few days since, resting on the sea brink before their long flight. Perhaps these identical birds may meet you on your way home. If tired, I hope you will receive them as hospitably as you did Hannibal, and offer them, if not a chair, at least a mast."

Tremenheere writes:—

"I have lately returned from the extreme west of Cornwall, where I heard a good old-fashioned story of the old-fashioned folk of the Scillies. In all the excitement

of Reform, they were hailed by a homeward-bound, eager for news: 'Has the Reform Bill passed?'—to which the island speaking-trumpet replied: 'Is she a brig or a schooner?'"

26. This afternoon we all, including Lady Macpherson's party and Miss Kathleen Gordon, who joined us on the 24th, transferred ourselves to Government House, Madras.

27. I have got an answer at last to the question referred to on a previous page, as to the name of the snake who is supposed, after biting you, to proceed to the burning ground, ascend a tree, and see the last of his victim.

He is the, to man, perfectly harmless *Dendrophis pictus*. I heard him described the other day as a most formidable animal; but being unable to remember his name as occurring in the list of really venomous snakes, I applied to Mr. Henderson, who gives him the best of characters.

29. I ran up this morning to Arkonam to see the Viceroy, who was on his way to Mysore, and had a long talk with him.

30. My last Legislative Council, to pass the "Local Authorities Loan Act, 1886."

At the end of the Proceedings, Mr. Rama Row read an Address, to which I replied.

Later, I visited the Female Normal School, ably conducted by Miss Carr.

A few days ago Mr. Cameron sent me from Ceylon a very interesting collection of articles connected with the Buddhist religion; but I am sending it off to York House after a very superficial examination of it, having time, just at present, for no other.

December

1. I made my "Farewell Speech" to the Presidency at large at a great dinner given by the Maharajah of Vizianagram.

2. Pursuant to arrangements made at our dinner of 19th November, a meeting of the Madras Literary Society, which has, as a learned institution, been asleep, if not in a state of catalepsy, was held today at the Museum. I presided and spoke.

3. European Mail arrives.

Mallet, who would win in a competitive examination as my most faithful correspondent, writes as usual, so does Arthur Russell, who has hardly missed

a mail for many months; likewise Rutson and Lubbock—the latter from Greece. Mrs. Craven writes from Lumigny.

4. I said good-bye last night to Renown, who is going to Miss Martin at Mysore. He is about four-and-twenty; but galloped (with lucerne in prospect) as if he had been twelve. A more amiable and excellent creature, in his kind, does not exist.

This morning Miss Kathleen Gordon left us for Pondichery. In the forenoon Dr. Bidie, one of the most prized of my Indian friends, brought Deveron, my lovely collie, whom I have handed over to his kindly charge, to receive my adieux, and in the afternoon Miss Moxon, who has been with us ever since 21st June 1882, and has rendered me such admirable service, both as reader and secretary, started for Akulkote.

Later I went to a little dinner at the club, where Mr. Hutchins, who succeeds Webster in Council, proposed my health and I replied.

Inter alia, after quoting a part of the entry which I made in these Notes on 5th November 1884, I said:—

"To-night, after two and a half more years, the account I should give would be very much the same,

only that perhaps the lights would be a little heightened and the shadows a little deepened.

"No one, having regard to what human life is, can say that that is otherwise than an agreeable account to be able to give of five consecutive years.

"How often will one, when far away, return in thought to the terrace at Guindy, with the Southern Cross rising slowly in the early nights of spring, and the 'suggestion of distance in the sound of the Casuarina,' or to the verandah, where we dine at Government House, with the moonlight silvering the sea, and to dances in that noble and festive chamber, where we gathered on Wednesday last. All these things will come back and bring with them very few thoughts that are not cheerful. With the brighter thoughts will rise recollections of you all, and hopes that each in his own line of work and life is meeting with as much happiness as any of us has a right to expect in a world in which, alas! it is not always May."

We finished the evening at the house of Mr. Ramasawmy Mudaliyar, who had collected a large number of Europeans and natives for a nautch and a display of fireworks.

5. I went early to the station to meet Lady Dufferin, and took her to Government House.

6. Colonel Mackinnon has counted the names of

the people who have stayed with us since we came to India, and finds them to amount to exactly 300, including those who are still in the house. All the members of our staff have or should have signed "the red book," which is the same we kept at Hampden, at Knebworth, and at York House.

Captain Forde has just handed me the following statement :—

Summary from 14th October to 6th December 1886 inclusive.

Invited to Dinner.	From 14th October to 6th December.	Previous Totals.	Grand Totals.
Accepted . .	147	5977	6124
Unable to accept .	29	1359	1388
Total invited .	176	7336	7512

LIONEL FORDE,
Aide-de-Camp.

I did not take a formal or final farewell of Guindy on the 26th of last month, and, as Lady Dufferin wished to drive thither, I accompanied her this afternoon.

The band has, during the last ten days, given us most of my favourites, and Stradiot selected, as the last thing to play at dinner to-night, a piece composed some time back in honour of Iseult.

When we had gone into the drawing-room they played, by a happy inspiration, Mozart's "Agnus Dei" and Schubert's "Ave Maria." Thereupon I stopped them. There could not have been a better end to the service they have performed so well.

7. To-day we are to have a Council at twelve o'clock in order that Mr. Hutchins may take his seat, and at one the Mahommedans propose to present a parting address to me.

That should finish all business and set me free to start for Europe, *via* Palestine and Egypt, by the 5 P.M. train—"under the usual salute from the ramparts of Fort St. George."

8. My anticipations of yesterday were fulfilled; early this morning I passed the Madras frontier at Raichore, and the responsibilities which devolved on me in November 1881 passed into other hands.

APPENDIX

An Address delivered to the Graduates admitted at the Convocation of the Senate of the University of Madras, held on the 25th March 1886.

Ladies and Gentlemen—My first duty is to congratulate upon their degrees those students who have just been admitted to them, and to express a hope that they will keep the promises which they have this day made. My second duty is, in accordance with custom, to address some observations to them and to this assembly. I have, however, a very great deal to say. It is the only opportunity I have had, or shall have, before I bid farewell to India, of directly addressing a class which, although at present far from numerous, only forty-six out of a million [1] in the population of this, the most educated of the Presidencies, is growing, and ought steadily to grow, in importance,—a class which nothing but mistakes on

[1] Thirty-eight out of a million of the population if we add Mysore and Travancore, from which States we draw a great number of our graduates.

its own part, aided by *amentia* and *dementia* in some other quarters, can prevent being an instrument of infinite good to Southern India.

Having then a very great deal to say, I cannot possibly put it into the brief limits of an address, to which even the most indulgent of you could listen on a hot March afternoon. I will accordingly merely read a paragraph or two for form's sake, and let my reflections find their way to you, not by the ear, but by the eye. And first I would ask,—

Now that you have got your degrees, what do you propose to do? Some of you will go into the service of Government. The service of Government is a very creditable calling, and we, to whom the administration is at present confided, have given practical proofs of our desire to see the number of graduates in the service of Government considerably increased. Still, Government employment can only absorb a very limited number of you. Few things are more disastrous for a country, and few more flagitious in a Government, than to create places wholesale, to meet the wishes of aspirants to an income.

But some of you will say "some places already existing but virtually closed to natives, will be opened to them." Undoubtedly they will. The policy as to that was laid down by your, and my, masters long ago. We hear much childish chatter in favour of going faster, and not less unwise though, happily, fewer utterances, in favour of

going more slowly in that direction, but all such have not the slightest effect upon the progress of events. The thoughtful opinions of thoughtful men who have studied the subject, and whose characters guarantee their good faith, are and always will be treated very differently—as you may have gathered from the Viceroy's speech at the Pier the other day.

The main object of the Indian, as of every other civilised, Government, must be, to get for the country which it governs the best possible administration at the cheapest rate. To that object all minor considerations, such as questions of race or colour, must be subordinated. But the problem in this country is an infinitely difficult one, and we have got a very little way towards solving it, when we have merely made general allegations to the effect that native labour is cheaper than European, or that many more natives are fitted to take some considerable part in the Government than was the case thirty years ago, nor do we get a bit further by declaiming about the excellent work which the old Haileybury Civil Service, and the new Competitive Civil Service have done for this country. We must have many more good natives in Office, and we must have a far higher average of statesmanlike acquirement than we have ever yet had in the Covenanted Civil Service, though we may very possibly a good deal diminish its numbers. But if you want men of mature, trained ability, and of a much higher order of merit than the very fair average of merit

we have got, what you want must be paid for, and it is a costly article. These, and a thousand other considerations, which cross each other and complicate the problem, will have to engage the anxious attention, first of the Joint Committee[1] of the Lords and Commons, secondly of the Executive and Legislative authorities in England and in India.

We may assume, however, quite safely, that more appointments, and, especially, more of the better appointments will be gradually opened to natives, but after all, the number of appointments in this country, or continent, is, and will continue to be, surprisingly few. The overwhelming majority of appointments under Government is already in the possession of natives, and I do not think the rapid infiltration of natives, even into the Civil Service, has yet attracted sufficiently the attention of the public. If you deduct from the small balance of offices practically closed to natives those which *must* belong to Europeans, not in virtue of their being the descendants of conquerors, but in virtue of that education of ages, which has made the Aryan of the West what he is, the number of new appointments to be opened will be as nothing to those who will desire to occupy them. I know there are people who say—"No doubt for the time every race in India, including the Aryans of

[1] The appointment of such a Committee was then intended, but the project, which could hardly have led to any useful result, was soon abandoned.

the East, requires the guidance of the Aryans of the West, but a day will soon come when that will not be so." I think the best answer I ever knew made to that statement was made by a very remarkable man, himself a native of India, and belonging to one of your most ancient religions, who observed to me: "I often hear talk of that kind among my countrymen, but when I remark how short are the strides in advance, which are made by the East, compared to those which are made simultaneously by the West, I am reminded of the man who said :—'In two years I shall be as old as my elder brother!'"

Even, however, if this were not so, if one could see dimly on the horizon a time when India could obtain almost any of its present advantages, without importing into its administration a large proportion of trained ability from Europe, the numbers of those of you who could find valuable Government situations would be not very enormous.

It will be interesting to observe what proportion of the appointments vacated by the Aryans of the West passes into the hands of the Aryans of the East, and what proportion falls to the natives of the country properly so-called—men whose ancestors were here, as it would seem, before the two branches of the Aryan race parted on the highlands of Central Asia.

Before I pass from the subject of Government employment, I should like to observe that there is a branch of the

lower education, in which you gentlemen who represent the higher education are not quite so proficient as could be desired. One of your Examiners lately informed me that, out of ninety-three papers recently sent up to him, ninety would have been rejected at South Kensington, as being too badly written. To candidates for Government employment, this is a matter of life and death. We don't want men in our offices, however good their degrees may be, who do not write large, clear, legible hands. In England, ever since the days of Lord Palmerston, this accomplishment has been considered one of first-rate importance in our public offices, and it is mere common sense that it should be so considered.

But what is to become of the unsuccessful candidates for Government employment? Education will absorb a respectable, and an ever-increasing, contingent, while the Bar will also absorb a good many. Many of you seem to have a quite peculiar turn for law, and, as law in this country tends to conform itself always more and more, not only to written reason, but to intelligibly expressed written reason, the greater becomes its educative power over the community. The calm pressure of our Codes will do, I think, much for India, which saints and sages have failed to do. "*Quid leges sine moribus?*" said the Latin poet, but there is a sense in which the converse is true: "*Quid mores sine legibus?*"

I should like to see many more of you turn your attention to civil engineering and especially, as I think

my predecessor, the Duke of Buckingham, advised you, to hydraulic engineering. If ever there was a region of the world, in which it was expedient to manage to perfection the supply of the element "which pardons no mistakes," it is the Presidency of Madras, and the adjoining Province of Mysore. I have heard it estimated, by one entitled to speak with authority, that there are some ninety thousand tanks in Southern India, and, as we know well here, a tank in this country often means what a lake does in the language of the West. We have tanks, which recall the Virgilian phrase :

"Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino."

That seems strange to Englishmen who have not visited India, and who, remembering a saying of Lord Beaconsfield's, think of a tank as a little reservoir to supply a cottage with drinking water !

Then it is impossible to urge too strongly the claims upon you of the Medical sciences, and of the Medical art. When Surgeon-General Furnell spoke wise words on that subject in this place eight years ago, there was not a single Brahmin practising Medicine in Southern India. It is gratifying to know that there are now seven, of whom three are graduates, while four have passed their examinations, so that a beginning has been made ; but we want the present numbers multiplied over and over again. We ought indeed to have many hundred trained men, and women, doctors in this Presidency. That however is a

"Counsel of perfection." It may well be that the times are not ripe for adding *very* hugely to our highly trained medical practitioners; but a class is wanted—imperatively wanted—of men and women, who have a certain tincture of European science, and who, accepting the methods of the Vythians,[1] wherever they are sensible, and even wherever they are harmless, should push them aside only when they are distinctly and obviously mischievous. Who but you can, if you do not furnish, at least promote, the creation of this most useful band of intermediaries, and who has a right to advise you so to do, if not the grandson of the author of the *Materia Indica? Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*, the admirable saying two hundred years ago of Ménage to Balzac, would, if it were taken to heart, do more good to India, aye, and to England, than half the winged words which the most distinguished orators have uttered in our days.

There are a thousand ways in which your co-operation might aid the Government to do things which no Government can do by itself. The annual mortality in this Presidency, for example, from fever alone, is very considerably over two hundred thousand. It distances the mortality from cholera, even in the worst cholera years. Well, a great many of these lives could be quite certainly saved by the use of the cinchona alkaloids, and what is more, a prodigious number of other lives, which are not absolutely destroyed by fever, might be made much

[1] Hindu practitioners.

happier and more useful, if only you would devote yourselves, when occasion serves, to spreading a knowledge of the virtues of the cinchona alkaloids amongst your less educated neighbours. The Government will soon be in a position to furnish the most admirable febrifuge at a fabulously cheap rate, but who is to persuade the people? Who but you?

Then there is conservancy and its kindred practices. There are numbers of you who understand why we Europeans are so anxious to improve the town and village sanitation of India, but improvement walks with lagging feet, for want of non-official missionaries of sanitation, up and down the land. What greater benefit could its most educated class confer than to spread the elementary principles of sound views on these questions which are vital in more senses than one?

But to return to my inquiry—What is to become of those of you who do not get employment under Government? Well, there is Agriculture. I am glad to see many indirect results of the expenditure at Saidapet beginning to show themselves; but I should like to see a much larger portion of the educated intelligence of South India directed towards the land, and engaged in what is, alike from its historical associations and from the nature of things, one of the most dignified of all occupations, far more dignified, for example, than all but the higher grades of scriptory labour.

Speaking the other day at Shiyali, I said: "I am

particularly glad to have made to-day the acquaintance of Mr. Krishnasawmy Mudaliyar, with whose name and good work I have long been familiar. I only wish we had two or three such men in every taluk in the Madras Presidency."

How then do we stand? There is Government employment, Education, the Bar, Civil Engineering, the Medical profession, Agriculture. All these are admirable things; but a country in which its educated class does not devote itself to a vast number of other callings, is quite unfit to keep its place abreast of other countries. It is with a view partly to draw into the stream of progress classes not now reached by almost any of our educational agencies, and partly to direct into profitable channels a considerable amount of activity and intelligence, which now strains forward to a University degree, and finds it, when acquired, the barrenest of barren honours, that my honourable colleagues and I have set on foot the large scheme of technical and industrial education, which has lately been brought before the notice of the South Indian public.

Putting aside the sciences and their various subdivisions, upon which there will be examinations as a matter of course, there will be examinations on such practical subjects as earth-work, road-work, and railway work, bridge-making, drawing, painting, and design, modellings, wood, and copper-plate, engraving and etching, carriage-building, boot and shoe making, jeweller's work, tobacco-

manufacturing, dressmaking, lace-making, bread-making, and a great variety of other subjects. For every one of these—sixty-six, or thereabouts, in all—a most careful syllabus, explaining what has to be studied and how to study it, has been drawn up by experienced persons, the greatest care being taken that both the theory and practice of each subject shall be mastered. In the cookery examination, for example, not only will a knowledge of the theory be fully tested by written papers, and *viva voce*, but the candidate will be obliged to prepare, cook, dish-up, and serve, a complete dinner for four persons, under the immediate supervision of the Examiners.

In instituting these examinations, we have not been thinking of the extension of knowledge and the enlargement of the mind. That belongs to the University. We have been thinking of science viewed in its application to manufactures and industries. We do not want, however, to go to the other extreme, and to train up mere rule-of-thumb workers. We desire that every art, however humble, shall be exercised in due subordination to the particular science, or sciences, within whose domain it falls. Certificates of various kinds, diplomas, prizes, and scholarships, will be assigned to the successful candidates in the various examinations, according to the rules laid down in the official notification.

It is to be hoped that the students of all the higher branches—such as applied mechanics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, forestry—will possess that amount of general

education which is implied by passing at least the Matriculation Examination of this University, not to say the First in Arts, but a great many youths whom Nature never meant for University studies, will, it is hoped, turn aside from a road that can lead to nothing but grievous disappointment, and devote themselves to highly honourable and lucrative careers. I could wish that this scheme, and the commercial teaching inaugurated by Mr. Adam of Patcheappa's College, while being useful to every class of the community, might be specially useful to the Mahommedans, who, while they show in this Presidency a considerable turn for trade, show also a curious indisposition to book-learning. Of the 1349 Bachelors of Arts, whom we had in 1884, Dr. Cornish told us, some of you will remember, that 899 were Brahmins, whilst our large Mahommedan population, nearly two millions strong, gave us only seven graduates. And yet the Brahmins are a mere fraction, one twenty-sixth part of the Hindu population of the Presidency, about 1,122,000 in all!

What this country wants above all things is material prosperity—the mother of all other prosperity in our imperfect world. The Government, over which I preside, has steadily pushed in this direction. How well the real leaders of the people, the clear-headed practical men of business, know it, was made clear to me during my first two years here, when I visited every district, from Tinnevelly to the Chilka lake, and heard their own ideas

from their own lips. But even in a country which has had such a history as this, and where the sphere of Government is so wide, it is very little that a Government can do towards creating material prosperity. It can show the way to wealth. It can strike the fetters off industry. It can improve communications. It can educate. It can set its face, as a flint, against all the impostors, who would derogate from the sacred simplicity of Free Trade, "the international law of the Almighty," as it has been well called.

It is, however, the educated, or relatively educated, people of the land that must drag South India, as they have dragged England, originally an incomparably poorer country, out of the slough of poverty. Less and less, I am afraid, must you look to the English Capitalist. The persons who write and declaim in favour of large political changes in India, produce no effect upon the Government, but they do produce, and, I fear, they will ever more and more produce, an effect upon the English Capitalist, who, if he once were to get into his head that the real opinion of India is represented by some persons, who profess to represent it, would as soon think of lending to her as to Honduras. This is a danger which you will have to face. I am sorry for it, for India sorely needs great supplies of capital, borrowed in the cheapest market. Yet if the chatter about the "tribute," paid by India to England, gets loud enough really to catch the ear of the British investor, adieu to cheap capital for India. She will then

have to do everything she wants out of her own poor savings. That is one of the many reasons for which I would urge more and more of you to become manufacturers, agriculturists, and producers of exchangeable articles, to devote yourselves in short to careers, by which men and countries grow rich.

The economic problems of India with its rapidly increasing population, and the absolute certainty that although, here and there, savings might be made by the use of less costly agencies, and so forth, there is very little after all to be done in that way, are of the very gravest kind. They can only be solved by largely increased receipts, and whence are the largely increased receipts to come, if the most educated men of the country do not put their shoulder to the wheel, and add greatly to the wealth out of which the people are to be supported. Tinker and fidget as much as you will over forms of administration, the elementary truth remains that you can't get blood out of a stone. If India, or any other country under heaven, is to be really well governed, it must be rich.

But to proceed on our quest of occupation for graduates —Politics, in their journalistic form, may give occupation to a few of you, but you are too far removed from the great centres of the world, to treat with much advantage of general politics. To one who has lived in the midst of them, it is indeed astounding to see the sort of heroism, with which some people charge into the middle of the

most difficult and complicated subjects, on the authority of a telegram, which does not even pretend to do more than reflect the morning's gossip of this or that European capital, thousands and thousands of miles away.

"Oh!" but some will observe, "there are Indian politics." The answer to that observation is, that there is in India but scant material for any politics, worthy of the name. What has given its great importance to political life in England and some other countries, is that they have been the pioneers of the world's progress in a great many matters of vast importance, connected with men's daily lives. They have had by endless debate, sometimes in the Council chamber, sometimes in Parliaments, often in the field, to work out the solution of a thousand puzzles, one more difficult than the other. You might easily have had to do the same, if no Europeans had ever landed upon these shores. In that case you would probably have had a long period of ever-increasing turbulence, then a slow process of reconstruction, which would have gone on, say, a thousand years, and brought you at last very possibly to about the same position, with regard to a variety of things, at which you have arrived now,—having been transported thither by an enchanter's wand.

There are some who think that it would be better for India, in the end, if that had been so, and if, to paraphrase the famous words of Medea, the trees had been never felled which were formed into the bark of Vasco da Gama. Possibly, they are right: at least, I cannot

contradict them, being no proficient in the terribly difficult, and not very profitable, science of Hypothetics. Mark this, however, that if the rough hand of the conqueror had never intervened, at least the present generation would not now be thinking the thoughts which fill the minds of the graduates of this University.

The British Government in India for the last two generations has been mainly engaged in giving to you, ready-made, nearly every *result* of our long political struggles and experiments. It has only been restrained from giving you more, by a consideration for your own feelings and ideas.

There is nothing you can ask from your rulers, in the way of such *results*, that I can think of, which they would not willingly give you to-morrow. Already, in some ways, they have given you more than they have ever given themselves. I need only point to your Codes.

All the wisest men in England would give such as these to England to-morrow; but the force of prejudice and interest in certain quarters has been always too strong. The highest intelligence of the nation has not yet been able to lift the question of codification out of the field of politics; the field, that is, of clamour and of strife. Few profounder remarks have ever been made about politics, than one which was made by a eminent American, a citizen of the Great Republic: "We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education."

All sane persons in England rejoice, as one subject

after another passes out of politics, and becomes the common property of both political parties. The glory of what is known as the Liberal party in that country is, that so very many things, which it has championed at various times, have now passed from being contested truths into accepted truisms. The glory of the Conservative party is that, although it has again and again opposed those truths, "*including*" in its opposition to them every argument that could reasonably be adduced, and marshalling against them every interest that could possibly be alarmed, it has hardly ever dreamt of seriously questioning them, when they had once become embodied in Acts of Parliament.

When some misguided persons, however, insist that instead of obtaining every *result* of our long political struggles for the asking,—nay, not for the asking, we don't insist upon that but for the hinting a wish to have them,—you should be quite gratuitously cursed with all the clumsy machinery, which grim necessity, not choice, has obliged us to use, we may be permitted to smile, and to say to ourselves: "Is this all that these gentlemen have learned from the history taught in our colleges and schools?" Is he to be called advanced, and intelligent, who says "What we want, is not the meal but the mill"?

I am the last person to undervalue politics. I have lived amidst the exciting struggles of politics all my days, but politics are only a dignified pursuit, as long as great questions of principle are open for discussion. When all

these are settled, they cease to be dignified. England is the classic land of Parliamentary discussion, but even there, Parliament has only shown itself an admirable instrument, when broad issues were before the country. No one who has had his finger on the pulse of the machine, will say that it is a good, or anything but a detestable, instrument for the working out of schemes, which are good or bad, not according to the general conceptions, on which they are based, but according to the applicability to circumstances of a thousand detailed provisions. Parliaments, in fact, are splendid instruments to remove mountains, but of very imperfect utility for the picking up of pins.

There is, however, outside the sphere of anything that can properly be called politics, a perfect world of labour, deeply exciting and interesting, lying ready for you. Your foreign rulers have wisely shrunk from interfering, except on the rarest occasions, with your religious or with your social customs, but I am assured that the new ideas, which you are acquiring, have rendered many of you much dissatisfied with not a few of your time-honoured institutions. It has indeed been urged upon me by some fervent reformers that I should espouse their side upon this or that question, relating to marriage, and so forth. I have taken uncommonly good care to do nothing of the sort. That immense field, that world of labour, is for you, and not for us. There you have gigantic questions to debate and settle, while we look on sympathetically

and respectfully, but leaving you absolutely to yourselves, so long as you do not appeal to the "arm of flesh." When you do that, I hope we shall always let it be seen very clearly that we do not mean to permit any one, small or great, to disturb with impunity the *Pax Britannica*. So long, however, as there is no physical violence, nor infliction of civil inconveniences, we shall watch all the changes that may occur—and they may well be immense—in the same spirit in which we read of the gradual supersession of paganism by Christianity, of serfage by freedom, of blind ecclesiastical authority by the liberty of intellect, having our own opinions about it all, but by no means inclined, even if it were possible, to rush into the fight.

The first sphere of labour then, outside the professions and other money-getting pursuits, which I would venture to suggest to you, is the bringing into harmony of your new thoughts, derived from us, and your old thoughts, derived from your ancestors, or from the non-European conquerors who have, at various times, settled down in India. In that field you may become great and original. If I ventured to express an opinion on a matter quite small, when compared with many others you have to settle, I would say that he who could persuade his countrymen to give up their, to us, astounding expenditure on marriages, would do more for South India than any Government could do in a decade, but these questions are, as I said, for you. In the field of social reform, you

may produce men as great as some of our political reformers of the West, but you will never produce anything great, by learning our political phraseology, and then applying it to circumstances entirely different.

I can quite understand those who say: "You Europeans should never have come to pour your new wine into our old bottles." I can well understand those who say: "Pour away, the sooner our old bad bottles burst, the better." I wish as a British official to be absolutely neutral between these parties, but I cannot understand how any one who wishes for the good of India, should dream of desiring that any portion of the intelligence of the country should go dancing after this or that psuedo-political will-o'-the-wisp, while the mightiest social and religious questions, that have been debated for the last fifteen hundred years, are asking more and more loudly for an answer.

I re-read recently the grave and wise address, which was delivered to you four years ago by Mr. Muttusami Iyer. We hear much talk about "leading the people of India," and all manner of crack-brained or interested quacks, European and others, will be increasingly ready to "lead" them by books, speeches, and anonymous articles. My advice to the people of India is, to be led by those of their own race, who, being men of ripe experience and proved ability, have imbibed what is best of the wisdom that Europe can teach, without breaking away from all their old moorings, and I could

not mention any name which better illustrates the kind of leading, to which I should commend them, than that of the distinguished Judge I have just mentioned.

One of the many important subjects, to which he urged you to attend, addressing you with an authority to which no European could aspire, was the home-teaching of women. "Without it," he said, "the education of the women of this country cannot be sufficiently liberal, for, from one cause or another, girls are withdrawn from schools a little too soon. All of you should endeavour to secure the benefit of home-teaching to such young women as may come under your protection and guardianship, and I have no doubt that the prejudice against it will wear away in the same manner in which it has worn away in relation to girls receiving any education at all."

I remember walking one day with an eminent Italian in the streets of a European capital, when a very useless person, bearing a great historic name, who had had a distinguished father, and a bad mother, passed us: "*Les races se féminisent*"—Races tend to take after the women—said my companion. The late Surgeon-General, addressing you in 1884, made some suggestive remarks on this subject. There is, he said, considerable danger, if there is great disparity in mental development between the father and the mother, that the intellectual powers of the offspring will rather follow the mother's than the father's type.

I should like to see the educational advance of South

India more uniform—I should like to see both female, and primary, education moving a little quicker. Nothing is more keenly interesting to those Europeans in this country, whose duty it is to think, not of gaining cheap applause by repeating favourite shibboleths, but by doing the best they can for your welfare, than to see the way in which practices and ideas, which are separated in the evolution of humanity by thousands of years, jostle each other in your society. I have received, within a few hours, two documents, one setting forth the advantages of introducing into India the most brand-new political machinery, and the other a petition from a condemned criminal, who asked for mercy, on the ground that he had been persuaded by the banker of his village, the Sir John Lubbock, in fact, of the locality, that the wife of his victim was in the habit of turning into a tigress, had already eaten his sister, and was about to eat his buffaloes.

Such contrasts, and they are very numerous, coming in the ordinary course of business, are apt to make a man who acts under a sense of responsibility remember the saying, that the rulers here are like men bound to make their watches keep true time in two longitudes at once. "If they go too fast," says Sir Henry Maine in his famous Rede lecture, "there will be no security; if they go too slow, there will be no improvement."

Again Mr. Muttusami Iyer advised you to travel in India, and, if possible, to go to Europe. I may be

permitted, without presumption, to do the same; but I would caution you against one mistaken opinion, which I have observed that some natives of India have picked up in England. They have been led to imagine that Englishmen at home were more kindly and friendly than Englishmen in this country; but you should recollect that, in England, a native of India is a rarity; in provincial circles one of the rarest of rarities. He comes only as a guest, and is treated as a guest. Here, whatever may be his merits, he is not a rarity, and he is not a guest.

Then, I have sometimes met with the idea that the English democracy would be more favourable to the native of India than the English aristocracy, or the English *bourgeoisie*, which ruled from 1832 to 1868, had been. I would not, if I were you, attach too much weight to that idea. Our English Demos has many virtues, but he is, when his path is crossed, about the most formidable personage on the surface of this planet. India never crossed his path but once, and, even then, his attention was happily distracted by his being given the Great Company to toss. If he had quite understood that the movement of 1857 was directed, not against an institution, but against *him*, many things might have taken a worse turn than they did. However that may be, avoid touching our home political controversies, even with your little finger. Keep India sedulously away from any contact with English parties. "Have a care how you fan the

flame," as a wise man said,[1] in words that turned out to be too terribly prophetic; "have a care how you try to extinguish it, for it may easily burn your fingers!" I have sometimes smiled to see sagacious advice given you by some of your own people outside this Presidency, as to the expediency of using both Conservatives and Liberals for the good of India, without allowing yourselves to be entangled in our contentions. Even so I have thought does the prudent and reflective moth propose to use the candle. Though, however, I think that for you to meddle with our home politics is to reap the whirlwind, while to play at politics here is to plough the sand, I trust that a great many of you will find most honourable and useful spheres of activity, in connection with the recent development of local self-government in this Presidency—the mother, I think, I may say, of local self-government in its modern Indian form. I cannot tell you how anxious I am to see this strike deep root amongst your people, but it can only do so if your most educated men bend their minds to the often tiresome, but always supremely important, tasks of multiplying roads and schools, spreading vaccination, seeing after rest-houses for travellers, planting avenue trees, or, to put all in one phrase, "in extending civilisation," for it is in these and such things, not in the institutions that catch the eye, and get written about in the ordinary histories, that

[1] Heine, when warning the French not to meddle with internal changes in Germany.

civilisation consists. Large parts even of the island of Great Britain were hardly civilised in the year 1800, and even in our own time Mr. Disraeli wrote of civilisation as being confined to England, France, and the course of a single river, meaning, thereby, the Rhine. The remark required modification, but had much truth in it. The object of all who work local self-government should be to extend what he meant by civilisation all over South India.

Let every man try to make his town or village the best drained, the best educated, the cleanest and the healthiest in the District, with the hardest and best shaded roads. Such work is not political in the sense in which that word is usually employed, but it is of untold importance to the *Polis*, the community. Get wealth, get material civilisation. These are the two maxims which I wish to impress upon you in this part of my address. You will soon see that I do not consider that man lives by bread alone, or that even widely-diffused physical well-being is the last word of human progress. There is probably no one who ever addressed you, who holds more distinctly an opposite opinion; but it is madness not to recognise the limitations of existence, or to try to leap over our own shadows. All schemes of world-bettering by raising the condition of the masses, and spreading property amongst them, will either lead to terrible disaster, or be inoperative, until the amount of property, that is, of desirable things in the world, is vastly, colossally increased. To attempt to do that without strictly following the laws of

political economy, the laws which deal with the wealth of nations, is like surveying, in defiance, or contempt, of the laws of geometry. It may well be that India, through all the ages, may possess a large number of philosophers, who do not concern themselves with material things at all, and that that spirit is widely extended amongst its people. Even in the bustling eager West we have had thousands of such in all the ages. We have thousands now, whose inmost aspirations could not be better expressed than in the words of St. Augustine, "O amare, O ire, O sibi perire, O ad Deum pervenire!"

In our countries such people are the very salt of the earth, and I am not at all concerned to deny that they may be the same in Asia; but few of you belong, I should think, to that category. You have for good or evil drunk the fevering wine of modern European thought, and understand what we, in the West, mean by progress. My appeal to you is in favour of your devoting yourselves to what is undoubtedly real progress, so far as it goes, not to its hollow counterfeit. But some of you have no turn for taking part in religious or social discussions, or for engaging in any form of active and stirring labour. To such, the first question I would put is this: "Are you satisfied with what you are doing for your own literature? How many of you, whether speaking Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Canarese, Tulu, or any other tongue, are doing anything, or seriously proposing to do anything, to add to the literature of those languages, or any of them?"

I do not refer to books of information that you may have published in those languages, books merely imparting a little of the knowledge of the West—they are good in their own way—but to books containing something that is at once new and striking, books adding, if it be only by one verse or one paragraph, to the things already existing in the world, which are acknowledged to be beautiful, or to be at once new and true.

Some of you, however, will object: "But who is sufficient for these things? How many are there who can add even one sentence, worthy to live, to the literature of the world, or one new fact to the sum of human knowledge?" More, I suspect, than is generally believed. Who made your excellent Tamil proverbs? Who found out the virtues of many of your common weeds? But pass that by. Men may lead most worthy and honourable lives, devoted to science and to literature, without the making either of books or discoveries. There are few more dignified occupations than indulging to the uttermost what has been well called "la grande curiosité": and no one can do that, however recluse may be his turn, without making himself a fountain-head of wisdom in his own immediate neighbourhood.

This University will not have done anything like its fair share of work till South India too has many Actons.

A native gentleman of position at Vizagapatam devotes himself to astronomy, and, much to his credit, supports an observatory. The Maharajah of Vizianagram, forward

in all good works, is, as one who bears his title well may be, an assiduous student of Sanskrit, but the great names of the land have not yet begun to take the place they should do, either in the accumulation, or in the encouragement, of learning.

How many of you are seeking to obtain a large and scholarly knowledge of the vernaculars of South India? A distinguished European *savant*, intimately acquainted with Northern India, wrote to me lately: "I am going to the Orientalist Congress at Venice in September. Could you find me a Dravidian pundit, *a man thoroughly individual and quite unlike an Aryan pundit?*" I have made what inquiry I could, and I think I could as easily send to Venice a live Megatherium or a live Pterodactyl. Surely this should not be so. In the West, we have hundreds and hundreds of men who are producing literature of a high order; and hundreds and hundreds more who are great scholars, pundits of profound learning—German, French, English, and what not, who do not produce much, but whose powers of acquisition are marvellous. I want to know whether there are many such, or any such, amongst you, and if not, whether you do not think it highly desirable that the class should be called into existence.

This duty of doing something for your literature is doubly incumbent upon such of you as are of pure Dravidian race—a race not nearly so numerously represented amongst our graduates as it should be, but comprising

some twenty-nine millions of the inhabitants of this Presidency.

It seems probable that you Dravidians had already made very considerable advances in the arts of life and in government at a remote period, by your own strength. Then came the Aryans of the East. They gave you a great impulse. After a vast interval of time, these were followed by the Aryans of the West. These last are beginning to give, both to you and to the Aryans of the East, an infinitely greater impulse, but the last thing which any sensible man amongst them desires is, that you should cease to be yourselves. The fact is we cannot afford to forego the co-operation of any race, which is fit to take part in the work of civilised man.

It is now as certain, as anything in the future can be, that, two hundred years hence, the race and language of Shakespeare, Burke, and Byron will have beaten all other races and languages in the struggle for existence; but, good things as are our race and language, I, for one, should be very sorry to lose from the concert of humanity many other voices, and I should like to see the millions of Dravidians, who inhabit South India, taking all the good they can get from us, without ceasing to move on their old lines.

Like all Scotchmen, I am proud of my little country, of its history, and of the work it is doing in the world. But I should as soon wish you to look at the world through Scottish spectacles, or to desire for yourselves

the things which Scotchmen desire for themselves, as, standing this March morning in the lovely gardens of Guindy, I should have wished to give you in exchange for your climate that "hunger of the North wind" which "bites our peaks into barrenness."

Mr. Foulkes, the Chaplain of Coimbatore, has drawn up a very instructive analysis of the Catalogue of books registered in Madras in 1884. From this, we learn, amongst other things, that 744 books were registered during that period. Of these, 374 treated of religion, 189 were educational, and 181 miscellaneous.

It would be interesting, though I fear impossible, to have a further analysis with a view to learn how far the higher education which our University has been promoting has influenced this literature.

The second field then, outside the professions and callings in which I wish to invite you to labour, is the field of literature. There are, however, many other fields.

There is for example the field of Art. It would be very gratifying to see more of you turn your attention in that direction. South India is not, and never has been, pre-eminently artistic. But one cannot go to the School presided over by Mr. Havell, any more than visit temples like Chidambaram or Madura, without seeing that there is a large amount of artistic ability here, which, under wise guidance, and I would add under wise restraint, may produce even more beautiful objects than your marvellous "pillared halls." In a speech delivered at St. Matthias's

Schools last January, my wife called attention to the endless models for pictures and statues, which are to be seen in Madras every day, and elsewhere she urged the formation of a school for figure drawing. The advantages which you have here over us Northerns, whose ghastly climate so often requires us to go about muffled to the chin, are very obvious, and I would fain hope that the day may come when we shall see such a school arise.

About architecture I am less hopeful. There was an epoch, when, in India, as in Europe, architecture was the universal language. That was the time with us, which "lighted with white lines of cloisters the glades of the Alpine pine, and raised into ordered spires the wild rocks of the Norman sea." As, however, Victor Hugo has admirably pointed out, the inoffensive looking art of printing killed all that.[1] Architecture has remained, and will, in the nature of things, ever remain, a useful and, in many of its applications, an elegant art, but never again, amidst the complicated wants of modern life, can so expensive a method of rendering thought take anything like its old position in the world.

Foolish Englishmen have often railed against their countrymen for not raising buildings in India like those of some of their predecessors, but I should like to know what would be said if any Indian ruler, even with the certainty of producing a building as beautiful as the Taj,

[1] See the brilliant chapter in *Notre Dame de Paris* entitled "Ceci tuera cela."

suggested calling it into existence. Great works of that kind are amongst the most glorious possessions of nations, but they imply, amidst many other things, either forced labour on the most gigantic scale, or the turning of almost all human energy towards the expression of thought in architecture. Shah Jehan was a very small ruler indeed, compared to the Viceroy of India in the year 1886, but just imagine Lord Dufferin's proposing to spend three crores, seventeen lakhs, forty-eight thousand and twenty-six rupees upon another Taj!

I have very imperfect sympathy with the lamentations that are sometimes heard as to the disappearance of some Indian arts and manufactures. They have often only disappeared because Manchester, or some other European town, can serve the Indian customer both cheaper and better, but I would wish to watch jealously over the preservation of all those Indian arts and manufactures which are exceptionally good, and I would fain see wealthy English and native gentlemen forming themselves into societies for the express purpose of keeping alive every single art, which Sir George Birdwood would say was thoroughly first-rate, thus fulfilling, and probably fulfilling much better, the function, which used to be performed more than it is now, by the various native courts. A man who pays for the calling into existence of such a piece of ironwork as that elephant goad, which we have in the Museum here, does a positively virtuous action. In this field, as in many other fields, you have much to learn

from other parts of India ; above all from what is in some respects the most delightful part of a glorious country—Rajpootana.

I hope the time will come when there will be a great deal more migration within India, transfer of population from districts where it overflows to too sparsely populated regions, transfer of customs and transfer of thought. These are all things which you should manage for yourselves without interference from Europeans, for you only can manage them well. All that the European can do is to point out where improvements can be made, where, for example, the graceful usages of one part of India may supersede with advantage the ungraceful usages of another, and so all advance by a process of indigenous growth, different from, but by no means necessarily inferior, nay often distinctly superior, to European works and ways.

You will have work to do, not only in advancing and regulating progress, but in taking care that you do not lose precious possessions, which you have received from your ancestors. No intelligent European can study your society without seeing that you have a great many things which other, and in some respects, much more advanced, societies may well envy. I may instance your simplicity of life, your charity, your domestic union which dispenses with the necessary but outrageously clumsy Poor Law of England, the healthful and charming costume of your women, and, in many parts of the country, of your men also. These are only a few of many points in which you

are superior, and which may well one day be menaced by an injudicious following of European models. I would have you, as to many of these things, to be third-thoughted, rather than second-thoughted, to use a happy phrase of Coleridge's; I would have you "prove all things" in your ancient traditions, but by all means likewise "hold fast that which is good."

When History has become really studied amongst you, and it is, after all, the highest of studies, you will, while rejecting the exaggerations and dreams of those who claim for the ancestors of the Aryan conquerors, or colonisers of North India, a thousand virtues which they had not, be led to cling more and more to what is really good in your own past, and to rest wherever you do not see a proved necessity for change, "in the statutes of the land that gave you birth."

There is one argument for beginning to produce something valuable and distinctive, which the Chancellor of this University has a special right to urge. It is indeed his bounden duty to ask you to rescue your University from its critics. We have a maxim in our sacred books which is in consonance with your own Ethics, a subject to which the Cooral shows that you gave attention in very remote times: "Freely ye have received, freely give." You have been drinking now for a generation at the fountains of European knowledge. It is time you should begin to give Europe something in return. The very smallest additions to the stores of the Western men of

learning, coming from the people of Southern India, will be, I am sure, not only thankfully, but rapturously, received.

At present, they say to us: "You show us your machinery—your University, your schools, and much else. You are obviously spending a great deal of money upon what you describe as the 'Higher Education,' but where are your results? If you tell us that you get better Government officials, and that you have even taught some young men to abuse you in very fair English in the newspapers, we reply that is all very well if it assists or amuses you, but how does it help *us*, how does it add to the stock of the world's knowledge?

"We freely grant that your English Orientalists and other men of science have done much, but there must be something wrong in the turn you have given to your higher education, if you have not succeeded in creating a desire on the part of the people of South India to learn, and to tell, more about themselves, and the country in which they live."

I confess that, when criticisms of that kind are made upon our work, I know not what to answer, unless it be to plead the hideousness of the anarchy and misrule, which preceded the firm establishment of English power in this part of India. With every year, however, that plea gets less valid. Will you not begin to help us to meet our critics, by telling Europe something worth knowing, which it does not already know?

Is that impossible? Has South India nothing of interest to tell? Surely the European workers have not exhausted all its material facts. I will not believe for a moment that they have. It is, indeed, perfectly manifest that they have not. "The fields are white to the harvest."

I will take only a few subjects, and first there is Ethnology. Are you Dravidians autochthones? Very certainly you have much more reason to call yourselves so than any Greek ever had, but are you? and, if not how otherwise? There is a great amount of knowledge concerning you collected in Dr. Maclean's most remarkable *Manual of the Administration of the Presidency*—a book so valuable that it is a gratification to me to think that its composition synchronised with my term of office in this country; but, again and again, the cables break off short. If any one can pick up those cables from the bottom of the sea of oblivion, surely it should be one of yourselves. The Aryans of the West, by close study of the sacred languages of the Aryans of the East, have learned, not only a great deal about their own early history, but have been able to tell the Aryans of the East almost everything that these last know about *their own* history. Why should not you Dravidians, after learning the scientific methods of the West, apply them to your own languages? Study your own languages comparatively, as Bishop Caldwell advised you years ago. He was a wise man who said: "There is perhaps more to be learned

from human language than from anything that has been written in it." Why, again, if we want some one to decipher your own inscriptions, must we send thousands and thousands of miles away, and hunt up some scholar in the valley of the Danube?

Then there is the question of the characters which you use in writing. Are you sure that you are giving your vernaculars a fair chance, supposing that is, you intend to retain them, as I presume you do? Languages which have a frightfully difficult character, and one which is exceptionally expensive to print, are at a great disadvantage in the battle of life. I suppose there is no insuperable difficulty in simplifying your characters. The Jesuits used, three hundred years ago, a form of Roman character for writing Concany, but nowadays these are changes which, if they are made at all, must be made by the people most concerned. And if you do not take the lead, who will?

Then there are the Religions of Southern India. How little is known of these! I do not speak of those religions which came to India with the races who dwelt behind the great range, nor of those religions which have been brought by conquerors or traders from beyond the sea. There are numerous gaps in our knowledge, even of some of the most recently introduced of these, to be filled up, as, for instance, with regard to the so-called Syrian Christians of Malabar, and the Jews of Cochin. We have not even yet recovered the thread, by which

they are to be connected with the great web of human history. Why do not some of our Christian graduates, of whom we have so large a number, try to do this? Far more difficult, however, and much larger are the problems connected with the early religions of this part of India, which still form an important ingredient in the system of belief, even of many who have been greatly affected by Vedic, and other Aryan influences, but which, in many districts, have survived, I apprehend, with little alteration, for uncounted ages.

To the sciences of Comparative Philology and of Comparative Religion, one of the most gifted men who ever landed on the shores of India, I mean Sir Henry Maine, is on the way to add a third science, for which neither he nor any one else has exactly found a name, but which may be described as the early history of institutions as observed chiefly in India. I grudge, however, a little, though it is inevitable, that Aryan institutions, the institutions of early conquerors, should engross so much attention. I want the non-Aryan people of the South to tell us something about their institutions, which go back to a period, as compared with which the hoariest Indo-Aryan antiquity is as the news in Reuter's latest telegram.

Has any one studied the village life of the South? Are there no facts to be collected from a careful examination of it, which would be useful to some future Sir Henry Maine? If there are, surely you should be the people to collect them.

It makes one who has a strong feeling for South India, a little sad to read such a book as Professor Max Muller's *India, What can it teach Us?* and to see how very little it has to do with India, south of the Vindhyan range. The Vedas, and all that is connected with them, belong to a world, not so far outside the limits of your India as is the literature of the Western Aryans; but, still, outside them. I should like to see the pre-Sanskrit element amongst you asserting itself rather more, and showing what it could do to help on the general work of humanity.

The constant putting forward of Sanskrit literature, as if it were pre-eminently Indian, should stir the national pride of some of you Tamil, Telugu, Canarese. You have less to do with Sanskrit than we English have. Ruffianly Europeans have sometimes been known to speak of natives of India as "Niggers," but they did not, like the proud speakers or writers of Sanskrit, speak of the people of the South as legions of monkeys. It was these Sanskrit speakers, not Europeans, who lumped up the Southern races as Rakshasas—demons. It was they who deliberately grounded all social distinctions upon *Varna*, colour.

Close observation, and Sir Henry Maine's method, may make your Dravidian institutions tell many a strange story.

Then, there are your old manuscripts. What great facilities you have for collecting these, which the European scholar, even with all the power of Govern-

ment behind him, has not got. But I hear certain of you, who have been drinking deep from the fountains of Mill, or Bain, or Herbert Spencer, murmur : "Why should we collect our old books? Your new books are better; our old books are trash." To that I reply, first, "Who has a right to say that till they have been examined?" and, secondly, by repeating a question which I remember hearing Panizzi, the great librarian ask, long years ago, at Brooks's, not a little, I think, to the surprise of his audience, "Trash; what is trash?" The idea was new to me then, but I have learnt since that there is nothing, or next to nothing, in the shape of literature, when it is dealt with by the chemistry of genius, which may not fill up some gap, and make light where, a moment before, there was darkness.

Then, there are coins. You will say that the dynasties of Southern India have but little to do with the great drama of history. Well, it seems so, with our present knowledge, and it may always be so; but here it is, just as with your manuscripts, you cannot tell till they have been examined, and who have such facilities for collecting them, as you? There is hardly a bazaar in the country, where you could not come upon coins which might be of real interest to the European student, which a European student himself might never be allowed to see. Such an one was lately in one of our towns, and found the greatest possible difficulty, although he was a man of importance, in seeing anything. At last he produced a

Rama Tunka from his pocket, and it at once acted as a spell. Each one of you has, in his language and nationality, a Rama Tunka in his pocket.

Then, to us who have been trained in that veneration for the past which we, bold innovators as we are, in our maturer years are all trained in, cannot understand the extraordinary ignorance which prevails in every corner of this country about its own objects of interest, its ancient buildings, ruins, pillars, and so forth. Two instances of this have recently much amused me. I went to the great Jain temples on Mount Abu, and tried to extract from the people on the spot something about them, other than the two or three well-known facts. Then, still more recently, I went to the very remarkable Mahommedan shrine at Nagore near Negapatam. The Jain temples were very old, the Nagore shrine was comparatively modern, but not one answer, which conveyed any certain idea, could I obtain at either, from the very courteous gentlemen who took care of them. Is not this all wrong? Should not the history and antiquities of your own country be one of your chief studies? In these researches, no reasonable man would wish to employ any one but a native of India, if only he could find an adequately instructed person who cared one anna about them. I daresay, when your researches have been made, the result will not be very gigantic. There is not recoverable probably from the Dravidian past anything as valuable as that which has been found in the

East Aryan past, and the value of the literary performances which Sanskrit embalms, considered merely in themselves, and not as the key to much of human history that was till lately unknown, has perhaps been overrated by those who went through the toil that was necessary to secure the prize. Still, it is your manifest duty to recover for the world all that is recoverable of your early days. The real golden age for you, as for others, is not in the past but in the future. Yet it will be all the more golden, when it comes, if you exhume, for use in it, every scrap of buried treasure you can find in your long past.

Another branch of Archaeology, the pre-historic, has hardly excited any attention in this Presidency, and yet the best authorities consider that there are many important secrets to be revealed by the surface deposits of your hills and plains. The Madras Government, under the advice of Professor Huxley, and through the instrumentality of that very distinguished geologist, Mr. Bruce Foote, assisted by his highly intelligent son, have made a commencement of researches in the Kurnool District, but I am assured by Mr. Bruce Foote that there are, in all directions, vestiges of the antique life of the inhabitants of South India, ready to reward the intelligent explorer. Why should not some of you take a part in this work? It might, amongst other things, lead you to the study of geology. True it is that a portion, though only a portion, of our districts has been surveyed by the geological experts

of the Government of India, but there is room for a whole army of workers to follow in their track, and to glean much that is valuable, as well scientifically as economically.

Then there is Mineralogy. We know as yet next to nothing of the mineral resources of South India. Witness the crazy rush there was a few years ago into gold-mining speculations. Witness the very likely just as foolish sacrifice of properties, which had been acquired at absurd prices. You ought to know all about the mineral contents of your soil, and who is to find this out except yourselves? All told, there may be 35,000[1] persons in this Presidency of all degrees, more or less of English birth, but the population of the Presidency is about 31,000,000. We can do nothing but show you the way to begin. With a view to do this, the Government has just imported a mineralogical surveyor. We want, however, in order to get the work done properly, not units but legions.

Then the Fauna of the Presidency is still far from fully worked out, even in its higher orders. There are still discoveries to be made, if not among the mammals, certainly amongst the birds, the reptiles, and the fish, while, when you get below these, you pass gradually into less and less known regions. A serious study of the insects of South India would probably result in discoveries

[1] We have four persons speaking our two Kolarian languages, Sowrah and Gadabah, for every one who speaks English.

of very direct importance to its inhabitants, and the investigation of the humbler oceanic life around our coasts has been hardly commenced. I trust a great impulse to Natural History will be given by the recent importation of Mr. Thurston, Mr. Bourne, and Mr. Henderson. But they and other able Europeans, and scores and scores of educated natives, will have to work for a couple of generations, before the Madras University can be said to have done its duty in investigating its own special zoological province.

There is yet no handbook of the insects of South India, and sorely is such a handbook wanted. Researches amongst the lower forms of insect life will probably do much to add to the comfort of human life, as well as to the wealth of the country. When Dr. Bidie pointed out that the coffee borer did not thrive in coffee cultivated under shade, he did what I should like to see some of you doing. He made the results of the higher education directly contributory to human well-being.

What is true of the Fauna is true of the Flora. Most of the phanerogamic plants of the Presidency are doubtless known to science, but I remember Colonel Beddome telling me that he thought it quite possible that, even so near our summer capital as the Sispara forests, there might still be trees, which had not been examined. A great many of you will be wanted to take part in the thorough scientific survey of the Flora of the Presidency, of which we are laying the foundation in the Botanical

Department, recently established under the admirable guidance of Kew and of Mr. Lawson, and a great many more will be wanted for the economic survey, which must bring into notice every fact, concerning the uses of your plants, which the long experience of your ancestors has (amidst much that is not fact but imagination) hived carefully up. When we remember, however, that, below the phanerogamic plants, there is another great vegetable world which has hardly been investigated here at all, and which has quite certainly secrets of great, not to say portentous, importance to reveal, especially in relation to disease, you will see how wide a field is opened to you in this one department of research. Nor must you forget that for those of you who have no special turn for original research, there is an honourable career open, in imparting to your countrymen what it concerns them to know about the labours of their scientific men. The educated youth of South India will not even have begun to fulfil his proper function in this respect, till there are two or three ardent native naturalists in every corner of the country. There is no want of aptitude amongst you for these studies, so dignified and so repaying in point of happiness. I could mention the names of several native friends of mine, who show a great turn for them, but I do not think they are graduates.

The weakest part of our system of higher education has, up to this time, been that which is concerned with the science of observation, but the men I have just men-

tioned bring into the Presidency the latest methods and results of the most renowned schools in Europe. I doubt not that they will have a pretty tough battle to fight before they get into the minds of the teachers, to say nothing of the pupils, that no science, which is not derived from direct contact with nature, is good for anything. What is wanted amongst our Indian youth is not a knowledge of what books or professors say about natural objects, but what those natural objects say about themselves. In this, as in many other departments of life, the function of the middleman always tends to become disproportionately great. We want to bring your minds into the closest possible relations with the producers of impressions, that is to say, with the things which you see and touch. No middleman should be employed, when the first difficulties are surmounted, but your own senses.

The yearly Flower-Show in Madras furnishes agreeable evidence that the taste for horticulture, if not for botany, has taken some hold amongst the wealthier natives. I trust this taste may go on spreading, for it is at once an indication of advancing civilisation, and an agency for advancing it further.

I might go on to speak of other sciences and other pursuits, but I hope I have said enough to show you how many directions there are in which our graduates may usefully employ themselves, not only may, but *must*, if South India is to prosper.

It is not by their political machinery that Western

countries have prospered, even where that machinery has been well contrived. It has been much more by ten thousand influences—trade, mining, manufactures, inventions, universities, books, learned societies, and what not, combining, in one or two exceptionally favoured countries, with well-contrived political institutions. Before the knowledge, which we bring you ready-made, can have its perfect work, your national life must be enriched in a vast number of ways, of which I am afraid many of you have not even begun to think. I trust I may succeed in making you think about them, or some of them, for there is a great amount for the most educated class in Southern India to do, before they have got for their country that sort of recognition which they ought to get, for what is undoubtedly one of the oldest lands in the universe.

We have in the Madras Presidency very few rocks of even the secondary formations; for a large part of its surface is covered by masses of crystalline gneiss, which was looking very much as it does now, æons and æons before the greater part of England rose from beneath the waves. And the immense majority of its inhabitants, although they certainly cannot say that they are as old as the rocks of the Nílgiris, would, at least, if they did so, come very much nearer the mark, than did the great French family, of whom it was said "noble as the Barrases, old as the rocks of Provence."

It is not only an ancient, but a lovely, land in which

the lot of most of you is cast. There is hardly a district in the Presidency which does not contain scenery which people in Europe would go hundreds of miles to see, and of which the globe-trotter, pursuing his way over "the bare stony wolds of the Deccan," and the monotonous plains so common in Northern India, little dreams. Such a land well deserves that the best efforts of its inhabitants should be given, first, to make the most of its resources, and, secondly, to illustrate it by leading therein lives which may be useful to the world at large.

Let me recapitulate. Some of those, who now enter the University, should not enter it at all. They can never be useful to themselves, their families, or their country, except through callings by which they can early, and speedily, accumulate money. Others should enter it, pass the Matriculation, and the First in Arts Examinations, but, after that, branch off to some of the more difficult money-getting pursuits.

There remain the graduates, to whom I have been chiefly addressing myself, and we have seen together how many employments there are, amongst which it is desirable that they should scatter themselves, instead of trusting to the fragile reed of Government employment.

So much for the lower functions of the University: for what the Germans well call its "bread-studies." I have shown you, however, that above these is a whole range of occupations, adapted to the leisure hours of the busy men amongst you, and all the hours of such of you

(a class which will, I trust, increase) as having this world's goods, need not trouble yourselves with money-getting. I have further pointed out that these occupations are of two kinds: those suited to men whose disposition inclines them to the active, and those suited to men whose disposition inclines them to the studious, and contemplative, side of life. But, beyond, and above, all these functions of the University, there is one far higher and more important still; that, namely, it should sow in all its worthier sons the seeds of that way of looking at life, which has never been so well described as it has been by a living writer.

"He was acquiring," says Mr. Pater, speaking of a Roman youth, the hero of his surpassingly beautiful book, *Marius the Epicurean*. "He was acquiring what is ever the chief function of all higher education to teach—a system of art, viz., of so relieving the ideal or poetic traits, the elements of distinction in our everyday life—of so exclusively living in them that the unadorned remainder of it, the mere drift and débris of life, becomes as though it were not."

It would be a dangerous thing to say this if I were not addressing those whom I believe to be inspired, even, perhaps, too much inspired, with the Western passion for "getting on," albeit they think too much of "getting on" by the poor enough ladder of Government employment; but it is necessary to say it in order to put before you the kernel of my thoughts about the University. The

world's work *must* be done—woe to those by whom the hard prosaic inevitable side of life is ever neglected; but I would have each one of you have in your minds a sanctuary, into which it does not enter.

Till our University is doing all these things, from the lowest to the highest, I, for one, shall not be satisfied, but I confess that it is with no small pleasure that I observe how little she has got to throw away, how little rubbish there is in her existing system. My thoughts go back to the first time that it became my duty, officially, to address a University. It was just nineteen years ago, and I was then not Chancellor of the University of Madras, but Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, an ancient institution, which had been founded, partly in the evening of Catholic Scotland, partly in the stormy morning of her Protestant Reformation. Then, as to-day, I directed my speech mainly to point out what I thought would be improvements, but, in the first case the whole ground around me was strewn with old-fashioned and semi-barbarous methods of teaching, the absurdity of which I had to bring into strong relief. Here there is nothing of that sort. The machine is an excellent machine. It will want, doubtless, every few years a change here, and a change there, but the great improvements wanted are not in the machine, but rather in the way in which our people use it.

I calculate that, when I was young, every English boy who had enjoyed, or suffered, what was called a first-rate

education, no matter what were his abilities, or his application, lost five clear years of life, before he entered on his profession, thanks to the hopeless idiocy of the system through which we were all put. I have taken comparatively little interest in English educational questions for some years back, but, from 1861, when I got the then Government to appoint the first Commission to inquire into our Public Schools, till within a year or two of my leaving home, I took a very active part in their discussion, in and out of Parliament. During that time there was a great deal of improvement ; but still the old follies stood back to back, and sold their lives dearly.

Here, however, I find little in our system to criticise. It is filled with the modern spirit, and, whenever a change is wanted, and is likely to be acceptable to those concerned, a scratch of the pen does more than years of weary iteration and reiteration of commonsense can do to break through, in the old country, the cake of custom, let alone to overpower the resistance of the craftsmen of Ephesus.

And now, gentlemen, I think I have said to you, and, through you, to the youth of Southern India, all that I had it in my mind to say. My days in this country are numbered, but I shall continue to watch with the greatest interest the future of the Madras University. It has done good service up to this time, but there has perhaps not been much in its work, very unlike the work of its sister Universities at Calcutta and Bombay. It has been mainly an institution for the testing by West Aryans of

the intellectual powers and educational progress of our Southern Brahmins, that is, of persons of pure or mixed East Aryan blood.

All this is highly commendable, and useful. No one has a greater respect than I have for our Brahmins. Of them that may be truly said, which was said so well of Pericles :—

> "He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
> By Nature's first great title—mind."

They must always occupy a most important place in a society, presided over by the Aryans of the West, because their place is indicated by their possession of a large share of those intellectual powers, in virtue of which the West Aryan himself holds paramount sway.

But to have a University merely to do what, in these railway days, Bombay could do almost as well, would be a rather humble ambition. What must ever differentiate this University from all other Universities is, that it is placed in the midst of a huge Dravidian population. We can make a pretty good guess as to what the East Aryan can do, when he has had "all the chances." We can hardly make a guess as to what the Dravidian may do. Very likely he will never be able to do work as good as that of the East Aryan, but it is almost certain that the best he does will be different in kind.

INDEX

Aberdare, Lord, i. 64, 282
Aberdeen, Lord, ii. 23
Abu, Mount, ii. 97
Acton, Lord, i. 119; ii. 44
Address, parting, ii. 306
Afghan botany, i. 334
Agassiz, Mr. Alexander, i. 249
Agnew, Captain, i. 176, 342; ii. 2, 18, 35, 111, 124; (Burmah expedition), 139, 140, 222
Agra, ii. 101
Ahmedabad, ii. 96
Aitchison, Sir Charles, ii. 107
Ajmere, ii. 112
Alexandria, bombardment of, i. 39
Alford, i. 170
—— Lady Marion, ii. 32
Alguada fort, ii. 118
Alice, Princess, Letters, i. 311
Allegra, ii. 13
Amballa, ii. 106, 111
Ampthill, Lord, i. 221, 316; ii. 295
Anderson, Col., ii. 94
Annandale, ii. 108
Anstruther, Sir Robert, ii. 244
Apelles, ii. 50
Arabi Pasha, i. 46; ii. 289
Arnheim, inscription at, i. 371
Arnold, Edwin, ii. 167; (*India Revisited*), 236
—— Matthew, i. 48, 92, 285; ii. 40, 89, 90, 253
Ars Poetica, ii. 191
Asseergurh, ii. 116
Atherton, i. 250
Austrian political history, principal events, i. 232
Autographs, i. 40
Awdry, Captain, i. 21, 26, 137, 176, 295; ii. 5; death of, 51, 52, 90
—— Mrs., i. 135; ii. 16, 17, 46, 53; departure for England, 52, 82, 123

Baffin, ii. 134
Bagdad, Jews at, ii. 94, 112
Bagot, Captain, i. 12, 21, 37, 208, 286, 291, 319, 370; ii. 17, 23, 36, 54, 78, 79, 121, 128
Baker, General, ii. 89
Ballajee, Punt Nattu, ii. 94
Bangalore, i. 71, 225; review at, 227, 235
Baring, Major, i. 79
Baroda, ex-Gaekwar's letters, i. 16
Basil plant, i. 298
Baxter, i. 26
Bayard Taylor, i. 283
Bay of Biscay, i. 1
Bellary, i. 21, 39
Beresford, Lord William, i. 249
Beypur, ii. 117, 121
Bhil, ii. 100

Bhore Ghaut, ii. 95, 96
Bhurtpur, ii. 101, 102
Biddulph, Colonel, ii. 113
Birdsall of Northampton, ii. 65
Bishop, Mrs., i. 37, 99, 325, 340; ii. 38, 180, 193; *Le Valbriant*, 235
Black, i. 220
Blanc, Louis, ii. 74
Blenheim, inscription at, i. 371
Blennerhassett, Lady, ii. 63; on Taine, 212
Blumenthal, General, i. 121
Blunt, Lady Anne, i. 241
Bolarum, review at, i. 238
Bombay, i. 9
Bom Jesus church, ii. 119
Bonnières, M. and Mme. R. de, ii. 15
Book-plates, ii. 137; description of, ii. 164, 165
Borton, Sir Arthur, i. 4
Bossuet, i. 288, 289
Botanical Survey, ii. 21
Bourbonnais, ii. 84
Bowen, Sir George, ii. 177
Boyle, G., Dean of Salisbury, i. 302; ii. 72, 91
—— The Hon. Mrs., i. 308; ii. 37, 74, 194, 230
Bradby of Haileybury, i. 108
Bradford, Sir E., ii. 98
Bradlaugh, i. 32
Bradshaw, Dr., ii. 110
Brandis, Sir D., i. 13, 31, 47; ii. 109, 297
Brandt, Mr., i. 44
Breakfast Club, i. 25, 118, 259, 323; ii. 108, 260
Bridges, Dr., ii. 81
Browning, i. 1; ii. 110
Buck, Sir Edward, i. 137, 139; ii. 108
Bundi, Maharao of, ii. 99
Bunsen, i. 37, 182, 308
Burmese expedition, ii. 122, 123
Burr, Colonel, report on battle of Kirkee, ii. 93
Butcher, Professor Henry, i. 303
Buxton, Mrs. Sydney, i. 117, 268, 333; ii. 64, 156
Byrne, Rev. J. R., i. 284; ii. 49, 248
Byron, i. 40
Botanical names—
Abrus precatorius, ii. 161
Acacia dealbata, i. 165; ii. 89, 251
—— *melanoxylon*, i. 165; ii. 263
Adansonia, ii. 1
Aglaia odorata, ii. 282
Ainsleia angustifolia, i. 205
—— *aptera*, ii. 220
—— *Brandisiana*, i. 205
Albizzia Lebbek, i. 78
Amherstia nobilis, ii. 271
Anogeissus acuminatus, i. 205
—— *latifolius*, i. 242
Antiaris, i. 47
Arachis hypogaea, ii. 14
Argyreia, i. 59
Arracacha esculenta, i. 315
Barringtonia speciosa, ii. 270
Bauhinia, i. 98
Beaumontia Jerdoniana, i. 28; ii. 35, 200
Bignonia gracilis, ii. 34
Boswellia Carterii, ii. 34
—— *thurifera*, ii. 34
Butea frondosa, ii. 97
Cajanus Indicus, i. 83
Calonyction Roxburghii, ii. 1
Calotropis, ii. 197
Carissa carandas, i. 262
Cassia calliantha, ii. 271
—— *fistula*, i. 296, 330; ii. 139
Cedrus deodara, ii. 109
Celosia argentea, ii. 95
Cicendia filiformis, ii. 125
Cicer arietinum, i. 277

Botanical names—
Combretum densiflorum, i. 28
Cryptogramma leptophylla, i. 188
Cycas, i. 81
—— *Beddomii*, i. 81
Cypripedium calceolus, i. 152
Deodara, i. 47
Dillenia speciosa, i. 205
Dipteracantha dejecta, i. 296
Duranta, i. 196
Eclipta alba, ii. 133
Eleocarpus ganitrus, ii. 224
Eucalyptus, i. 47
Eugenia Arnottiana, i. 305
Evolvulus alsinoides, i. 296
Ficus Bengalensis, i. 78
—— *religiosa*, i. 78
Fragaria elatior, i. 89
—— *indica*, i. 89
Gloriosa superba, i. 194, 337
Gluta Travancorica, ii. 283
Gmelina speciosa, i. 196
Guettarda speciosa, i. 28
Guizotia oleifera, i. 71
Gymnema sylvestre, ii. 293
Halenia Perotetii, i. 125
Hedychium coronarium, ii. 95
Hibiscus canescens, ii. 100
Hydnocarpus Wightiana, i. 334
Impatiens Beddomii, i. 165
—— *balsamina*, i. 337
—— *scapiflora*, i. 165
Ipomaea carnea, i. 196
—— *pes caprae*, ii. 164, 201
Jacquemontia violacea, i. 28
Lagerstroemia reginae, i. 78, 151
Laportea terminalis, i. 159
—— *crenulata*, i. 23
Meliosma, i. 168
Michelia champaca, ii. 99
—— *Nilagirica*, ii. 99
Millingtonia hortensis, i. 346
—— *suberosa*, i. 353
Mimosa sensitiva, i. 59
Murraya exotica, i. 20; ii. 283
Myosotis, i. 153
Myristica fragrans, i. 271
Nelumbium speciosum, i. 77; ii. 164, 200
Nyctanthes arbor tristis, i. 196
Nymphaea stellata, i. 334; ii. 200, 282
Palmyra, ii. 278
Parietaria debilis, i. 188
Parkia glandulosa, ii. 34
Pedicularis Zeylanica, i. 125, 165
Pharbitis nil, i. 69
Phoenix farinifera, ii. 25
—— *sylvestris*, i. 77; ii. 161
Pinus excelsa, ii. 109
—— *longifolia*, ii. 109
Plumeria alba, i. 78, 152, 346
Polymnia, ii. 251
Pongamia glabra, i. 255
Pterocarpus santalinus, i. 242
Quercus incana, ii. 109
Selinum caricifolium, i. 255
Senecio Grahami, ii. 95
Solanum trilobatum, i. 218
Spathodea campanulata, i. 196
Strobilanthes Kunthianus, ii. 238
—— *Pulneyensis*, ii. 257
—— *Zinckerianus*, i. 168
Tecoma, i. 19
Terminalia tormentosa, i. 329
Ternstroemiaceae, ii. 10
Thunbergia grandiflora, i. 28; ii. 35
—— *Harrisii*, i. 28
Victoria regia, i. 197; ii. 35, 200
Villarsia Indica, i. 334
—— *cristata*, i. 334
Zingiberaceae, i. 59

Calamosto, Antonio, ii. 2
Calicut, i. 181
Cambridge, ii. 20
Camelia, ii. 10
Cameron, Mr., ii. 273

Cardwell, ii. 215
Carpenter, Capt., R.N., ii. 119, 120
Carthage, i. 3
Casa Paolina, i. 203
Castelar, i. 283, 373
Castille, Blanche of, i. 61
Causeries de Lundi, i. 321; ii. 152
Cauvery River, ii. 275
Cavalerie légère, Avant-Postes de, i. 160
Cavendish, murder of Lord Frederick, i. 35
—— Captain, i. 13, 97, 251, 271, 274, 334, 349, 355; ii. 17, 111
Cavour, i. 372
Cayley, Arthur, i. 184
Cervulus aureus, i. 363; ii. 80
Cetewayo, i. 257
Challenger, H.M.S., ii. 120
Chalmers, Dr., ii. 215
Chamberlain, Mr., i. 36
—— Capt. Neville, i. 123, 144; ii. 48, 54
Chambers, Robert, i. 128
Chamier, General, ii. 237
Champac flower, ii. 97
Channell, Judge, i. 44
Channor, Lieut., ii. 120
Cheetah, ii. 7, 100
Chemin, Le plus court, i. 122, 124
Cherbuliez, i. 56, 72
Chesterfield, Lord, i. 7
Chidambaram, ii. 4
Childe Harold, i. 3, 40
Chilka Lake, i. 109
Chincona, i. 152
Chittor, ii. 113
Chittore, unhealthiness of, ii. 208
Cholera, outbreak of, i. 57, 245
Clairon, i. 140
Clarke, Purdon, i. 27
Claudian, i. 102; coin, 152
Clerk, General Godfrey, i. 73
—— Mrs. Godfrey, i. 32, 343; ii. 95
Cobbett, i. 42
Coimbatore, i. 29, 121; tour in, 150
Coleridge, Lord, i. 65, 88, 95, 172, 199; on Sir H. Taylor, 240, 264, 282
—— S. T., i. 118; ii. 61
Coligny, ii. 19
Collett, Colonel, ii. 108, 220
Colombo, ii. 70
Colvin, Sir Auckland, ii. 288, 289
Condé, ii. 19
Consuelo, ii. 82
Convent of the Presentation, i. 16; ii. 147
Coonoor ghât, i. 49; ii. 88, 237
Coorg, ii. 24
Coromandel, ii. 25
Council, first, i. 14
Cowper, the poet, ii. 167
Craven, Mrs., i. 20, 33, 57, 61, 92, 115, 122, 142; the Pope, 148, 154, 158, 160, 183, 186, 200, 325, 329, 340, 346, 350; ii. 15, 38, 79, 91; Irish affairs, 157, 170, 193; *Le Valbriant*, 216, 232; solitude, 284
Crawley Bovey, Mr., ii. 96
Creed, Mr., i. 176
Crichton, Colonel, i. 4
Crillon, ii. 144
Cuningham, Sir Henry, ii. 79
Cyclone, i. 14, 352; ii. 292
Cypher telegram from Viceroy, ii. 122

Daboia elegans, i. 251
Dapoorie, botanical gardens at, i. 10
Daud Shah, i. 35
Daughter, birth of, i. 29
Davies, Colonel, i. 55; ii. 68
Davison, Mr., i. 292, 307, 328, 330, 331, 340; ii. 5, 73
Dayal bird, i. 360

Daylesford, ii. 102, 103
Days and Hours in a Garden, i. 309
Day's work, the, i. 15
Debreczin, i. 239
Delhi, ii. 103, 104, 105
Denison, Mrs. E., ii. 91
Derby, Lord, ii. 123
De Ros, Lady, ii. 186
De Salis, Miss, ii. 147; Count, ii. 152
Devala, i. 22
Dewan, ii. 288
Dhoby, ii. 288
Dholepur, ii. 101
Disraeli, i. 127, 129, 203, 358; ii. 176
Divina Commédia, i. 353
Dodabetta, i. 30; ii. 79
Don Carlos, ii. 10, 11
Donoso Cortes, Marquis de Valdagamas, i. 225, 226
Drummond, Mrs., ii. 67
Drury's *Useful Plants of India*, ii. 1
Dufferin, Lady, ii. 304, 305
—— Lord, i. 370; ii. 106, 107, 108, 110, 111
Durbar at Simla, ii. 110
Dyer, Major, ii. 48
—— Mr. Thiselton, i. 122, 184, 253, 282, 287, 298, 314, 334; ii. 21, 196, 262, 275, 297
Dyes, ii. 22

Earle, Ralph, i. 2
Earthly Paradise, ii. 123
Earthquake, i. 20
Eastwick, Captain, ii. 73
Echis carinata, i. 251
Eden, i. 149, 151; ii. 41; Flora of, 133; Garden of, 134
Egypt, Viceroy of, i. 38
Eliot, George, ii. 44
—— Mr., i. 350, 352, 362; ii. 4, 20, 62
Ellice, i. 42
Elliots, the, ii. 162
Elphinstone, Mr., i. 198; ii. 93, 94
Elzevir, ii. 19
Embarkation of Burmese expedition, ii. 124
Epitaphs, i. 53, 297; ii. 189
Erskine of Linlathen, ii. 228, 229
Eucalyptus tree, i. 47
Euryalus, H.M.S., i. 112
Evelyn, ii. 18, 35
Ewald, i. 48
Examination questions, i. 138
"Experiment, experiment," ii. 259

Faber, i. 209, 273, 320
Fancy ball, i. 94; ii. 17
Faucigny Lucinge, Prince René de, i. 372; ii. 10
Fencing, i. 149
Fergusson, Sir James, i. 10
——'s *Indian Architecture*, ii. 25
FitzGerald, i. 189
Fliegende Blätter, i. 63
Florence, i. 219
Flosculi Graeci Boreales, Geddes's, i. 161
Foote, Bruce, ii. 249
Forbes, Mr., ii. 131
Forbin, Mme. de, i. 281
Fournier, M., ii. 57
Fox, Caroline, i. 75
Fragments d'un Journal Intime, i. 270
Freeman, Mr., ii. 127
Fremantle, Canon, i. 274
French people, i. 256; politicians, ii. 125
Froude, i. 48
Furnell, Mrs., i. 261

Gabas, i. 303
Gambetta, i. 302
Gamble, Mr., ii. 108
Ganjam, i. 109, 197
Garlands, i. 58

Geoffrin, M., ii. 79
Gerbet, Bishop, i. 223
German musicans, i. 5
Gibraltar, i. 2
Giles, Dr., ii. 120
Gladstone, riddle, i. 33, 45, 46, 104, 313, 356; ii. 62, 126, 240, 247
Glossary of Anglo-Indian Terms, *see* Yule
Goa, ii. 118; old, 119
Goethe, i. 32, 37, 44, 45, 235, 291; ii. 19, 42, 59, 72, 148, 149
Golconda, i. 241
Gold-mining industries, i. 144
Goldstücker, Dr., ii. 202
Gordon, Sir Arthur, i. 221; ii. 23, 44, 270; father's correspondence, 273, 279
—— Captain Evans, i. 189, 220; ii. 98, 111, 113
—— Huntly, i. 39
—— Miss, ii. 18
Gower, Lord Ronald, i. 202
Graham, Sir James, ii. 45
Grant Duff, Arthur, ii. 133, 156, 281
—— Evelyn, i. 350
—— Lady, i. 271; ii. 191; return to Madras, i. 350, 372; ii. 18, 36, 147; St. Mathias' Schools speech, ii. 157-161; letter from, i. 210
—— Madame Obrist, *see* Sister
—— of Sattara, i. 198
Gray, Asa, ii. 32, 243
Green, J. R., i. 131
Greg, Mrs., i. 269, 301, 351; ii. 66, 82, 141, 241, 265, 289
Gregorovius, i. 53
Gregory, Sir Wm., ii. 175, 176
Greville Memoirs, i. 260; ii. 129
Grün Anastasius, i. 224
Gubernatis, Count de, ii. 116, 145
Guindy, i. 14, 20, 21, 25, 27, 29, 99, 112, 114, 190, 192, 195, 235, 241, 245, 255, 266; ii. 1, 20, 22, 24, 27, 30, 34, 35, 41, 150, 200, 288; farewell to, 305
Gunesh Khind, i. 10

Hallam, Arthur, on Gladstone, i. 245
Hamilton, Captain, i. 37
—— Lord, ii. 34 *note*
Hampden, ii. 23
Hanbury Williams, i. 250, 286, 291, 338; ii. 124, 147
Hardinge, General, i. 228
Harris, Lord, i. 74, 89
Hatherley, Lord, i. 125
Hatzfeldt, Count, i. 226
Haymerle, i. 231
Hayward, i. 254, 302; ii. 57
Heber, i. 272
Heine, ii. 73
Heliograph, i. 17
Heloderm, ii. 3
Henley, Lady, ii. 66
Henri IV., ii. 57, 71
Henry the Navigator, Prince, i. 1; ii. 169
Herbert, George, ii. 23
—— Col. Kenny, i. 11, 121, 176, 221; ii. 18
Hewett, Admiral, i. 112
Higgens, Mr., i. 242
Hindu Prince and Sceptic, ii. 99
Hollingsworth, Mr., ii. 2
Hope, Sir Theodore, ii. 295
Hope-Scott's *Life*, i. 356, 357
Horsfall, Mr., i. 108
Horsley Konda, ii. 97
Houghton, Lord, death, i. 31, 184; ii. 91, 92, 244
Hradschin at Prague, ii. 113
Hübner, Baron de, i. 221, 222, 225, 226, 227, 229, 230, 232, 233, 235, 237, 238, 240; *A travers*

l'Empire Britannique, ii. 209, 210, 211
Hudson, Sir James, ii. 115
Hugo, Victor, ii. 73
Hunt, Colonel Leigh, ii. 251
Hunter, Mr., ii. 66
—— Sir Wm., i. 8
Huxley, i. 85, 131
Hyderabad, Nizam, i. 240; ii. 59 62
Hypatia, i. 316

Ilbert, Mr., ii. 127
Impey, Sir Elijah, ii. 88
Incense, i. 49
Indian birds, i. 293
India Revisited, ii. 236
Ingelow, Miss, i. 108
Investigator, passage on the, ii. 117
Isaacs, Mr., i. 201

Jain temples on Abu, ii. 98
Jakko, ii. 108
James, Commodore, ii. 117
Jay, blue, ii. 2
Jersey, Lady, ii. 56
Jerusalem artichoke, i. 273
Jeypur Maharaja, ii. 99, 100, 101
Jodhpur, ii. 100
Jones, Sir Wm., i. 8
Jordanus, Friar, ii. 138
Jowett, i. 108, 274, 304, 359
Joyce Bey, i. 5
Juggernauth, i. 9, 66
Jumma Masjid, ii. 104
Jung, Salar, i. 240; ii. 62

Kalikote, i. 98
Kampf der Bulgaren, ii. 241, 242
Kandy, ii. 271
Karauli, ii. 101
Karkal, i. 181
Karli, caves of, ii. 95
Karlsbad, ii. 30
Kartairy valley, i. 160
Karwar, ii. 119
Kattiawar horses, ii. 54
Keats, i. 224
Keogh, Mr. Justice, i. 296
Ker, Father, i. 248
Kew, ii. 21
Keys, Mr., ii. 49
Khundwar, ii. 115
King, Dr., ii. 19
Kinglake, i. 254; ii. 27; on music, 146, 233
Kingsley, i. 170
Kirkee, ii. 93, 95
Kistnarajapuram, i. 227
Koch, i. 235
Konkan, ii. 117
Kootb Minár, ii. 104
Kotagiri, ii. 79
Kuenen, Professor, i. 212
Kundapur, ii. 121

Laffan, i. 320
Land of the Permauls, i. 332
Landor, ii. 162
Lanowli, ii. 95
Lapoukyn, Princess, ii. 92
Lasa, M. de Heydebrand, i. 94
Lawford, ii. 18, 75, 88, 115
Lawson, Professor, i. 114; ii. 20, 22, 79, 88, 183
—— Sir W., i. 250
Lawrence, Henry, i. 83, 197
—— John, i. 6
Layard, Sir Henry, i. 203
Leake, ii. 90
Lebzeltern, Countess of, i. 225
Lee, Miss, i. 67
Le Mesurier, Colonel, ii. 143
Lesseps, Ferdinand de, ii. 52, 53, 74
Letter of native, ii. 81
Leuthen, Chorale of, ii. 152
Levée, i. 14
Lewis, Sir F., ii. 64
Lichtenberg, i. 202
Lieven, Princess, i. 225

Ligne, Prince de, ii. 47
Lincoln, Rector of, i. 319; ii. 58
Linnaeus, ii. 10
Lissa, battle of, ii. 130
Liszt, i. 293
Lobkowitz, George, i. 229
Loch, i. 7
Logan, Mr., ii. 121; Mrs., ii. 75
Longfellow, i. 297
Lonsdale, Rev. J. G., ii. 74
Low, Sir Hugh, ii. 21
Lowell, ii. 61
Lubbock, John, ii. 18, 35
—— Sir John, i. 35, 118, 119, 134, 179, 195, 219, 254; ii. 3, 5, 77; best hundred books, 196, 230
Lushington, Henry, ii. 226
Luxembourg, ii. 19
Lyall, Sir Alfred, i. 54, 347; ii. 101; poems, 287
—— Miss, i. 98, 193, 218; ii. 223
Lynx, ii. 100

Macaroneana, ii. 132
Macaulay, i. 64; ii. 65, 88
Macduff, Lord, ii. 67
Mackenzie, i. 79
—— Dr., i. 215; ii. 121
Mackinnon, Colonel, ii. 90
Maclean, Dr., ii. 262
Macnabb, Mr., ii. 103, 104
Macpherson, Sir Herbert, arrival of and staff of, ii. 184; death of, 283
Madras, arrival at, i. 10, 11, 12, 192, 215; troops, i. 228, 346; ii. 18, 25, 30, 161; Lady Grant Duff on, 157; University of, 193, 200; departure from, 269, 301; farewell speech, 302
Maha-Balipooram, ii. 25
Maiwand, ii. 94
Malabar Point, i. 10; ii. 116
Malay proverb, i. 332
Mallet, Sir Louis, i. 191; the French people, 256, 269, 289; ii. 102, 165, 296, 302
Malta, i. 4
Mammals, Indian, i. 363
Mandavi River, ii. 118
Mangalore, ii. 118
Manila, Spanish Archbishop of, i. 9
Mansarowar Lake, ii. 101
Marco Polo, will of, 216
Martin, Miss, i. 225; ii. 18
Mashobra, ii. 108, 109
Maskelyne, Professor N. S., i. 105, 129
Massey, Mr., i 267
Masulipatam, i. 108, 109
Maurice, Frederick, i. 302
Max Müller, i. 104, 187
Mayo College, ii. 112
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Grand Duke John of, i. 94
—— Grand Duke Paul of, ii. 11, 17
—— Grand Duchess Paul of, ii. 18
Memoirs of an Ex-Minister, i. 360, 361
Ménage, ii. 55, 57
Ménagiana, ii. 85
Merivale, Dean, i. 6
Merope, ii. 89, 90
Meteorites, ii. 197
Metternich, i. 222, 224
—— Princess, i. 234, 235
Mettupálaiyam, i. 181; ii. 122
Mhow, ii. 115
Mignet, i. 227
Milne, Dr., i. 7
Milnes Gaskell, i. 243, 244
Minutes, i. 89, 216; survey, 335, 368; ii. 265
Mirabilia Descripta, ii. 138
Modena, ii. 225
Mohl, Madame, i. 177; ii. 31, 86
—— M., 177
Moltke, i. 183

Monsoon, i. 77
Montalembert, i. 164, 222, 223; ii. 15
Montecuculi, i. 102
Monte Generoso, i. 301
Moonflower, ii. 283
Moore, ii. 17
Morley, John, i. 38, 275, 337
Morris, Mr., i. 277
Morton, Mr., ii. 67
Moxon, Miss, i. 289, 290
Munro, Sir T., Life of, i. 298
Murray, Lindley, ii. 76
Murray's *Handbooks*, ii. 25
Muscat, ii. 87
Mutiny, i. 84
Mylapore tank, ii. 163
Mysore, Prime Minister of, i. 28; Maharajah of, 226, 228; retinue of, ii. 41; minstrels, 214

Nagore, ii. 173
Nandana, ii. 239
Napier battery, i. 266
Napoleon, Louis, i. 248; ii. 166, 174
Narratives of Scottish Catholics, ii. 162, 163
Narwhal, ii. 258
Natalie Narischkin, i. 225
National airs, ii. 84
Neduvatam, i. 22
Nerbudda, ii. 115
Neville, Mrs., i. 242
Newbould, ii. 9
Newman, Cardinal, i. 37, 285, 357, 358, 359; *Lives of Saints*, ii. 59
Nilgiris, i. 22
Noel, Miss, ii. 229
Norton, Charles, i. 69, 209, 210, 211; ii. 54, 207
Nostocs, ii. 198
Notre Dame de Paris, ii. 182

Ollivier, M., i. 19, 193; ii. 167
Omar Khayyam, i. 265; ii. 181
Ootacamund, i. 23, 35, 49, 64, 67, 73, 74, 115, 181, 205, 268, 305, 327, 345; ii. 23, 36, 37, 79, 90, 200, 201, 202, 262; departure from, 263
Oraison Funèbre, Bossuet's, i. 288
Oriental Memoirs, ii. 131
Oriole, the golden, i. 55
Osborne, Bernal, ii. 179

Pagodas, the seven, ii. 24, 27
Pahlanpur, ii. 97
Palghaut, i. 181
Panjim, ii. 118
Pantheon, ii. 2
Paradoxurus Zeylanicus, ii. 219
Parell, i. 10; ii. 96
Past Hours, ii. 171
Pater, Mr., ii. 68
Pausanias, ii. 90
Payne, R., ii. 19
Peacock, Mr., ii. 2, 112
Peel, Sir R., ii. 129, 130; pictures, 206; epitaph, 243
Pennefather, Sir J., ii. 75
Penora, i. 22
Pepys, ii. 231
Peradeniya, ii. 272
Perambore, i. 11
Persepolis, ii. 87
Persigny, i. 230
Personal staff, i. 12 *note*
Pertabgurh, ii. 98
Petrie, ii. 82
Phirman, translation of, i. 133
Piacenza, ii. 225
Pisani Angela, i. 99
Plassey, ii. 97
Playfair, Lyon, ii. 115
Pliny, ii. 49
Plowden, Mr., ii. 112
"Policy and force," i. 229
Politics, Studies in European, i. 237

Pollock, Sir F., i. 105, 118, 157, 243, 259, 267, 276, 311; ii. 2, 20, 61, 85; on Gladstone, 247
—— Frederick, i. 54
Pondichéry, vicar apostolic of, i. 18; ii. 13, 14, 15, 38
Poona, ii. 91
Port Said, i. 5
Portsmouth, ii. 261
Poshkur priests, ii. 145
Positivism and the Bible, ii. 81
Pottinger, Sir H., i. 299
Powlett, Colonel, ii. 112
Prasad, Raja Siva, ii. 29, 236
Prendergast, General, ii. 124, 199
Pretyman, i. 16
Primroses in India, i. 173
Pudukota, ii. 172

Quarterly Review, ii. 88
Quilon Residency, i. 50

Racine, ii. 63
Raichore, i. 11
Rajputana, wild animals of, ii. 115
Ramsay, Dean, i. 178
Rao, Sir Dinkur, ii. 103
Ratnagiri, ii. 117
Ravignan, i. 305
Reay, Lady, i. 37, 70, 72, 102, 195, 214, 233, 245, 292; ii. 91, 93; visits Madras, 145, 151, 257, 278
—— Lord, i. 364; ii. 238, 239
Rechberg, i. 238
Records of an Eton Schoolboy, i. 243
Rees, Mr., i. 295, 316; ii. 71; journey through Persia, etc., 87, 130, 133
Remenyi, Mr. E., ii. 204, 214
Renan, i. 18, 34, 326; *Prêtre de Nemi*, ii. 136
—— Madame, i. 251, 364; ii. 31, 52, 86, 238, 239
Rendel, i. 47, 341; ii. 205
Retsch, Moritz, ii. 84
Review at Bangalore, i. 228
Richaud, M., ii. 14, 125, 144, 153
Richelieu, Testament Politique de, i. 174
Ripon, Lord and Lady, i. 236
Roberts, Sir Frederick, i. 16, 32, 37, 162, 206, 228; ii. 3, 52, 86
—— Lady, ii. 54
Robinson, Mr. Crabb, ii. 3, 19
Rogers, ii. 162
Rohan, Duc de, ii. 19
Rolland, Colonel, i. 299
Ross, Colonel, ii. 88
—— Sir John, i. 11
Rothschild, Baron James, i. 234
Rowlands, General, ii. 122
Rungia Raju, ii. 200
Ruskin, i. 142, 186, 214; *Præterita*, ii. 280
Russell, Arthur, i. 25, 30, 37, 312, 339; ii. 43, 45, 115, 123, 126, 218, 302
Russia and Bulgaria, ii. 293
Rutson, i. 60, 75, 116, 154, 162, 219, 222, 274, 281, 287, 307, 345, 360; ii. 64, 170

Sadras, ii. 25, 27
Sainte Beuve, i. 171, 293, 322; ii. 19, 49, 62, 70, 147, 200
Sales, St. François de, ii. 70
Saletta, General, ii. 180
Sand, Georges, ii. 171
Sankaracharya, ii. 40
Sassoon, Lady, ii. 94
Sayce, A. H., ii. 134; *Herodotus*, 245; Sabbath, 246
Scandinavian politics, ii. 4
Scheffer, Ary, ii. 38
Schiller, i. 326; ii. 71
Schopenhauer, i. 147
Schubert, Madame von, i. 92

Schuvaloff, i. 93
Semse, Captain S. de, ii. 130
Seringapatam, i. 69
Severndroog, ii. 117
Sewell, Father, ii. 284
Shahabad, i. 11
Shairp, Principal, of St. Andrews, ii. 228, 248
Shaw Stewart, Colonel, i. 11
Shelley, ii. 2, 13, 251
Shells, collection of, ii. 298
Sherborne, Lord, i. 304
Shiraz, ii. 87
Sibthorpe, ii. 90
Siliserh, lake, ii. 112
Simla, ii. 9; occupation at, 106, 107, 109, 111
Sirohi, ii. 98
Sispara, ii. 80
Sister (Madame Obrist Grant Duff), letters from, i. 32; Bayreuth, 159, 200, 206, 257, 264, 277, 288, 289, 291, 293, 297, 304, 312, 329, 338, 341, 345, 365, 366; ii. 29, 41-43, 72, 84, 126, 129, 148, 154, 166; Heidelberg, 255, 298
Siva, festival of, ii. 163
Sligo, Lady, i. 33
Smith, Colonel Ewan, ii. 101
—— Henry, death of, i. 106, 110 129, 135
—— Mr. Michie, ii. 29
Snakes, i. 30, 255, 256
Somers Cocks, Miss, ii. 233
Sordello, ii. 51
Soubise, ii. 19
Southey, ii. 25
Souvenirs litteraires, i. 280
Spanish Gypsy, i. 342
St. Andrew's Eve banquet, i. 355
St. Antonio, Malta, i. 4
St. Augustine's, Kilburn, i. 7
St. Bernard, ii. 63
St. Pierre, Bernardin de, ii. 65
St. Ronan's well, i. 19
St. Stephen's, Walbrook, i. 7
St. Vincent, i. 2
Stachelberg, Madame S., ii. 10
Stael, Madame de, ii. 202
Stanley, Dean, ii. 252
—— Lyulph, ii. 133
Steavenson, Hon. Sec. Agricultural Society, i. 19
Stewart, Sir Donald, i. 219, 228, 236; ii. 107
Story, i. 52
Strachey, St. Loe, i. 284; ii. 88
Strangford, Lady, i. 100; ii. 293, 295
Sue, Eugène, i. 91
Sunsets, ii. 8
Survey of India, i. 191
—— Minute, i. 348
Swinburne, ii. 51
Swordfish, ii, 257
Syston, ii. 19

Taeping rebellion, i. 7
Taj, ii. 101
Talleyrand, ii. 88
Taylor, Sir Henry, ii. 161, 162, 178, 240
Tellicherry, i. 181
Temple, Lady, ii. 165
Tennyson, i. 243; ii. 27, 80
Thayer, Madame, ii. 167
Theebaw receipt, ii. 143
Theobald on snakes, i. 300
Thiers, i. 226, 227; ii. 227
Thompson, ii. 88
Thriponax Hodgsoni, i. 330
Thuggism, ii. 105
Thurston, Mr., ii. 137
Thynne, Miss, ii. 110
Tigers, i. 176
Times on Henry Smith, i. 107
Timoleon, ii. 19
Tinnevelly, i. 58, 73; ii. 21
Tondiman, The, ii. 172
Torrens, Mr., i. 271

Tours in the provinces, i. 38; of inspection, 49, 74; in Kistna, 97; Hyderabad, 248; Sispara, 272; North Arcot, 295; Balghatty, 328; Cuddalore, ii. 172
Travancore, Maharaja of, i. 26, 95; diary of, 343
Trawling, ii. 120
Tremenheere, Mr., ii. 79, 80, 88, 99, 300
Trevelyan, George, ii. 93, 282
Trichinopoly, ii. 276, 277
Trumpeter, the grand, ii. 9
Turner, Dr. Dawson, ii. 74
—— Lady, i. 263
Turriff, ii. 163
Tuticorin, ii. 274

Udaipur, fête at, ii. 113
Ulwar, ii. 111; Maharaja of, 134
United States Minister, i. 52
Unwin, Mrs., ii. 49
Ursus labiatus, ii. 97

Valbriant, Le, ii. 235
Venables, George, ii. 77
Vernet, Horace, i. 290
Viceroy (Ripon), i. 236, 239, 240, 241, 245; staff, 246, 247; (Dufferin), ii. 122, 124, 125, 133, 134; arrival at Madras, 185
Victoria Caste Hospital, ii. 135, 269; Lady Grant Duff's speech at, 135, 136
Vienna, ii. 80
Villars, ii. 19
Villemain, ii. 90
Villiers, ii. 85
Vine, the, i. 309
Viziadroog, ii. 118
Vizianagram, i. 104; ii. 60, 224, 296
Volney, i. 163

Wade, Sir T., i. 7
Wagner theatre, i. 159
Wales, Prince of, i. 36; riddle, 98
Wallace, Mackenzie, ii. 106, 108
Wallenstein, ii. 61
Walliar, i. 181
Walpole, Horace, ii. 85, 90
—— Spencer, i. 87, 369; ii. 31
Walton Hall, i. 222
Warren, John, i. 286, 301, 354, 367; ii. 8, 28, 41, 85, 92, 125, 137, 154, 163; on book-plates, 192, 201, 216, 233, 234; on epitaphs, 242, 291, 299
Waterford, Lady, ii. 38
Watson, Admiral, ii. 118
Webster, Mr., ii. 90, 96
—— Mr., of Edgehill, i. 45, 155, 180, 190, 211, 233, 275; on Gladstone, i. 313, 318; ii. 19, 117, 131; on epitaphs, 188; on Gladstone, 240
Weimar, bells of, i. 207
Wellington, Duke of, ii. 181, 204
Wells, Dean of, ii. 127
Wilberforce, Life of Bishop, i. 126
Williams, Monier, i. 316; ii. 40, 224
Wilson, Colonel, ii. 93
—— General, i. 83
Windischgrätz, Prince, ii. 12
Winsloe, Colonel, i. 281
Wollaston, Dr., ii. 95
Woodburn, ii. 101
Woodpecker, ii. 5
Wordsworth, Society of, ii. 91, 162
Wylie, Major, i. 72
Wynaad, i. 22

Xantholaema, i. 20

Yule's *Glossary*, Anglo-Indian terms, i. 166, 258; ii. 202, 213, 288, 296

Zingiberaceae, i. 59

Printed by R. & R. Clark, Limited, *Edinburgh.*

6253

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
Library
VICTORIA, B.C.